Tiger! Tiger!

Honoré W. Morrow

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TIGER! TIGER!

The Life Story of
John B. Gough

BOOKS BY
HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

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THE HEART OF THE DESERT
STILL JIM
LYDIA OF THE PINES
THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL
THE ENCHANTED CANYON
JUDITH OF THE GODLESS VALLEY
THE EXILE OF THE LARIAT
THE DEVONSHERS
WE MUST MARCH
FOREVER FREE
WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE
SPLENDOR OF GOD

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THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN
(Little, Brown & Co.)
MARY TODD LINCOLN
TIGER! TIGER!

For Boys

ON TO OREGON!

TIGER! TIGER!

THE LIFE STORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH

BY

HONORÉ W. MORROW

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" 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy dreadful symmetry . . .
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, what dread feet?
What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terror clasp? . . .' "

William Blake

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
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TIGER! TIGER!

CHAPTER I

SANDGATE

SEVEN hundred and ninety people went down with the *Lady of Calcutta;* seven hundred and ninety men, women and children and not a living soul was saved. Even the ravening, starving deep could not digest so huge a meal. For weeks the little harbor at Sandgate, England, was choked with pitiful bodies.

The folk of the village for days cleaned the beach and buried the dead and were glad when the endless salvaging was done. This was in the summer of 1825.

About a week after the last body had been laid nameless away, John Gough's mother sent him down to the beach to gather a basket of kelp for the pig. John was eight and for all that he was delicate, could manage to carry a meal for the porker. It was late afternoon, with the last of the sun pinking the waves—gentle waves now. The child in a faded blue-smocked pinafore, barefoot, black hair lying loose on his collar, stood beside a heap of seaweed laid ready at his feet by the receding waves and smiled at the broad waters. He was a plain-faced little fellow, thin of cheek and sallow, with dark eyes, but his voice as he spoke was charming.

"I love you!" he cried to the sea. "I love you, even

if you are as wicked as the Giant Despair!" He spread out his hands in a gesture of spontaneous grace. "O sea! O sea! Never be so wicked again or God will dry you up. Mind your rages, sea!"

"Johnny! John-e-e-e-e!" came a high, clear call from one of the cottages that rimmed the beach.

John sighed and stooping over the mass of kelp, scooped it into the flat basket he had brought down on his head. Then he stared at what lay under the kelp, stared and screamed and bit his knuckle till the blood ran. He was looking at what the sea had left of a little baby. John turned his back and looked up at the sky.

"O God, I can't! I can't!" he moaned.

"John-e-e-e! John-e-e-e!" from the cottage.

"Don't bother me!" he exclaimed fiercely, but under his breath. Then he set his thin lips, turned and lifted the baby into the basket and raised the basket to his head.

The cottage was gray stone, with yellow gray thatch, set behind white palings. It faced the sea. John's mother stood at the gate, delicate like the boy, but with a certain quiet and careworn beauty which John had not inherited. She wore a tight-fitting black wool dress buttoned down the front and a mob cap that allowed only a little of her brown hair to show. John's face was working as he panted up the path.

"Don't scold, Mother. I—I waited to bring another."

Mrs. Gough gave a pitying cluck and took the basket. "Oh, Johnny! Johnny! Some poor mother! Sh! Don't cry! Go into the house. I'll tend to this."

John ran in. His father, Sergeant Gough, at home recovering from a wound, sat by a tiny fire in which a kettle steamed.

"Tut!" he grunted, when John had sobbed out his news. "And you a soldier's son! Come, now, I'll put you through your drill. Fetch your broom handle."

It was not a bad idea. John was afraid of his father, particularly in drill. In concentrating his mind on the orders that were barked at him he got control of himself. But his father was not entirely tactful, for that night before John and his sister, two years younger, were sent to bed, he told them for the hundredth time of the death of Sir John Moore at the battle of Corunna. The Sergeant had been wounded himself but he had helped to bury Sir John. He worked himself up into a sort of shouting fury at the end as he recited Wolfe's poem:

"We buried him darkly by dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning—"

John, before whose very eyes lay the reeking battlefield, gave an hysterical scream. Mary giggled. In disgust, the Sergeant barked them both off to bed.

"He's a softy!" John heard the Sergeant say, as he crawled into his little bed. "Soldiering'll take that out of him."

"He'll never make a soldier, husband," said Mrs. Gough. "A preacher is what Johnny's cut out for!"

"Preacher! Woman, are you crazy? Why, the lad's so bashful he can't go to the inn for a farthing's worth of ale for me, without a licking to screw his courage up. And his skin's so raw he can't be ordered to get in an armload of wood without his lips quiver! Him to get up and preach to a multitude! And where's the money to come from to educate him? Be content with your own station for him, Jane, and don't put ideas in the lad's head."

"He'll never make a soldier, husband!" It was his mother's voice, low, but indescribably firm. John went to sleep with the debates still flaming.

It was long before he heard of the matter again though, for his father returned to his regiment in a day or two and John and Mary almost forgot him. Jane Gough, engrossed by the perpetual struggle for food and clothing, apparently gave no thought to the future. She was the village school mistress, a woman of insatiable hunger to know. She observed with delight that John had inherited the same hunger, and

to the best of her ability she gave him mental food. There was a tiny lending library in the village, kept by Mrs. Purday. And although there frequently was no money in the house for bread, there never failed a half penny when John asked for a book.

The tuition fees asked for the little school were tiny—the village was poor and lean want was a perpetual inmate of the corner cupboard. Jane Gough used all sorts of expedients to keep at least a loaf on the shelf. In the summers, though it hurt her pride, she took John and Mary up the mile long road that lifted to the farmlands behind the town. There they gleaned after the harvesters, up and down the wheat fields.

John loved it! Loved the bright beauty of the sheaves, the sweet odor of the stubble, and above all, the blue of the sea, lying far below, flat as a painted platter. Even little Mary carried her fair share of the gleanings home in the dusk, when so many of the neighbors would not be watching. Then, all the furniture moved out of the main room of the cottage which was also the school room, the three of them threshed out the grain with sticks and winnowed it with the bellows. Sometimes, as much as a bushel of wheat rewarded them.

Jane developed another resource. She learned to make pillow lace and the fall that John was ten, she began to make it for market. Her free time was while hearing John's lessons after the other children had

gone. He was so far ahead of the village boys that he no longer attended their classes. The cottage was poorly lighted so Jane worked in the doorway until the weather grew too cold. John never was to forget the look of her thus; her intent blue eyes, the color of the sea and her delicate, flying fingers.

He was reading *Paradise Lost* to her one still October afternoon when a man going by pulled up his horse. John blushed and stammered but his mother, at a gesture from the man, forced him to go on. For a long half hour the stranger listened. Then he tossed a shilling at John.

"The lad has a fine voice," he said, and rode away.

Jane Gough boasted to Mrs. Purday of the incident and a day or so later, Mrs. Purday sent for John to come to the library and read from *Pilgrim's Progress* to an old lady who'd lost her spectacles. John's bashful soul quaked within him, but his mother took him by the hand and marched him up the street. The old lady told John that Wesley must have had a voice like his as a boy and gave him a kiss and a shilling.

John's mother allowed him a half penny out of the shilling and John, feeling that now he was a man, marched over to the new Inn and got himself a tiny drink of rum. When he came home with the reek of it on his breath, his mother screamed and then began to cry.

"Do you imagine yourself a rich man's son, to be

a drunkard with impunity?" she sobbed. "Isn't there enough sottishness in Sandgate without John Gough's joining the swine in the gutter?"

John, utterly abashed and dumbfounded, stared at his mother. England was a drunken England, then, with only an occasional Wesleyan preacher complaining of the fact. Everybody from birth drank ale, or rum. What had come over Jane Gough! She could not have told you herself. But at the smell of rum on her boy's breath one of her unaccountable moments of intuition—prophecy it would have been in the old days—came upon her and she was panic-stricken.

"You're not the kind that can drink spirits," she panted. "You haven't the stomach or the will for them. You must promise me now on your knees, Johnny, never, never to touch them."

"Not even ale?" whined John.

"Ale—yes," reluctantly, "but never the ardent spirits. Down on your knees, Johnny, here with your mother before the Throne."

And thus at ten, John first met his tiger.

His mother was not the disciplinarian that the Sergeant was, but she had her ways! John's reputation as a reader made John come to the conclusion that he was above common chores. Boys begin to be brutal as soon as their egos begin to develop. It was John's daily task to carry a pail of swill up the road to feed the pig. It was a long climb to the field where the

porker was kept, but none too long for John nor was the pail too heavy as the boy well knew. But on the morning after the reading at the library when his mother bade him be off quickly with the pig's rations, John whimpered and pretended that he couldn't lift the load.

He never was to forget the look his mother gave him as she lifted the pail and went off with it. He permitted her to go off with it. But if he lived to be a hundred, he never was to forget her little figure toiling up the long, long hill nor would he ever fail to blush in agony when he recalled himself standing and watching her, triumphantly.

Certainly, his mother never held it against him. When she came back she told John he deserved a whipping and then, one hopes, she forgot the shame. John, for a reason he didn't give to himself at the time, never repeated the offense. And he wasn't always a brute. There were other incidents he was to remember with pride.

It was a bitter hard winter and many a day they went hungry. Mrs. Gough tried desperately, hither and yon, to sell her laces and at last tramped off to Dover, eight miles away, with a basket of her pretty cobwebs. It was a cold and exhausting trip for a half-nourished woman.

Not long after she had started, Mrs. Purday sent for John. A sick man at the New Inn wished to have

the London paper read to him. For a long moment John's bashfulness held him stammering and protesting, but vanity was strong and the desire to help his mother stronger and he forced himself to follow Mrs. Purday's directions. It was mid-afternoon when he finished the job and his throat was aching, but it was worth the pain. The man gave him five shillings!

John was, for a boy's moment, shaken to his spiritual foundations by the acquisition of this enormous sum. He buttoned it into his breeches' pocket and started for home on a run—recalled that his mother was in Dover and stopped to play on a slide the boys had fashioned at the edge of the hill. It was long after moonrise when he gave up the sport and rushed into the cottage. His mother was sitting by a candle end. There was no fire. Little Mary was in her lap, both wrapped in the red plaid shawl and both weeping.

"There's neither food nor warmth for you here, Johnny!" groaned Jane Gough. "All day I tramped the by-ways of Dover, but no one would so much as look at my lace."

John, skinny and red nosed, his bare toes sticking through his shoes, suddenly began to tremble. He fumbled under his smock and brought forth the five shillings and tossed them into his mother's lap with the same lordly gesture with which they had been given him.

"Tut, Mother! Can't I always help you out?" he

asked in a tired little voice. "I read for four hours to a man at the New Inn."

His mother looked at the money, at the blackened grate, at the gaping cupboard, then back at John, who, as he caught the depth of her eye, wiped his nose on his sleeve and began to hum a tune.

Jane Gough rose and kissed him. "God has blessed me with a good son," she said. "There's no greater blessing in His gift."

Then she sent the children off for food and wood. She was singing when they came back the one secular song the children ever heard from her. It came only when she was utterly happy:

"Gypsy came trippling up the lane; gypsy he sang gayly;
Sang until the greenwoods rang and charmed the heart of my lady.
'Will you come, my dearest dear, will you come, my honey?
I have a swordpiece by my side and ye ne'er shall want for money?' "

Bread and tea and plenty of herring. And their mother singing the gypsy song. It was a notable occasion!

It was not long after this that the Sergeant came home for good and all, with a pension of twenty pounds a year. Even in those days, a family of four couldn't live on eight dollars a month. The lace making and

the school mistressing continued and the Sergeant began to look for a job. It was very discouraging. England was full of old soldiers and Jane Gough had certain notions about the kind of work her husband should do.

The Sergeant had not been home long when John began to realize that all was not smooth between his father and mother. When they were not carrying on a controversy about the relative merits of the Methodists and the Baptists, they were arguing about John's future or the Sergeant's job. The boy was old and keen enough now to realize that his parents were so essentially different that they never could agree on important matters.

Jane Gough was gentle and tender but unquenchably ambitious, completely unwilling to sit quiescent under the scheme of her life as it was. The Sergeant was tough-fibered, stern, but with a will entirely broken to subservience to his social superiors. John, of course, didn't make these distinctions. He only felt that it was impossible for them to agree and it made him uncomfortable.

Jane Gough was a Baptist. The Sergeant, a Methodist, insisted that the family attend his church. Jane stood out against him a long time and walked the children the hot or cold three miles to her church at Hythe. One Sunday, late in the winter, when the Sergeant still was jobless, the four stood in the little

yard before the cottage. It was biting cold and snowing. The two senior Goughs had wrangled all night. With his worn blue coat powdered with flakes and his grizzled hair under his hat brim blown out of its arithmetical arrangement, Sergeant Gough glared at his wife.

"Ye'll do as I direct. For the last time I tell thee, Jane!" he roared.

Jane's voice was low as usual. "No, husband, as my conscience directs."

John was worn out with it and so was little blue-eyed Mary. Both children were cold and hungry. John burst into tears and Mary followed suit. Their mother stared at the two clinging to each other's hands.

"Oh, my husband!" she ejaculated. "This isn't right. It can't be!" She tried to wrap the red plaid shawl around the children.

But the Sergeant was not to be moved. "Wives should submit to their husbands!" he shouted so that all Sandgate heard him.

Jane Gough bit her lip, pulled the children closer and said, "Very well, Sergeant Gough! I'll submit in this one instance."

Her husband jumped as though she had struck him. Then he seized little Mary's hand and tramped off toward Mr. Glennie's little chapel. After all, he could understand Mary. She was pink cheeked and yellow haired like himself! Thereafter, the Goughs were full-

time Methodists and none ever heard Jane Gough complain. She wasn't that kind.

That was a memorable Sunday for John. He tied a string to a bent pin and flipped it at Tailor Bennett's wig in the pew ahead. John never did know how the job was accomplished so neatly but with Bennett's sudden ejaculation, "Good Lord!" the gay red wig was in Gough's pew!

A moment later, John's father was leading him by the ear down the aisle, out the door, behind the chapel where the Sergeant made just one remark: "Down with your breeches, John!"

That afternoon when Mrs. Purday sent for him to read from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he was obliged to stand during the entire session.

Nevertheless, the episode restored something of his father's waning faith in his son's potentialities. Life was not easy for the Sergeant, either. It was not for many lean months that he could find a job. And then his wife disapproved of it. He was to be gentleman's servant to the Reverend Mr. Glennie, who lived within walking distance of the cottage, so that Gough could sleep at home. John never was to forget the way his mother received the announcement of the new employment. We must remember that hunger and cold stalked at the family's heels: that the poorhouse for their old age was the best for which the older Goughs could hope. Yet, when the Sergeant came in with the

news, Jane, standing beside the meager fire, wrung her hands.

"No! No! Not that! You were made for better things!" she cried. "I'd rather starve than eat a servant's bread."

"You've eaten it for many a long day, wife. I was servant to the king for thirty years," retorted the Sergeant with a fine sort of dignity.

"But look where it places the children!" pleaded Jane.

"I'm looking!" grimly from the old soldier. "It'll place John as a drummer boy in the barracks yonder, before long, I hope."

"Never!" vehemently. "He *shall* have an education, somehow." And the threadworn debate over John was on again.

As the boy neared his twelfth year, it dawned on the Sergeant that his wife actually was immovable as to putting him into the king's red coat. So he began to cast about for some other opportunity for making a man of the oversensitive, delicate child. As a result of the casting, he came in one spring evening when Sandgate was like heaven with its blossoming hawthorn and its pale green sea and said that his good friend Mannering was going to migrate to America to give his children a better chance. He was a man of some means and would buy a farm. Mannering was a good Methodist, a good provider and a good father.

The Sergeant was going to apprentice John to Mannering. In America, education was cheap. Mannering said he'd give John a trade and a chance to attend school.

If the debate over religion and over soldiering had been bitter, what can one say of the discussion over Mannering's offer? Jane Gough was ill with it. But John—well, John was a boy and only twelve and the thought of such an adventure enchanted him. As the days went by, he added his pleas to his father's. Little Mary was furious at him and told him he had no heart. Perhaps one hasn't much of a heart, at twelve!

The accusation rather pleased John—he'd so frequently been accused of softness. He began to sing a song that always tormented Mary. Pushing his hair over his forehead, he suddenly became the inn stable boy who was deeply enamored of Mary's plump blondness.

> "O Mary at thy window be,
> It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
> Those smiles and glances let me see,
> That make the miser's treasure poor,—"

They were standing by the roadside before the house. Mary wore the low-necked little dress of 1829, her small shoulders bare to sun and wind. A man trotting by on a horse suddenly and without drawing rein

leaned from the saddle and lashed the little girl across naked chest and throat. Mary screamed and ran into the house.

John uttered an oath and picked up a handful of stones. But the man was out of range in a moment. The Sergeant roared at him from the doorway:

"Who was the cur dog, John?"

"I don't know, sir! He was drunk. He turned into the New Inn, I think."

"Hah!" Cane in hand, the Sergeant rushed down the path and seized John's arm. "Show him to me, John, and I'll flay him alive."

He was a little lame but John had to run to keep up with him. They burst into the tap room of the inn. John pointed out the horseman, who was sitting at a little table, drinking rum.

"That's him, father!"

The Sergeant ran across the room with his cane raised. "You dirty yellow dog! You disgrace to England! You'd strike my girl, you wanton brute, you!"

The man leered at him drunkenly. The landlord grasped the old soldier's arm. "For God's sake, Gough, that's Lord Ramby!"

The Sergeant's arm dropped as though paralyzed. For a moment, he breathed heavily, biting his lip, while John with loathing observed the rum drooling from the lord's sagging mouth. So a drunken noble looked

as bad as a drunken sailor or soldier! Suddenly his father dragged on his hand, and led him silently out of the inn and so home.

Mrs. Gough was still bathing the red welt on Mary's throat. "Did you beat him well, husband?" she demanded.

The Sergeant shook his head. "It was a lord—Lord Ramby."

"And who's he?" screamed Jane. "I never heard of him, but if he was the Prince of Wales, he can't beat my Mary. Give me the cane!"

She darted toward her husband. He caught her skirt. "Would ye have me lose my pension? Don't ye know he'd get even that way, first thing? They always do. And anyhow he was drunk. You can't beat a drunken man, prince or commoner."

Jane looked up into his face, twisting her hands in her blue apron. "So for twenty pounds a year, you'd let a man beat your daughter."

The Sergeant made no reply. He dropped into a chair and groaned, but still detained Jane by her skirt. Jane glared at his bowed head. "And that's what it's made of you, this England you've served for thirty years! A drunken man and a noble, both are sacred. I'm telling you, God help England then, for both of them are sapping the life out of her. Drink! Drink! I hate it as I hate Satan."

Mary with a cloth round her neck, and John still

with a stone in fist, stood staring. With all the quarreling between their parents, they never had got this note in their mother's voice before and it frightened them. Still twisting her hands she went on:

"Thirty years and the lordling you fought for to keep in his castle can lash your daughter . . . The drunken lout! . . . Drink will sink England yet . . . You may let go my skirt, husband. I'll not undertake to do your work for you. But I'll tell you this. I've changed my mind about John. He shan't stay in England to be spit on by drunken lords. He shall go to America where all men are equal and grow up a man."

She threw her apron over her head and rushed into the clothes closet. After a moment they heard her say the Lord's prayer. Sergeant Gough raised his head and stared at the closet door. Then he scowled at the two children.

"Get out of the house," he ordered.

And gladly they fled to the beach where they talked the matter over, still frightened.

CHAPTER II

LAND OF THE NOBLE FREE

NOT once did Jane Gough weaken or attempt to withdraw her decision. But she aged ten years in the month that followed. An apprentice agreement was drawn up between Mannering and Gough and an apprentice fee of ten guineas was paid by the old soldier.

John gave little heed to these details. He was living in the clouds. He was sharing with the Mannerings the glory of the venturesome. People who'd never deigned to speak to him, now stopped him in the street and shook his hand. Mary followed him about like a little dog with never a quarrelsome word, not even when he sang, "O Mary at thy window be!" His mother made him a new suit from his father's blue military cape. It was very handsome, long, tight trousers and short, tight coat, and brass buttons ad lib. When he put it on, the evening before his last day at home, his mother asked him to take a walk on the beach with her.

He dreaded it a little. Was afraid she'd cry. But she did not. She told him about himself and her dreams for him.

"I want you to be a preacher, John. You can do it for you have the brain, if you overcome your faults. You must get over having your feelings hurt so easily. You must get over being timid before people. You're just as good as any one else. And you must keep close to God. After that, keep close to books. They're the only earthly friends that never fail you. And mind the drink, John. You heard Mr. Glennie's sermon last Sunday. He says the pious folk in Scotland are taking notice of Satan's hand behind the drunken poverty up there. Maybe they don't have so much drunkenness in America."

"I'll never drink aught stronger than ale, mother," declared John. "Will you let me go now? I want to show Mrs. Purday my new suit."

"Yes. Go, John," said his mother, and turned away.

He spent the next day saying good-by to the village. Mrs. Purday invited him to tea and he went. When he returned, his mother, waiting in the doorway, said, "I wish you'd taken your last meal at home with us, John."

She made him uncomfortable.

He was to take the night coach to London. It was just before sunset that he left the cottage. He had said farewell to his father before he had left for his work, that morning. Mary being a mere sister didn't count much. If only his mother wouldn't cry. She didn't.

She clasped him to her heart and kissed him, clasped him again and once more kissed him, then ran into her clothes closet.

John was shaken but, still feverish with excitement, he shouldered his little horsehide trunk and trudged to the New Inn, where he was to meet the Mannerings and the coach. It seemed as if the coach never would come, never would start once it had come and John was established on top. But actually they started on the minute and the coach rolled along the familiar road. Old friends and neighbors shouted God bless you! as he passed.

Little John Gough, aged twelve, was off for America.

Out on the London road perhaps a half mile, the coachman, who knew John, pointed to a figure wrapped in a red plaid shawl though the summer evening was golden. She stood beside a lonely wall and as the coach whirled by she lifted a face blinded with tears. John waved but she did not stir.

The ship sailed from London. It was thrillingly interesting and exciting. He was not seasick nor for the first few days was he homesick. But on the third day out, searching for a book his mother had packed in his little trunk—a first cabin passenger wanted him to read to him—he came upon a touch of his mother that broke him up. Pinned on one of his shirts was an envelope directed to him in her handwriting. It contained texts, many of them, she had copied out for him.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth when the evil days cometh not nor the clouds return after rain . . . A good name is better than precious ointment—"

There were many of the slips. John gathered them together and put them in his pocket. It was wretchedly dark in the steerage, noisy, evil of smell. But John did not heed this. For the first time since leaving Sandgate, he was permitting himself to see his mother's face and to hear his mother's voice. Suddenly, he crawled into his berth, pulled the blanket over his head and began to cry. He cried for hours.

When he was empty of tears, he made his way on deck and seating himself on a coil of rope, far forward where the sweet summer wind blew on his burning little face, he read the quotations through—

"My son, give me thine heart and let thine eyes observe my ways. For a whore is a deep ditch and a strange woman is a narrow pit. She also lieth in wait as for a prey and increaseth the transgressions among men. . . . Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eye? They that tarry long at the wine . . ."

Jane was saying to her boy all the things she had left unsaid. For she knew his weaknesses and his strengths.

John learned the texts by heart and then wrote a letter home, deep from a boy's contrite heart.

". . . On the 17th of July, as I was looking for Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, I found that dear letter which my beloved mother had put into one of my shirts. I could not read it for a long time and not till I had shed a great many tears; but I shall keep it as a particular treasure as there are a great many things that will be of great service to me now as well as in the wide future. Oh, as I lay tossed about on the wide ocean, I thought of my poor dear mother, and how badly I had behaved to her, as also of my dear father and thought if I was at home how cheerfully I would go to work for him and not grumble and go with such unwilling steps as I have done. But I hope, my beloved parents, you will forgive all that is past. . . ."

Fifty-seven days after it left London, John's ship sailed into New York Harbor. The family, with the young apprentice, remained in the city for several weeks while Mannering completed the purchase of a farm near Utica.

The New York of that day had a population of less than two hundred thousand and was clustered heavily around lower Broadway. The Mannerings stopped in a cheap boarding house on Warren Street. It was John's first experience in a large town and he was charmed and excited. Broadway, dusty or muddy, with its border of poplar trees, its shops, its rooting

pigs, its heavy horse traffic, its cows, its gay parade of brilliantly dressed women, its chimney sweeps and crossing sweeps who were not as old as John, fascinated the boy in its every aspect, but most of all in its constantly recurring fires. The majority of the buildings were of wood. And it was a lean hour that did not raise its shout of Fire! and produce its pump and hose carts dragged by yelling men and boys along the sidewalks. Speed was impossible in the road.

John followed fires to his heart's content. Before many days, he too was dragging at a hose cart, yelling with joy as shrieking women and children scattered into the gutters at the approach of the fire carts. It was wonderful! They even ran over pigs or an occasional child. By the time Mannering had sent for them there was no more enthusiastic volunteer fireman in New York than young John Bartholomew Gough.

Nor were the fires all. His mother had told him to keep close to books and when he saw a card "Boy Wanted" in the window of a bookbindery shop on Nassau Street, he got himself two weeks of work and liked it. Also he acquired an accomplishment. All the boys he met in the streets chewed tobacco and so John learned to chew. He was sorry when Mannering gathered the flock aboard a Hudson River boat en route to the Mohawk Valley and the farm.

John might have made a contented farmer, had it not been for that stop in New York and had Mannering

lived up to his contract. The boy always had been a real lover of out-of-doors and he was not lazy. The following extract gives a fairly faithful picture of his mind and surroundings at this time—rather a remarkable letter for a boy not yet thirteen years old.

"—The farm is very comfortable, consisting of one hundred and four acres of clear land and fifty acres of woodland with a fine orchard and garden, a very comfortable dwelling house where we live and a nice log house. There is also a wood house, a wagon and sleigh lodge, three hog pens, a granary, stable, two barns, two cow lodges, smoke house and a good pump. The stock consists of three cows—but master talks of having eighteen or twenty in the summer; two horses, three fatting hogs, seven pigs, fifty sheep, a bull and a calf.

"I like driving our team about. A team in this country is two horses. Our wagon is not half so heavy as the English are. The horses are put in as you put them in a pair horse coach. I like driving horses about in this way very well . . . I do, indeed, dear parents, think of home with a heavy heart very often but I try to keep up my spirits. I do sincerely hope we shall meet again in this world, but if it be not the Lord's holy will, I hope we shall meet in heaven where parting shall be no more.

"I am sorry that I cannot comply with your desire as there is no Sunday School near us nor any Methodist

place of worship nearer than Vernon Center, about two miles, except once a month there is preaching at the next house. But there are Baptist and Presbyterian churches nearer but we generally attend Vernon Center. We are very sorry to hear that you have had a bad summer. We have very sudden changes in the weather. Yesterday we were stripped to our shirts, though it was December, and to-day we have had a heavy snow. We have been driving our oxen, fetching wood, as master bought a yoke of oxen the other day; I am going to learn to drive them. It is 'haw and gee' here instead of 'woo and gee,' as it is in the Old Country. . . .

"Dear Mother, I am not able to give Mrs. Brown a full description of America but I will endeavor to give her and you, my dear parents, a few particulars. First, there is plenty of work for people to do; and if they will but work they may make a very comfortable living. Second, there is plenty of wood for winter; $2 per cord for four-foot wood and 8s. per cord for 2 foot wood. This money is just half your money. Master says he wishes some of the wood that is lying about was behind your house. There is enough wood lying about the farm to supply hundreds of families; stumps and trees lying around about the woods, which they do not care to burn, as they take good timber to burn. They never think of grubbing up the stumps when the trees have been cut down, but they let them stand and rot. Third, provisions are very cheap.

Bread is 1s. per gallon, 6d. your money; beef from 1½d. to 2d. per pound; pork 1½d. per pound. They throw away the hogs' inwards, and you can buy hogs' feet, poles and ears by the bushel. Cows are very cheap. You can get a good cow for $12 in the spring and from $12 to $16 in the fall; a good fowl or pullet, 4d. to 6d.; geese and turkeys, 1s. your money. I find I must conclude, entreating you to give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Valzer and family and all inquiring friends. Also accept, beloved parents, my every good wish and my sincere love. I expected to see a long letter and a few lines from my very dear father. I long to see his handwriting again. I am, dear parents, your ever affectionate son, J. B. Gough."

All the letters that John wrote were read by the Mannerings. It seemed hard to the boy as the months wore on that he was thus deprived of making any frank comments to his family on certain aspects of his situation. For while the Mannerings were kind to him, he soon discovered that they had no intention either of sending him to school or of having him taught a trade. He was to remain a farm hand. Also, because his mother's attitude on ardent spirits had made a deep impression on him, he wanted to tell her that he had been obliged to break his promise to her.

The work on the farm required the use of rum. All farmers knew that. In the heat of the harvest field, it was dangerous to drink water. And in winter, at log-

ging, one had to drink rum to avoid a deadly chill after sweating. And in spring, rum was the only remedy that could drive off the ague which came up from the canal and in the fall, rum accustomed one to the black frosts. Every one that John knew, old and young, male and female, used whiskey. Mannering required him to do so, also, because he was not going to have the boy sick on his hands.

He tried to put this into a note on the chance of slipping it unseen into a home letter but it was too difficult for thirteen years old to put into writing. He did however complain of his lack of schooling, described in glowing terms the opportunities for acquiring an education in the bookbinding trade, and asked his father to arrange for him to go to New York to work. He had been a year in America when he managed to get this note off to England.

He was not getting on well with the Mannerings now. He was very mischievous, inordinately fond of practical jokes, and he was growing so fast that he was beyond his strength and did not do his heavy farm tasks well. He was entering adolescence with all its unease and instabilities. He needed his gentle mother and his harsh father. He needed affection and he missed the sea; that vast beauty, which had nurtured his spiritual boyhood. He missed very much the mental activity that Mrs. Purday and his mother had kept stimulated.

There were no books within his reach now save those he had brought with him. The farm work took such physical toll, however, that John doubted if he could keep awake to read a book through, now. Only one really exciting event took place during the summer. This was the Methodist camp meeting held in a grove about a mile from the Mannering farmhouse. John was glad that the Mannerings were Methodists for this meant that during the five days of the encampment, farm work, except for the necessary care of the animals, was at a standstill and all were ordered to attend the camp meeting.

Every one wore his best. Poor John's best was now much too small for him, the suit his mother had made him. But he borrowed a pair of top boots from the older Mannering boy which covered the shortness of his breeches, and carried his jacket. He started for the first meeting alone, intending not to enter the camp if people stared at him.

Long before he reached the grove, he heard a confused mixture of cries, not unlike those raised by hawkers in the fairs at Sandgate. Before he could actually see into the camp, however, he realized that this was not hawking but adjurations to the Almighty. On the edge of the wood he paused. Oak and maple and spruce surrounded a natural amphitheater from which the fallen timber had been cleared. Tents circled this

open space. At the end farthest from John he could discern among the trees a platform and pulpit with log benches below them.

He thought it all very pretty to look upon. He counted ten groups in prayer, men and women kneeling on opposite sides of a log, each group with a prayer leader. The men wore black, the women white with gay ribbons. Their exhortations, at close range, were deafening. For a long time John stood, a wistful little figure, sallow, black hair unshorn almost to his shoulders, chewing tobacco, absorbed by the novelty of the performance, yet mindful of the blueness of the sky and of a little waterfall of palest amber, where a woman was washing dishes.

Suddenly a boy of about John's own age jumped on a log and blew a long blast on a trumpet. Instantly all the praying ceased and at a second blast all the praying bands began to move toward the outdoor church. No one heeded John so he took courage and, mingling with the crowd, found a place well up toward the log pulpit.

The singing was glorious. John had known the opening hymn since babyhood and joined as vigorously as his changing voice would permit:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see.
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness for me."

The fine old air rose and fell in the forest till the very birds were hushed. It put one in a mood responsive to all beauty. But certainly it was not beauty that followed the hymn. The preacher, smooth-shaven face, like a woman's in sweetness and delicacy of outline, leaned over the pulpit. One expected him to speak gently as a mother. But he didn't. He pointed an accusing finger at the congregation and roared in a great bass voice that shook the maple leaves above his head:

"Our Lord Jesus refuses to visit this camp of vicious souls so long as yonder kegs of hard cider and whiskey contaminate this virgin forest. He will not, He cannot hear the prayers that have risen this morning from lips tainted with this scorching poison."

A wave, a murmur, clearly of protest, passed over the congregation. The preacher straightened himself. "Hah! That strikes home! And now I shall put salt in the wound. No man can be a follower of Christ while he is filled with rum. No man can sell liquor and be a good citizen. The use of alcohol is the use of poison, a poison that blights all of man's inherent decency and exposes all his loathesomeness and abominations. And I believe as I stand here, that the man who gives his soul to be preserved in alcohol, gives it into the keeping of Satan in hell. You tell me that rum is essential to the well-being of mankind! I tell you that you lie! Yonder is the one fluid essential to

mankind, yonder sparkling, crystal fluid, straight from the hand of God," pointing to the waterfall. "And there's not a man or woman here to-day but in his or her inmost mind knows that the world would be a better place to live in, were there not a drop of alcohol in existence sufficient to fill the eye of a needle."

"Amen! Amen!" shrieked a woman in a white sunbonnet, who sat beside John. Her husband, however, was one of the neighborhood drunkards.

"Yes, amen to that, my friends," the speaker continued. "And amen to this. The dramshop is the recruiting camp for hell. If there be among you here a single human being who lives by selling alcohol to his fellows, I tell that person now, he is damning himself and his fellows to the burning pit."

He suddenly shifted from the oratorical to the conversational. "Do you know why I speak thus vehemently, my brethren? It is because I come to you with a message from your brothers and sisters, North and South, East and West. They beg you to join their army, the new army, the temperance army. They plead with you to give the whole power of the church to fighting the enemy that threatens the life of the nation.

"Ah! You smile! Because you refuse to face truth. But I do not. For five years I have been temperance recruiting officer for the Methodists. But it was not a Methodist who taught me what I know about the magnitude of the drink evil. It was Lyman Beecher, that

great Calvinist. It was he who sounded the trumpet for all churches, warning them that the enemy was gathering unbelievable strength; that as our national wealth increases so does our drunkenness; that there is but one remedy, the banishing of alcoholic beverages from the list of lawful articles of commerce, by a national law that shall be backed by the same strong public sentiment that has banished slavery in one half of the land and will yet banish it in the other."

"Slavery must go. Amen to that!" shouted a masculine voice.

The speaker raised his hand. "And drunkenness, the still greater slavery, must go. You in your happy rally here, happy save for the ever-rising flood of whiskey, do not realize that there has been slowly rising for thirty years, a flood of public horror at drunkenness. And that when flood meets flood, God grant the nation will not be destroyed, for it will be Christian against the Giant."

Still in his conversational voice that held his audience willy-nilly, he went on to tell the story of temperance, a short story, for the nation still was young. He showed clearly that we were as a French traveler had said, a nation of colossal drinkers. He told of the enormous amount of rum consumed every year. He painted pictures of drunkenness in Congress, among preachers and teachers as well as among the ignorant and lowly. From this picture of intemperance, the

quiet voice went on to a picture of the increasing struggle against it. He told of Lyman Beecher and of Wilbur Fisk the great Methodist, who was struggling to restore John Wesley's rule that would purge from church membership all those who would not give up ardent spirits. He told of the organization in Massachusetts of a National Temperance Society which was sending agents all over the country to form local bands. He told of Peter Cartwright's work in the Middle West and closed with Lyman Beecher's own words:

"Intemperance is the sin of our land. If anything shall defeat the hopes of the world which hang upon our experiment in civil liberty, it will be this river of fire which is rolling through the land, destroying the vital air and extending around an atmosphere of death."

People didn't like the sermon. In the camp dinner that followed, jugs of whiskey and rum as usual graced every table, some defiantly wreathed with flowers.

John had been tremendously moved by the oratory but he cast off any twinges of conscience it roused when he gazed on the tables. He never in his wildest fancies had pictured such quantities of food: game, beef, pork, jellies, potatoes, roasting ears, cakes and pies: unlimited quantities of everything. Even his inordinate bashfulness was not proof against such temptation. The Mannerings' table had many strangers gathered round it, but John edged in and fell to!

The lovely green waterfall was in requisition only for dish washing or to dilute the rum. The latter, John now scorned. He tossed his opponent and was proud of his ability. What with the tobacco chewing and the drinking, he felt more or less correctly that he had become a typical American citizen.

There was a good deal of talk about the sermon. Not every one, it proved, was hostile to its ideas. A number of women piped up in bitter condemnation of drunkenness. Indeed no one appeared as the champion of inebriety. But very few would concede that moderate drinking was not essential to good health.

The preacher, wandering from table to table, overheard Mannering jeer, express himself vehemently against total abstinence. He waited until the farmer had finished and then said with a hand on John's shoulder:

"Here's the matter in a nut shell, brother. *You*, you say, are never drunk. But do you know men who are drunkards?"

"Yes," admitted Mannering.

"Are you then unwilling to give up your own pleasure in drink, that these fallen brothers may be saved?" asked the preacher.

"But human beings can't get along comfortably without it," insisted Mannering. "The Saviour himself used wine."

John spoke suddenly and to his own surprise. "And

at the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." His voice rang with thrilling beauty above the clatter of the camp.

Every one stared at him, the preacher bending over the table to do so. "Your son?" he asked Mannering.

"My apprentice," replied the farmer. "A better hand at the bottle than at the plow."

"But now you're ready to lay down the bottle and follow me, eh?" the preacher asked John.

Deeply embarrassed, John shook his head. He had spoken through an unaccountable impulse. Yet there was something in the preacher's wistful query that tugged at his boyish heart. But Mannering speaking gave him no opportunity to reply.

"A farm hand has to have his liquor or the work suffers," he declared brusquely. "His bottle is the only thing about John that isn't sissy."

John winced and walked away from the table.

There were no more temperance lectures during the five days of the camp meeting.

CHAPTER III

ON HIS OWN

SHORTLY after the close of the camp meeting, John passed his fourteenth birthday. He was lonely and restless, alternating long hours of mooning alone in the woods or fields with escapades so arrantly mischievous that Mrs. Mannering was reduced to despair and Mannering was out of all patience. He had to be forced to attend to his chores. He was impudent and sullen, gay and despondent, selfish and generous, brutal and kind. In other words, just a boy of fourteen.

He almost gave up hope of a reply to his plea to his father. But early in December a letter came from the Sergeant telling him that he was now old enough to decide his future for himself. Delighted, but also in fear and trembling, John took the letter to Mannering. But his fears were groundless. Mannering was glad to be rid of the difficult boy. And two days after he had received the letter, John tramped into Utica, his little trunk on his back. Canal boat and Hudson River packet landed him in New York in mid-December.

Until he disembarked at the pier at Cortlandt Street, excitement had kept John in high spirits. He bore his trunk bravely out into the thoroughfare with

its mud and snow and little shops. A man shambled up and asked to carry his box home for him. John shook his head with a sudden stinging of tears. Home! Three thousand miles away! He stared at the strange ugly street and the alien faces. Where was home now? Why had he come? Whither was he to go? Such an agony of desire for Sandgate shook him that he actually felt ill. He dropped the trunk and crouched upon it until he could control himself, then he rose and moved slowly toward Broadway. He would look for a tavern, commensurate in style with the sum of his fortune, a fifty-cent piece.

Certainly the Broadway hostelries would have none of him. He crossed to Pearl Street where he found a dingy doorway decorated with the sign "Brown Jug." The landlord, a good-natured Irishman, made him welcome and gave him the use of a cot in a room shared by three sailors. When he had completed these arrangements he hurried out to the bookbindery on Nassau Street where he had worked two years before. It had been burned to the ground and he could not discover the whereabouts of the former owner.

He invested five of his precious fifty cents in plug tobacco. If he chewed continuously and swallowed a good deal of the juice, he would not be hungry. He was a little panic-stricken for he had counted completely on work in the bookbindery. That curious Providence, or fatality or what-you-will that was to

become so marked a characteristic of John's life now manifested itself for the first time. He wandered back to the Brown Jug and found Paddy the landlord scowling behind the bar over a pamphlet some "impudent fella" had thrust on him. And he couldn't read. "And if I can't read how do I know how mad to get?" he asked John. "Here, fella, me lad, can you spill it out for me?"

John took the booklet. It was a temperance tract, published by the Methodist Book Concern on Crosby Street and bore the cheerful title, "The Grave Digger's Pledge." John read the title aloud but got no farther, for Paddy stopped him with an oath and flipped the tract into a tub of bar slops. John grinned, swallowed his tobacco quid and hurried out to visit the Methodist Book Concern.

In a dark little room, up a still darker flight of stairs, he found a kindly man with gray whiskers and a bald head who looked with considerable sympathy on the English boy who asked to be helped to learn the bookbinding trade. He was a cadaverous, undersized boy with fine blue-black eyes, who used most beautiful English and who was possessed of an enunciation many a clergyman might have envied.

After a long talk in which Sandgate figured strongly, the editor rose and taking John by the hand led him downstairs to the bindery. And here, such was his magic John was taken on, half as errand boy, half

as apprentice, at a wage of $2.50 a week. Nor did the editor stop here. He insisted that John spend not a single night at the Brown Jug but go at once to a boarding house on Mercer Street to which he gave the boy a card of introduction.

Mrs. Mercer, the landlady, was a pleasant-spoken woman who patted John's shoulder and offered him an attic room and board for $2.00 a week. Highly elated, John scurried back to the Brown Jug for his trunk. His elation dropped somewhat when he found, on his return, that he was to share a bed with a man. And the elation disappeared altogether when on entering the attic he found the bed already occupied and by a man who was obviously very ill.

Although it was still early, the attic was unheated and the only way to fight off the bitter cold was to go to bed. So with stomach empty save for the tobacco quid which lay strangely in his young insides, and wearing all his clothes save his boots, John crawled in beside the moaning stranger.

"Are you very sick, Mister," he finally asked into the darkness peopled by the man's pleas to Christ to be merciful. "Shall I call Mrs. Mercer?"

"No! No! It's the whiskey trembles I've had and now a fever on top of them. Mrs. Mercer'll do nothing for I owe her rent. I'll have money coming from Ireland any day now. What time is it, me boy?"

"I don't know," replied John, wretchedly, and said "Our Father," under his breath.

For endless hours, John endured the man's agonies, but at last as the poor fellow seemed out of his head, John crept from the bed, from which he purloined a quilt and established himself on the floor. After a time the man roused and began to beat with his fists against the wall where he said a face was staring at him. John finally gathered himself together and feeling his way to the man's side took his arm.

"Come back to bed, Mister," he pleaded.

The touch calmed the man. "What time is it, boy? For Christ's sake, what time is it?"

"Near dawn, I think," replied John. "At least I heard a cock crow."

He helped the sufferer back to bed, and returned to his quilt.

"It's rum did this," mumbled the man brokenly, "rum. It ate my guts out and the ague moved in. Christ, receive my soul."

There was a choking. Then utter silence.

Shivering and sobbing under his breath, John lay watching the window emerge from the blackness. Little by little, gray dawn outlined the still figure on the bed. John had not seen death since the days of the *Lady of Calcutta* disaster. But that it lay upon the bed, he needed no presentiment to tell him. With the

first sound of the household rousing, he picked up his shoes and rushed to find Mrs. Mercer.

She was as cool as though death were a pawnbroker. "I hope his rent money comes over from Ireland," she said, and hurried John down to the breakfast table.

He was perhaps the most forlorn little object on Manhattan Island that day as he worked at a table in the Methodist Book Concern, wrapping up tracts. He had good hands and worked skillfully, though tears dripped frequently on the parcels. He kept his back on the public but later in the afternoon a girl spied on him,—as a girl would—.

"What're you crying about, boy?"

John glared at her and then softened. She wore a red mantle and a gray fur hood and she was blond like Mary. "I'm scared to go home to my room with a dead man in it!" he blurted.

The girl's eyes widened. In two minutes she had the story from John and in three, she had her arm around his shoulders. It was the first touch of tenderness he had experienced in two years. "You come home to supper with me," she urged, "and tell my mother about it. I'm Eliza Egbert."

John needed no urging. At seven, his day was done and young Eliza, calling for him, led him down Maiden Lane to a little brick house, around the house to the kitchen. A stout woman with a blue apron taut around her waist was frying sausages. A red-shaded

lamp glowed on a blue-and-white-checkered tablecloth.

Mrs. Egbert looked up with a half-cooked sausage poised on her fork. "Good evening, John Gough," she said. "Eliza told me about you. Now, you go upstairs and wash yourself. You're going to board with us until you get started right in New York."

For John, the stout, middle-aged woman suddenly became a vision of perfect beauty, speaking with the silvery eloquence of a goddess. He obeyed her immediately and implicitly.

The Egberts were devoted Methodists and he dropped back into church-going ways, easily and gladly. Here, he came at once under strong temperance influence for the Methodist Church was organizing all its resources to fight alcohol. The church on Allen Street, which John attended with Widow Egbert and Eliza, would allow no one to join who was not a teetotaller. The whole temperance movement was taking on the aspect of a nation-wide revival. It was almost the only cause in history in which there was no sectarianism, and creed locked arms with creed to face the common enemy.

This was true at least for the moment in which John joined the Allen Street church.

He really agreed not to drink and for months he put up a real fight to keep the agreement. He prospered extraordinarily in these months. His pay was raised to

$3.00 a week and the future was bright as one of his letters home shows.

"Feb. 18, 1832. . . . The people of God have taken notice of me. The minister of the Allen Street church sent for me and told me that since the ministers and leaders had heard me speak in a love feast, they thought the Lord had blessed me with abilities for some purpose, therefore they had it under consideration to give me a good and full education. He asked to see my writing and said I wrote very well. Soon after, at a teachers' meeting, it was proposed to send me to Wilbraham in Massachusetts and then three years to Middletown College in Connecticut to educate if the Lord should call me to be a minister. If not, they would provide me with a profitable situation. All my friends think it is a grand offer and will be productive of great good to me and prepare me for a life of usefulness in the world. So you see the Lord has not brought me so far for no purpose. I think you can have no objection as I believe it is the hand of God. Write to me soon, dear parents. Your loving son, John B. Gough."

He wondered, with a chuckle after he had sent the letter, whether his mother would triumph over his father at this prospect of their son's becoming the preacher she had prophesied or whether his father would triumph over his mother because the American venture so surely showed the Lord's leadership.

Late in February, realizing that he was crowding the Egberts, he moved to a boarding house on Williams Street kept by another member of the Allen Street congregation, a Mrs. Grill. Mrs. Grill was blessed with a daughter two years older than John. She was of the dimpled and buxom type that is an inevitable and deadly menace to the adolescent as well as the older male. She was singularly immature in mind but a woman grown in body and she could not leave John alone.

He was trying his best to lead an exemplary life, was keeping to himself and was trying to study at night, using the books which he was learning to bind as text books. He would have made real progress had the girl Louisa been other than she was.

One day in early spring, the manager of the Methodist Book Concern called him into his office. Mrs. Grill was there and Dr. Green, the Allen Street minister.

Dr. Green smoothed his brown beard and said, gravely, "John, our good Sister Grill has a serious charge to make against you. She says—you tell him, Sister!" turning to the immensely stout and rubicund woman in widow's weeds.

She put her handkerchief before her eyes. "He's been trying to ruin my darling, innocent little Louisa."

John was outraged. "*Darling! Innocent!* She's no different from a ——"

"John Bartholomew Gough!" thundered Dr. Green, "how dare you!"

"I dare because I'm right!" shouted John in a voice as great as the minister's.

And to this claim of righteousness John clung through the long hour of pressure and investigation that followed. But when he left the office, at last, he had been discharged from the Methodist Book Concern by its manager, had been ousted from the boarding house by Mrs. Grill, and, most pitifully of all, he had been told by Dr. Green that the church must withdraw its offer to educate him.

John went to the Brown Jug and for the first time in his life got drunk. He was not yet fifteen.

It required something over four months to send a letter to England and receive an answer. In the days that immediately followed his debacle, John forgot that he was expecting a letter from home, forgot that he had had a home or a future. He knew that he had no friends. It was the usual irony of his fate that permitted his mother's letter to reach him on the third day of his debauch. Paddy got it for him from the post-office. John read it, leaning against the bar.

His mother, after expressing deep gratitude to those who had shown such kindness to her boy, went on with that almost mystical intuition characteristic of her—

"My dear child, you have nothing but what you have received as a free gift from the Almighty. Every talent

you possess is His, given you to be employed for His glory and your own everlasting good and of which He will require an account on that day when the sons of Adam will stand before Him. Oh, that you may be prepared to give it with joy and hear the welcome, Well done, thou good and faithful servant. And your mother's heart can wish for no more. Excuse, my dear boy, these cautions. I have never witnessed anything in your conduct or noticed anything in your letters that caused me to fear for you. But I know you have an arch enemy to contend with who if he cannot destroy, will distress and endeavor to hinder your comfort and usefulness. And you will find that you have need in every step of your Christian Pilgrimage to say, Lord hold me up and I shall be safe. And if you trust Him, watching with prayer, you will ever find as your day so shall your strength be. For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

John folded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was a little muddle-headed although it was early in the day and he had drunk nothing but a glass of ale. Shock-headed Paddy, wiping the bar, watched him.

"From the old country, fella, me lad?" he asked.

"From my mother," mumbled John, staring at Paddy, the only human being in America of whose sympathy he was sure. He would prove to Paddy that he came of no ignorant immigrant stock, the riff-raff that one met everywhere in New York, who could

neither read nor write. Drawing the letter from his pocket, he spread it on the bar and began to read it, at first in a half whisper for Paddy's ear alone, but as he reached the exquisite promise, "As your day is, so shall your strength be," his wonderful, boyish voice unconsciously filled the room and the men scattered at the tables listened in a dead silence.

It was Paddy who broke the pause. He leaned over the bar and dealt John a slap in the mouth that sent him flat to the sanded floor. As the boy jumped furiously to his feet, the Irishman shouted:

"Ye worthless, dirty, sniveling scut, have ye no sense of decency at all, to read your mother's letter in a place like this? Have ye no rivirince in your stinking mind? Now I'm telling you, Jawn, ye're going to git yerself out of here and git a job and that now. And if iver ye come in here agin asking for a tumbler of rum, I'll land a kick on yer rump that'll send ye to the doctor. Now git!"

John got. But as he moved through the swinging doors, a man at one of the tables called to him, "Leave the girls alone, boy, till you're ready to marry."

"What does a brat like him know of women?" laughed another.

John paused. He was sick of this contumely. He drew himself to his full slender height. His young face already was beginning to wear the haunted look characteristic of it in middle life. His blue eyes were blood-

shot. He wiped his bleeding lips on the back of his hand and said with his extraordinary enunciation:

"I'll tell you what I know. A bad woman is a deep ditch and a narrow pit. She also lieth in wait for a prey and increaseth the transgressions among men. Who hath woe? Who hath—" He saw the two men who had jibed at him and the others in the room look at him with widening eyes. It gave him courage to complete the quotation. Then in the curiously moved silence that greeted his closing words, he stalked out of the saloon feeling that to some degree he had restored his lost dignity.

He did not at once obey Paddy's command although he intended to do so. But first he must get right with himself. He started on a run toward the Battery. He wanted to be with the sea again. It was a lovely day of early summer. Children were playing on the rock-strewn sands. Gulls dipped and swooped and uttered their raucous and wistful cries. To the west of the old fort, he found a sheltered spot where he undressed and slipped into the water and the sea received him in its cleanliness and strength.

He swam about for an hour, then dressed and went to look for a job. He traveled as far north as he could to find a bindery which was on Broome Street. He entered the shop, gave the owner an exhibition of his skill at cutting, pressing and lettering and was taken on at $3.00 a week.

Late in the afternoon, he stalked into the Brown Jug and up to the bar. "Paddy, I'll trouble you for my bill. I can't pay you now, but I'll bring you something every week."

The Irishman gave him an affectionate look. "Sure, fella, me lad, ye owe me nothing. The sermon ye preached this morning wipes the slate. Ivery priest's entitled to his titles, sez I. Where's the job?"

"On Broome Street," replied John, still dignified. "I thank you for your kindness, Paddy. I've got a new boarding place near my work, so I'll move my trunk. I'd like you to know, Paddy, that I'm done forever with rum and churches."

"Sure and ye're right on both counts," agreed Paddy, cheerfully. "I'll be looking ye up, some of these days."

And so with his little trunk on his shoulder, John Gough once more made his way among the pigs, the sweeps—"Sweep, Oh, Sweep!" the shouting firemen and the fine ladies with gigantic scuttle bonnets, up Broadway and up to Broome Street.

It was easy enough to have done with church but not so easy to have done with rum. In the days that followed John learned something important with regard to the alcohol habit. He learned that he could never be sure he had conquered it. He learned to distrust himself. And since he had decided not to trust the men of the church nor to pray to the God of the church, he found it impossible to give up rum. A

drinking man or boy who is trying to pull up needs human sympathy and companionship. John realized this and thinking about it, had a sudden inspiration. He'd save his money and use it to bring his family from England. There was work for everybody in America and they'd all prosper here.

It was easier to stay straight after this idea came to him. He wrote home about it, at once, carefully neglecting to explain his single sentence to the effect that the church had decided against educating him, but stressing at great length the delights of New York life.

John worked hard all winter. His one relaxation was the theater. He became an evening habitué of the cheap playhouses on Broadway and developed a hunger never to be satisfied. He longed to be a great actor. He had a remarkable ear and memory and learned whole scenes of various melodramas and comedies of the Bowery favorites. Everything from Shakespeare to Pratt's "Gone but not forgotten" was beautiful to John. He recited the opening scene of Macbeth to Paddy, one night. The Irishman was lost in admiration and made him repeat the performance for the habitués at the tables. Some one passed the hat after John's last bow. And thus was discovered an altogether delightful way of adding to the savings toward the passage money for the family.

Although John dropped from the church, he was not able to avoid the temperance reform. The universality

of the movement was astonishing. It was spreading now far beyond church control and was moving on its own power. Lyman Beecher and several other distinguished churchmen had met in Boston in 1826 and had formed the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance. Although the initial membership was confined to citizens of Massachusetts, additional members were rapidly added from all parts of the nation. The work of the society's executive committee was to attempt to coördinate and direct the activities of all temperance workers. There were only two ministers on this executive committee. There was a distinguished justice of the Massachusetts supreme court, college professors and lawyers. It was not possible to list as members all the scattered temperance units of the country, but by 1832, there were listed more than 4,000 societies with an aggregate membership of 500,000.

The vitality and liveliness of these 500,000 abstainers was extraordinary. Every holiday was seized upon for a public demonstration—parades—outdoor meetings—signs, placards and tracts, above all tracts—literally millions of these—with young John Gough binding some of them and sneering as he did so. The master of his shop was an ardent teetotaller and John was obliged to run his legs off in the spring of 1833 when the preparations were on for a huge temperance meeting in New York that was to elect delegates to

the convention called by the Executive Committee to found a national society. The convention was held in Philadelphia in May. It was attended by 400 delegates, representing 21 states. Some of the most distinguished men of the time attended the launching of this organization which was to include the original Massachusetts and all other societies. It was christened the United States Temperance Union. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the "benevolent aristocrat" of New York, was elected president, Judge William Jay, the jurist, vice-president. Bakers, merchants, lawyers, men who knew better than any save the physicians of the positive losses to the country's well being through the ever-rising tide of drunkenness, fathered the new organization.

And while his master was forcing John to do his microscopic bit as errand boy to the New York society, John was adding to his savings by acting out a skit he had picked up on the Bowery. He impersonated a drunken parson, passing a ribald pledge for the Brown Jug habitués to sign. This at night, while by day, when he was not delivering tracts, he was binding up the songs of the children's "Cold Water Army."

"We are a happy temperance band,
Our hearts are young and free.
We each have lent a helping hand
To plant the Temperance tree."

CHAPTER IV

JANE GOUGH

JOHN'S mother wrote enthusiastically accepting John's invitation for herself and Mary, but said that the Sergeant would not come until he had succeeded in selling his pension right. It was April when John sent off the passage money and began to look for quarters for his family. After a long hunt, he found two large attic rooms, with a fireplace, in Vesey Street, for $1.50 a week. He took them at once and began prowling among the pawnshops and second-hand stores looking for furnishings. He picked up a strange miscellany of chairs, beds and tables, but at least Jane Gough was not going to feel destitute when she arrived from England.

The arrival was delayed—endlessly, it seemed to John. But one August afternoon, just before his fifteenth birthday, a sailor brought him a note:

"My dear boy, your sister and I are aboard the *President* packet. Come on board as soon as she comes into dock. We are well. Your loving mother, Jane Gough."

John dropped a brush, dripping with fish glue, ripped off his apron and started on a run for Fulton Street where he knew the *President* would dock. As

he darted from Broadway into Fulton, he saw a woman walking rapidly up the street. She was dressed in gray —on a modest crinoline—and carried a plaid red shawl. Her face was entirely hidden by a scoop bonnet. With a little laugh, he dashed by her, turned and said, "Mother!"

Jane Gough whirled about, stared at the boy and without a sound threw herself into his arms. Passers-by smiled. One man lifted his hat. After a moment, Jane found her tongue.

"You've grown so tall, but you look so tired, my dear boy."

John pulled her hand through his arm and began to run toward the dock. "I came as fast as I could. Why didn't you wait for me? I just got the note."

"I gave the sailor that note last night, John," explained his mother. "We thought he'd not delivered it. So I started out to find you. There's Mary now," as they walked out on the landing place.

John saw a tall girl in a blue frock over a small but fashionable hoop, with little puffed sleeves and a huge bonnet pushed back to show yellow curls around pink cheeks. She was the very picture John thought of what an English girl should be, but he did not say so to Mary. They kissed, frugally, and John tweaked one of her curls though she was nearly as tall as he. Together they heaped their luggage on a pushcart and John pushed it up to Vesey Street.

It was marvelous to unpack the familiar bits of things from Sandgate—the cups and saucers, the kettle, the bed coverings and the picture of Sir John Moore framed in shells. John was excited and unutterably happy. Long after Mary had gone to bed, he and his mother sat alone by the open window from which they could look down on waving tree tops and hear the chirp of crickets.

"And now, John, tell me why the church gave up the idea of educating you," said Jane Gough.

John had planned not to explain a thing about his misfortune, had planned to take his mother to a church near Waverly Place. But as he looked into the face so dearly and tenderly familiar, with the candle light obliterating the lines etched by the past three years, he was again the innocent child of twelve and weeping, he told his mother the truth.

She was very gentle. "I blame myself," she sighed, when he had finished the sorry recital. "I should never have allowed you to leave home. Who should know better than I, John, that you're weak."

"Not weak, Mother!" protested John. "Full of sinfulness, but not weak. See how I've supported myself for three long years. And look at the home I've made for you and Mary!"

"I see! Oh, my dear, I see!" Her voice broke and she stroked his hand as it lay on her knee.

John waited for her tears and her prayers but they

did not come. She was struggling with her own bitter remorse. After a time she said, "John, we'll go to the Allen Street church, to-morrow."

John sprang to his feet in consternation. "No! No! *That* punishment I can't bear! More than that, they might not let me in."

"Into God's house, where any sinner has a right to come for repentance? I'm not going to say one word of reproach, my son, but you are going to church in the morning with Mary and me."

"But you don't understand!" shouted John. "My reputation will ruin you!"

"A child's reputation," sniffed Jane Gough. "Just let any of these Americans try that kind of nonsense on me."

Deep within him, John never had given up an aching desire to reinstate himself with the congregation that had spat upon him. And he bowed to his mother's decision. But it took all the moral courage he possessed plus his mother's hand on his sleeve to move him up the aisle of the church next day—a thin, delicate-looking boy with melancholy face and longish hair over a Byronic collar.

He sat sweating with dread during the service. He offered a woman in the same pew a share of his hymn book. She moved away from him. John in his hurt and mortification would have rushed from the church but for his mother's hand in a black lace mitt on his

knee. He sat on, sweating blood for fear of what Dr. Green would say to him after the service. But the doctor was more than equal to the occasion. During the closing prayer, he called the attention of the Almighty to the fact that the prodigal son had returned and that the prodigal's mother and sister had survived the perils of the great deep. Several people greeted Jane and Mary after the service and nodded at John. And that agony was over.

It seemed to John as if he never had been so happy in his life as he was that day. To be forgiven and to be at home, to be loved and to have those he loved dependent on him. What more could he ask of life?

Within the next few weeks, John reverted completely to childhood. His mother ordered his life and it was wholesome ordering, with a return to good reading and with play after work with boys of his own age at Battery Park, swimming and cricket as at Sandgate. Mary found work she could do at home with her mother, plaiting straw hats. They lived decently and managed to save a few dollars.

Late in the fall, Paddy came to call on them. John introduced him as Mr. Ryan and Jane Gough hadn't the remotest idea that she was entertaining the Paddy who had been her son's ruin and her son's friend. The huge red-headed Irishman in a tight blue broadcloth coat and a pair of astonishing top boots over bottle-green trousers, sat beside the fire staring speechlessly

at the delicacy and sweetness that marked John's mother.

Jane, decidedly amused, chatted about Sandgate and the Sergeant and made Paddy a cup of tea which she served him in a huge mustache cup which bore the golden legend token from "The Isle of Men." "And what may your work be, Mr. Ryan?" she asked as she handed him the bread and butter.

John, hovering behind his mother, made a frightful face at the guest but Paddy was oblivious, apparently both to that and to Jane's question, for he said, in a low voice:

"I've said before and I'll say it again, that if a boy can't stay decent for his mother, he's beyond any man's help but his own. And I say now that them that likes to wallow in bar slops let 'em wallow there." He gulped the tea down and set the cup on the table.

Jane tried another card. "You are married, Mr. Ryan?"

"Not yet, though me girl tried her lusty best. She took me to the priest and I was roaring drunk and he wouldn't marry us. Well, then she took me a second time and again I was drunk, so again he sent me home, and a third time she lugged me to the priest and a third time I was under the influence and the priest said to me girl, 'Now, why do you want to marry a man in this condition?' And says my girl, 'Sure, and he won't consent to marry me at all when he's sober.' 'Shame

on you,' says the priest to me girl, and this time he sends *her* home. And I've had peace since. No, ma'am, no marriage for me."

"Mr. Ryan!" shouted John. "Let me show you the fine view we get of the river, up through the scuttle to the roof."

"Sure!" agreed Paddy amiably.

Once John had the barkeeper secure on the roof, he led him over to the neighboring store roof and so to the ground.

"I saw ye sweating," laughed Paddy. "But I wouldn't give ye away! I knew as soon as ye said Mr. Ryan. My name's McNamara, ye know. But I'm used to ladies. I fixed your mother's attention on other matters. See here, Jawn," as they reached the street, "I'll wring your neck if ye make trouble for her."

"I hope you will!" retorted John.

Winter opened up less auspiciously. A money panic suddenly swept the country and by Christmas both John and Mary were out of work. And except for an occasional errand to run or store to sweep or sidewalk to clear of snow, John could get nothing to do. They might have gotten a dole at the city hall or from the church, but Jane Gough said they'd all starve before she'd permit them to take charity. And it looked, as the weeks crawled on, as though starve they would.

John, in February, went to the Brown Jug. But Paddy was on the Island with an attack of smallpox. They moved into a single room. Mrs. Gough in mid-February became ill and although the children worried about her it was a relief to have her warm in bed. John pawned his overcoat and Sunday suit and much of the furniture he himself had bought. But he would not permit any of the Sandgate stuff to go. Just before March he learned that one could gather fallen timber in the woods north of the city. John borrowed an ax and set forth. He tramped about five miles up the Hudson and did indeed find a little timber still untouched by the city's poor. He chopped as much as he could carry on his back and then trudged back to Vesey Street.

He found his mother and Mary, as once so long ago, wrapped in the red plaid shawl and weeping from hunger. John dropped his hard-won load and rushed into the street, weeping himself.

A beggar, wrapped in a dirty blanket, touched him on the arm. "What's the matter, boy?"

John told him between sobs.

"But I just saw you take in a load of wood. Sell half of it. You can always sell wood. Unless you'll take my cup and beg awhile. I'll lend you my blind sign, boy."

"No! No! But I can sell the wood." He rushed back into the house.

In less than a half hour he had disposed of the wood for a shilling and was back in the house with a loaf of bread and a pound of mutton.

There was no more acute suffering now, for Mary accompanied John to the woods each day and carried back as heavy a load as her brother. In April the bookbindery opened again and John returned to his old job.

It was heavenly to be again warmed and full fed. Mary began to plait hats and Jane Gough, though her heart troubled her a good deal, opened an infant class in the second of the two rooms which they again acquired.

As summer came on, the heat under the roof became intense but nobody complained. Mrs. Gough insisted that John return to his old pastimes of an evening at Battery Park. Mary made friends with some of the church folk and was beginning to talk about beaux.

One evening in July, John swam rather later than usual, for it was very hot, with a brilliant moon. About eight o'clock he ran whistling up the stairs wondering what was for supper. As he reached the last landing, he came upon Mary, in tears.

"John!" she screamed at sight of him. "John, mother's *dead!*"

John stared at Mary. Then he laughed. And then he fainted. When, in a moment, he came to himself, he rushed into the attic. His mother lay on the floor

in her little faded print dress. Some one already had tied up her jaw with a handkerchief.

He threw himself on his knees beside her and clasped her hand in both his shaking palms. All night he remained there, thinking such thoughts as a boy must think beside his mother's corpse.

At dawn, Mary came up from the rooms below where a neighbor had harbored her, and the two children held a consultation. They had no savings and they could not forget their mother's loathing of charity. But somehow a coffin and a grave must be bought. They agreed that Mary should go to her church friends and John to his employer. They could not eat and as soon as it was probable that the people they wished to see were up, they hurried out.

It was Sunday. John's employer was in the country for the day. He thought of Paddy, but before having recourse to the barkeeper he trudged back to find Mary. The child was wringing her hands before the street door. The city had sent a wagon and coffin and had taken their mother off to the potter's field.

"We must follow!" gasped John. "She can't go alone!"

They overtook the cart just before it reached the potter's field at 14th Street. The driver, a rough but decent-spoken fellow, bade them climb up beside him. Thus the funeral cortège was formed. And thus the

body of Jane Gough, as John wrote his father, "was laid in a potter's trench, without a shroud and with her shoes on her feet."

"Some one must pray!" screamed Mary. "Some one!"

John opened his dry lips. "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days cometh not nor—"

But he could not finish.

CHAPTER V

LUCRETIA

JOHN was sick for a few days after this. Mary took care of him till he was on his feet again. Then she announced her intention of going to work as a servant.

She laughed at John's protests. "I'm bigger and stronger than you are," she declared, "and I'm not going to let you try to support me. And I never did feel like you and mother about going into service. It's the safest work for a girl. What's good enough for my father's good enough for me."

There was no nonsense about Mary. Within a month after Jane Gough's death, she was established in a clergyman's family and it was to be many years before she was again dependent on her brother. This was probably a good thing for Mary, but it was bad for John. Loose again in New York at sixteen. There was not even to be the light tie with Sandgate, for John heard in a roundabout way late in the fall of 1834 that the Sergeant had moved up to London and there had died.

Jane Gough had not rested in the potter's field three months before John decided definitely that he would become an actor and he took up his old rôle of tavern entertainer. Paddy highly disapproved of this. After

meeting John's mother he had made up his mind that the boy was to be a preacher and he so harangued John whenever he appeared at the Brown Jug that John ceased to appear there.

But John had real talent and if he had left the drink alone he could have gone far on the stage. He soon outgrew the tavern buffooning and obtained some low comedy parts in Bowery melodramas. These did not pay him a living wage so he continued with his bookbinding at which he was now so expert that his master kept him on in spite of his increasing bad habits.

John was lonely with all the activity and excitement of his life and he had a real liking for his master. When one of New York's dreadful fires swept away the bookbindery and the owner decided to set up business in Bristol, Rhode Island, John needed no great urging to persuade him to go along and help with the new venture. He had heard that there were always good "barnstorming" troupes of actors in the larger New England towns in which one could get better parts than in New York. So John left the city, determined not to come back until it could be as Falstaff, on Broadway.

The story of his life for the next few years is so sordid, so dreary in detail that, growing to love the boy John Gough as one must in poring over his life, we touch on it as lightly as possible.

In Bristol the opportunities for amusement and excitement were much fewer than in New York. It

turned out that there were no stock companies playing in Bristol and only a very occasional barnstorming troupe. John, who by nature craved excitement, as do many people who turn to drink, gave more and more time to drinking and to rum parlors. He finally wore out his master's patience and at the end of a year in Bristol, John was jobless, a drunkard now, who had pawned all his possessions down to the clothes that covered him for rum.

But he still could earn a penny or two at his mimicry and reciting in low taverns and gin holes. About Christmas time of his second year in Bristol, an actor who was a member of a stock company belated in Bristol, observed John at one of his bits of clowning and offered him a small part in a play his company was about to put on in Boston, at $5.00 a week.

John accepted with alacrity and traveled up to Boston with the company, where the play opened with considerable promise of a good run. It was called "Departed Spirits or The Temperance Hoax, an arrangement by Barrymore," and held up to ridicule two of the most prominent of the New England Temperance leaders, Dr. Lyman Beecher and Deacon Moses Grant. John was offered the comedy part. He was a tavern keeper. In the chief scene, he was called up by travelers and while holding a colloquy with them from a window, set fire to the curtains which were drenched with turpentine. He made his escape through the

window just as a fire engine was rushed onto the stage, and the high point of the scene was reached when "real water," as announced by the handbills, was squirted full on the escaping landlord. It was a particularly disagreeable part to play in winter but immensely popular with the audiences.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was at this time the target not only for the anti-temperance forces, but for many of the church leaders of the reform. He had come out against the use of wine in the church sacrament and had precipitated a bitter pamphlet war within the temperance ranks. The men who had so successfully launched the United States Temperance Union in 1833 were angry at Beecher for starting a serious dissension in what had been hitherto a vigorously harmonious movement. They began to write letters and to make speeches in an effort to quiet the discussion and fanned the sparks to flame. Church papers stormed. The Bible was ransacked for final authority by both sides. Clergymen and laymen raged and quarreled among themselves. A whole school of ribald anti-temperance plays, poetry and songs sprang into being. And John B. Gough, still a pawn in the hands of his curious fate, was to enjoy a short notoriety playing a vulgar travesty on Lyman Beecher—that Beecher who later was to become one of the most blessed influences in his life.

But "Departed Spirits or a Temperance Hoax" was

really too wretched a play for even the anti-temperance forces to swallow. After a few weeks, it failed utterly. The company decided to go by water to New Orleans. But John refused to leave New England, for no reason that one can discover. The entire company was drowned in the Gulf of Mexico while John remained drunk and dissolute in Massachusetts. Kismet.

The stage evidently was less reliable as a meal ticket than bookbinding. John decided to return to the old field. He read an advertisement for a man needed by a bindery in Newburyport. John, leaving a large board bill behind him, tramped up to the seaport town and secured the job.

He must have possessed indestructible charm. In Newburyport people gave him every chance within their reach to reinstate himself in decency. His new master advanced him money for a suit of clothes. A clergyman called on him at the bindery and invited John to attend his church. And John, unutterably weary of the pigsty, told himself that he would cease to disgrace the memories of his father and mother.

He had no intention of becoming a total abstainer. But he did begin to keep his drinking within bounds. He liked Newburyport. It was like a larger Sandgate. He returned to his old communion with the sea. Prowling along the shore and among the wharves he made friends with fishermen and began to go out fish-

ing of a Sunday, after church. His particular friend became Captain Jabez Fowler who had a sister, Lucretia.

Lucretia was of that fragile blond sweetness so common to New England of that earlier day. She reminded John strongly of his mother and all the submerged good in him struggled to the surface to meet Lucretia's goodness. They fell in love with each other and before John had been six months in Newburyport they became engaged.

John had nothing to marry on and in August, a month after Lucretia had given her heart into his keeping, the bindery shut down. But John had now a new resource. He went off with Captain Fowler on a three months' fishing trip. There was a great deal of drinking and drunkenness during the trip by all hands. They went through the most terrific series of storms that Fowler or any of the other experienced sailors ever had known. The fishing schooner was battered beyond repair. And yet, they made Newburyport in November, laden to the hatches with fish and with the fish market at the peak of high prices. The weather man had no chance as against John's fate.

With his share of the proceeds of the voyage, John was able to furnish a little cottage. His old job awaited him and he and Lucretia were married in December.

They had a few perfect weeks. The church people,

responding to John's innate refinement and intellectual power, opened their homes and their hearts to him. John found it very stimulating for a while to be entertained in the best homes in Newburyport. He was much sought after for his mimicry and his songs. "Wedlock," "The Sailorboy's Dream," "Oft in the Stilly Night"—not much like the ribald songs of the rum dens these, nor his carefully rendered impersonation of Falstaff. Even to the casual eye, John was worth saving. But it was not yet to be.

Before two months were out, married life had lost its novelty and so its hold. John was bored by Lucretia's simple mind. He grew cynical toward the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who had been caught in the temperance controversy over sacramental wine and was giving an interminable series of sermons on the subject. His first break was made in March when he joined a volunteer fire engine company who made a certain rum parlor its headquarters. He reeled home from his first meeting here, drunk as a fool. His tiger was again unleashed.

As we estimate maturity now, John was only a boy when he married. He was twenty-two. But he had been drinking rum with only short intervals of abstinence since he was twelve. The alcohol could be eliminated from his system easily enough at any time. But what could not be eliminated easily were the physical and mental habits he had acquired during

these formative years! The habit of stimulating heart, stomach, liver, brain with alcohol: the habit of initiating thought and feeling not in self-produced power but on that supplied by alcohol. By the time he entered his twenties his nerves were habitually inert until a potion of rum had roused them. He had no power to wish to stop drinking until he was sufficiently roused with rum to enable him to wish!

Not that his return to drunkenness at this time roused any such wish! Yet we are not to conclude that he was happy in the return. He was happy only when he was drunk; ashamed of himself in those stark hours of dawn when he woke sober and gazed at Lucretia lying in weary slumber, but his shame was not sufficient to make him wish to leave rum alone. Whether or not he ever told Lucretia of his shame we do not know. Frank as he was in later years in giving us details of his life at this time, John said little of his wife and she remains for us only a shadowy and silent little saint who sought for a time to draw poor John into the shelter of her sanctity. She must have suffered frightfully not only because she loved John but because as he descended again into the obscene depths he dragged her through the miseries of hunger, cold, contumely and loneliness. But it was not written that she should help John. She could only contribute the final horror to his degradation.

Not his marriage alone was offering John a decent

turn to the right. A new movement was rising in the field of temperance. The discussion and quarreling launched by Dr. Beecher had hurt the cause with the general public and people were ripe for a man that should ignore the religions and appeal to their ordinary thoughts and knowledge. There was no danger that the broad fight against alcohol would die out, of course. For after all, so long as alcohol can produce such human tragedies as young John Bartholomew Gough, there will be other human beings to cry that alcohol must not be.

In the city of Baltimore in 1840, this year of John's marriage, there were six tipplers who were in the habit of passing their evenings in Chase's Tavern. When they met as usual one April night, some one mentioned that a temperance lecturer was speaking in the neighboring church. One of the six men humorously suggested that they appoint a committee from their number to go break up the meeting.

With much laughter, a committee of two departed. They were a long time returning. When they did so, it was sheepishly. They had signed the pledge! And they had signed it protesting that they heartily disliked the mixing of religion with the pledge.

One of the signers, much wrought up by the attitude of the churches, suggested that the other four sign the pledge and that all six then start a temperance movement of their own; a movement of drunkards, for

drunkards, with a promise that only drunkards could speak in meetings and then only by telling of their sufferings as drunkards: the meetings never to be held in church and to be utterly divorced from any religious element.

The suggestion took. They organized at once and called themselves the "Washington Temperance Society." This as we have observed was in April. By the following November, New York, Boston and Baltimore were staging enormous parades of Washingtonians. Within two years, a quarter of a million of men were enrolled in the ranks of the society. The old methods of recruiting for pledges dropped into the background. The churches lost their prestige. The United States Temperance Union was overshadowed and reformed drunkards attained a prestige as lecturers that many a preacher envied.

It was the Washingtonians then that simultaneously with Lucretia offered John a hand out of the muck. By the summer of 1841 John was out of work, despondent, hating and pitying himself and despising the world. During this bad period he heard from his sister Mary. She was married and living in Providence, R. I., and she invited John and his wife to visit her. In shame, John would not go, but he sent Lucretia.

The evening after his wife's departure, John was wandering about the streets when the sound of singing

in the town hall attracted him. He slouched into the rear of the building, just as a reformed drunkard was beginning the story of his life. The fellow spoke such graphic truth that John burst into tears and when a young man took him by the arm and urged him to come up to the table and sign the pledge, he allowed himself to be led up to the actual point of lifting the pen. But at that instant, he recalled that there was a pint of brandy in his hip pocket. It never would do to waste that liquor. He would drink up what he had and then perhaps—to-morrow—

It was a narrow escape.

He went fishing the next day and came in with a good catch. He laid in a stock of liquor, sufficient he thought to last him until Lucretia's return, a month hence. But he finished off the stock in three days' time. And had his first attack of delirium tremens. Alone for a week, he struggled with the slimy creatures of his illness and when, at last, he crawled into the blessed sunshine it was with, for the first time in his life, a real wish to give up drink. He sat on the steps of his little house, repeating brokenly, "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? —Ah! Sandgate, Sandgate! So long ago and far away!"

Until Lucretia returned he actually kept off the

drink. When she returned, he told her that he now had complete control of his appetite and to prove it, took a glass of brandy.

It was as if he had loosed a ravening beast by the act. He drained the bottle and rushed from the house.

Now succeeded a long nightmare. In his cups John was always playing grisly, practical jokes. The pull of his old church associations was strong but as is always the case in a nightmare, ghastly distortions of old habits marked his attempts to return. Sitting with drunken seriousness at a revival meeting he suddenly was moved to pick up from the floor a saw-dust filled cuspidor and had passed it in several of the pews asking for contributions for a robe for the Holy Ghost before he was ejected, laughing violently, from the church.

He seemed to have reached the depths of degradation: but not quite. The following day was the Fourth of July, a day set apart almost nationally for temperance demonstrations. In Newburyport there was a parade of Washingtonians and Cold Water Children. John stood on a corner, watching and listening. As the last of the children in white, flaunting blue banners passed him, he picked up a handful of gravel and threw it at them, with a gross oath.

He was a byword now in Newburyport.

Late in July their baby was born to the Goughs. Lucretia was ill-fitted to meet the supreme strain. For ten days after the birth of her little daughter, she and

the child fought for life and both lost. And all Newburyport knew that while his wife and newborn baby lay dead in one room, John Gough was drunk in the next.

Yes, he was drunk, but never was his mind keener to think and to suffer. When the neighbors had finished laying out Lucretia and the baby and had left the cottage, John staggered into the room and steadying himself against the bedpost stared down at his dead, the flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone—passed his hand over their delicate features and groaned. With terrible distinctness Sandgate returned to him—the dead baby of the *Lady of Calcutta*—his mother toiling up the road with the pig's slops—the smell of ripe wheat—snow falling and the Sergeant shouting "Wives should submit to their husbands"— O darling Lucretia—The sea—the sea—gulls shrieking and the smell of hawthorn— "Gypsy came trippling down the lane, Gypsy," he sang gayly—the potter's field— God, it was not to be endured! He must force his mind to quiet. Could he call on some one for help? Whom? He dared not risk their scorn. He rushed into the next room and drank—

CHAPTER VI

RESURRECTION

THE funeral—and after that the selling of the household effects, even the few books that he had clung to since his New York days. Rollins' *Ancient Rome* in six volumes and Whitney and Putnam's *Library of Choice Reading*. He left Newburyport with only the little trunk—empty save for a handful of letters and with empty pockets. He tramped to Worcester, Massachusetts, and there got a job: not with any idea of doing better but because Newburyport would have none of him. He eked out a few weeks of miserable drunken existence and then decided to end it all. He bought enough laudanum to kill himself and a quart bottle of brandy and shambled up the principal street, whither he didn't care. He had no friends. No one had spoken a decent word to him since Lucretia's lips had gone mute. He had no home save a room in a ruinous house on the outskirts of the town. He had no clothing save what he was wearing, shoes, breeches and an overcoat pinned across his chest.

Bloodshot, rheumy eyes sunk in his head, hollowed cheeks, purple with beard stubble, drooping swollen lips, he paused under a flickering lamp to tie his shoes, the very beau ideal of a drunken bum, a rumseller's

dream of the perfect apostle to alcohol. As he stooped, a hand was placed on his shoulder. John pulled away in a panic, only to have both shoulders imprisoned. A smooth-shaven, middle-aged man in a black surtout and high hat was regarding John with interest.

"Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"That's my name," returned John, trying to move on.

"You've been drinking to-day," not in a censorious manner but expressing a kindly fact.

"Yes, I have been," retorted John, coolly.

"Why don't you sign the pledge?" was the next question.

John looked at him. His first impulse was to curse. But there actually was tenderness in this man's eye—no aspect of superiority—no loathing—just tenderness. Christ might have looked at John that way. He found himself replying carefully and honestly.

"I've no hope ever of becoming a sober man. I'm without a single friend in the world who cares what becomes of me. I want to die. I don't care how soon or whether I die drunk or sober."

The stranger did not remove his hands. "Mr. Gough, how would you like to be as you once were, respected and esteemed? A church-going man with friends and a useful member of society?"

"No drunken sot in the world," replied John, "but

would give his right hand to win back to that. But it's too late for me."

The man now took his arm and walked slowly along the street bowing gravely to one or two gaping passers-by as they moved.

"Not too late at all, Mr. Gough," he insisted. "I know whereof I speak. I was once as low as you. But I signed the pledge. You sign it too, my friend! Sign it and I'll introduce you to men like myself who'll help you because we'll know what you're going through."

It was not what the man said. His sentences were trite enough. It was the man's manner that reached John's quick. Suddenly and for the moment to himself unaccountably, John resolved to make one last try before taking the laudanum.

"I'll sign it!" he gasped.

"When, Mr. Gough?"

"Well, not to-night for I *must* have some more drink. But I certainly will, to-morrow night."

"We have our meeting of the Washingtonians to-morrow evening," said the man. "Will you come and sign it?"

"I will!" shouted John.

"That's right!" grasping John heartily by the hand. "I'll be there to see you do it."

"You shall," declared John, marveling at himself.

The two men parted. John shambled along the street, muttering, "If it's the last act of my life, I'll

keep my promise. Even if I take the laudanum pills afterward. That man trusts me and I love him for it. God! I still *can* love!"

He went to bed drunk but when he awoke his first thought was of his promise. He didn't think he could make himself sign. But after two or three pre-breakfast drinks, he thought he could and he went to work. At noon, he again drank and after work until his head was clear and his wretched trembling stilled. He ate no supper but paced the streets until his courage rose to the point of carrying him into the town hall.

The room was full. A man was stumbling through his drink history. John dropped into a rear seat. Wrapped in the brown surtout, arms folded on his chest, eyes closed, he sat praying that the stimulation of the brandy would not pass away until he had done what he was resolved to do. After a time silence roused John. The meeting was waiting for another pledge signer. Suddenly the stranger of the night before rose and called his name.

"Mr. Gough! Go up on that platform and tell us why you are going to sign the pledge?"

John rose as little Samuel obeyed the Lord's will. He was a forlorn figure as he moved up the aisle, but he was not conscious of himself or of the eyes upon him. He suddenly knew what he wanted to do. He was going to show the world what alcohol had done to Jane Gough's son and he was going to plead that because

alcohol could and so frequently did destroy human nobility, that alcohol be given up by all men.

Steadying himself against the table on the bare platform, his face a ghastly gray, his eyes glassy, mobile lips cracked and peeling, surtout pinned across his chest, John Bartholomew Gough took up his evangelism.

He began with the story of Sandgate, speaking with the most extraordinary fluency, his voice a little husky but its beauty never more striking. Rapidly and mercilessly, he drew picture after picture. Sandgate, the sea,—the Mannerings, Paddy—on, and on. His audience leaned forward, laughed, wept, applauded. John scarcely heard them. He only knew that he must give the panorama quickly before his stimulation failed him. He spoke for an hour and then was conscious that he was too weary. Passing his hand across his eyes he broke off suddenly in his account of his three months' fishing experience out of Newburyport and said very earnestly:

"What I'm trying to make you see is the power of the agent that has brought me to this pass. Satan has no other agent on earth that works so effectively. Picture Satan seated on his high and burning throne in Pandemonium, crowned with a circlet of everlasting fire. Hear him call to his satellites to show their claims to superior ability to bring men to yonder blue burning lake.

"See Mammon, meanest of the gods, stand and cry,

'I can send men from their homes across the burning desert or the trackless ocean, to fight and dig in the earth for yellow dust; and so harden the heart that the cry of the widowed and the fatherless shall be unheard. I can so stop up every avenue to human affections that my victim shall be as though made of the metal he loves and when the cold fingers of death are reaching for his heartstrings he shall clutch closer to him the bag of yellow dust which is the only god he ever worshiped.'

"Next Belial, filthiest of the gods, makes his claim. Then Mars the Destroyer makes his. He holds war, pestilence and famine in his hand and makes men whose trade it shall be to kill, rank themselves in hostile array and hurry each other shrieking and unshrouded into another world.

"Next see a monster, his hair of snakes, his face besmeared with gore. See him, yonder! He rises half length and the molten waves of the lake dash against his breast and fall back defeated.

" 'Who art thou?'

" 'I am an earth-born spirit. Send *me* for men. I will turn the hand of the father against the mother, the mother against the child, the husband against the wife. The young man in the pride of his manliness I will turn to obscenity. The fair young girl I will make such a thing that the vilest wretch shall shrink from her in disgust. I will do more. I will so deceive them that the mother shall know that I destroyed her

first born and yet give to me her second. The father shall know that I destroyed the hope of his life, and yet lift the draught to the lips of his children. Governors shall know that I have rotted the roots of states, yet they shall spread over me the robes of their protection. Legislators shall know the crime and misery that I cost but still shall shield and encourage me.'

"He pauses and Satan shouts, 'Come up hither and sit beside me while you tell your name!' And as he mounts to the throne the spirit cries, 'My name is Alcohol!' And all hell resounds with acclaim, 'The benison of the pit go with you!' "

John paused and leaned weakly on the table. The audience, conscious that the strange figure on the platform possessed a priceless gift, was silent for a moment, then burst into applause. John turned to leave the platform. But as he did so, his friend of the previous night put an arm about him.

"If you think we ever can let go of you now, you're mistaken," he said. Smiling, he placed a pledge under John's shaking hand. John signed. Then he thrust aside detaining hands and staggered from the hall and up the street to his room chuckling as he went, "I've done it! I've done it! By God, I'll give myself a week before I take the laudanum pills just to show people John Gough can stop when he wants to!"

He awoke the next morning in physical torment, of course. Rushed off breakfastless to work. At his work

bench, he picked up his gilding brush. It turned to a snake in his hand. He gripped the thing. It moved and writhed. He cast it from him and picked up a Bible cover. It leered at him with the goggled eyes of a toad—

Some one spoke his name. John turned with a jerk. A well-known Worcester lawyer, Jesse Goodrich, was smiling and holding out his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Gough! I heard you speak, last night. Superb!"

John wiped the dripping sweat from his face and clung for a moment to the proffered hand. The man went on cheerfully. "It's just such men as you that we need. With that silver tongue of yours, what can't you do for the cause! We'll expect you to come to us at our next meeting, a week from last night. Will you come?"

John nodded.

Goodrich continued. "My office is in the Exchange. I want to make your acquaintance. Won't you come to see me? Keep up a brave heart," looking at John keenly. "God bless you."

"Thank you!" mumbled John.

All day he stuck to his bench, not daring to go out—"I will not touch it.—Some one cares.—Goodrich said, 'Come in and see me.'—He thinks I have stuff in me. He wants to know me. He shall. I will not touch a drop to-day."

He went straight home after work hours, carrying a supply of bread and herrings, drew several pails of water from the pump, locked himself in his room, threw the key out of the window and settled to the fight.

It was a six days' struggle with delirium tremens. It was a struggle such as the Father in heaven surely might look on with pity and admiration; a hand-to-hand battle with all the foul fiends that alcohol and human weakness can breed: a battle of the human will against agonies that a moment's yielding would have ended. And Jane Gough's son, the Sergeant's son, did not yield!

On the sixth day, John called from his window to a passing boy who picked up the key and unlocked his door for him. The dread craving was gone. He made himself a hot meal, shaved, and crept into town, to his work bench. The head of the bindery gave him warning that one more debauch would end his career in that shop. John made no attempt to explain. Late in the afternoon, the President of the Worcester Washingtonians came in, a director of Worcester's chief bank. He sat down on the bench beside John and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Well, Mr. Gough, you won, eh? We're proud of you!"

"What do you mean?" asked John.

"Mr. Goodrich and I went out to see you, last week when you didn't come to work. We listened at your

door. Every day since some one has been out, but we didn't disturb you. There's only one way for a man to quit, and that is, to *quit*, just as you have done. And while that initial struggle is on, he must fight his own fight, use his own will and no one else's. Otherwise he never comes to his full independence. I know, Mr. Gough, because I've been through it."

John could feel his whole heart lift in gratitude. But he could not speak. The banker patted his shoulder. "Now, the next thing is another kind of stimulation! We want you, to-morrow night, to speak in the schoolhouse at Burncoat Plains."

"But, Mr. Choate, I can't!" exclaimed John. "I have neither strength nor clothes."

"You *must*," insisted the banker. "Now is the time you must take our help—by giving it to others. You are a natural orator. Unless I'm a fool, you have genius that will carry round the world. I'll loan you clothes."

John's pulse quickened as with a drink of brandy. He could feel his cheeks burn as he caught the full savor of the praise. "Thank you, sir. I'll come. But I don't want your clothes. I've never fallen low enough for charity, yet."

The banker rose. "Fine! That's the spirit! And by the way, remember that the Washingtonian movement is *not* religious. We want no one to confuse us with the hysteria of the churches. Keeping the pledge

isn't a matter of conversion. It's a *man's* fight and only men can help."

"I understand," replied John. "I'm in accord there. The church cast me out when I was fifteen."

"It would," nodded Choate. "I'll see you to-morrow night then at seven-thirty at Burncoat Plains schoolhouse?"

"You will, sir," answered John.

He slept that night from the moment he finished his supper, which he cooked over the fireplace in his room, until breakfast time the next morning. He was still weak but without the craving. That night, wearing the brown surtout pinned high at the throat, he appeared at Burncoat Plains and made a speech. At least, men called it a speech. To John, it was merely the outpouring of his heart as he described the horrors of a drunkard's life. He was astounded to observe the effect it had on his audience. They gave him an attention and applauded him as no audience in a theater ever had done. They became half hysterical, weeping, laughing, groaning. And this was an audience of hardened men with not a woman present.

When he had finished thirty men signed the pledge. Then they passed the hat for him and gathering round him urged him to speak in different places. He was bewildered by their enthusiasm. To come at a single stride from the brothel and pigsty to this! He counted the jingling pennies and shillings. There was some-

thing over a dollar here. John suddenly laughed. A dollar! He, *he* was earning money as a temperance lecturer. Then as he stared at the money in his shaking hands, his laughter turned to tears and he hurried out into the winter night.

The following day, Mr. Choate came in and got John's agreement to give ten lectures during the next three weeks.

Taking one thing with another, John decided that he was justified in ordering a suit of clothes, the first since he had married Lucretia. When he reached the point of actually ordering it, he discovered, after all, the world contains many a quiet saint. The little old tailor who sat cross-legged in the shop adjacent to the bookbindery had watched John's performances as the town bum with disgust. But he also had heard John speak. When John came to him for the suit, he allowed him to order it on long credit and the suit he sent home was the best the little man could make and of an ultra-fashionable cut.

It was so long since John had worn decent clothing that when he first put it on, he feared he couldn't make a speech in the suit. The tight trousers, strapped under the boot, the waistcoat, close-fitting as a corset, the beautiful blue coat, very tight as to shoulder and sleeve, very full in the bell-shaped skirt, were as uncomfortable as they were handsome. Add to this the high black satin stock and the cambric shirt with its

full gathered bosom—the change was so terrific, that he dreaded people's comments.

As a matter of fact, so bereft at this time was his life of any intimate human contacts that no one spoke to him of his wonderful outfit. The nearest to a personal comment came after his first address in the new clothes. A man hurried up to greet him as he descended from the platform. "Well, Mr. Gough," he exclaimed, "you're like the singed cat!"

John, sensitive as usual, drew himself up, but the man added, hastily, "I mean that you're better than you look to be," and John burst out the first hearty laughter of many months.

The local paper said of John after his fifth address in Worcester and the vicinity: "J. B. Gough, the young mechanic who possesses such marked eloquence, now rose, his pale face and emaciated form giving clear evidence of his former weakness and excesses. Yet one forgot these in the fire and beauty of his speech."

Contrarily enough, John thought they might have said he was well-dressed!

John signed the pledge in November, 1842. By the end of December he had received enough requests for speeches to occupy every evening until the end of March. He thought that he was justified in asking his master for two weeks' leave of absence to do some studying and reading. Not that he thought of giving up his trade permanently for lecturing. But he was

eager to do what he could for the Washingtonians while his inspirations lasted. He was binding polyglot Bibles at the time and had fifty of them cut on the ends, ready for turning up. When told that he might go, he wrapped his apron around the Bibles and placed them carefully on the bench against his return.

He never saw books, bench or apron again for the Washingtonians engulfed him entirely.

CHAPTER VII

THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF

IT seemed to John that the miracle actually had been wrought in him for the desire to drink left him during that entire winter. Even the peculiarly difficult work he was doing which might easily have kept him craving stimulants did not bother him. He lived entirely on the collections taken after his addresses, paying all his own expenses. His board and lodging was not always an expense for frequently the local Washingtonian president entertained him. This meant a "best" bedroom, large, unheated, with the cherished linen sheets, cold as charity to the shrinking flesh. In his wretched physical condition, John could not speak without drenching even his outer garments with sweat. He possessed but the one suit. Frequently during these early months of his new life, he found his waistcoat frozen stiff in the morning. But still he had no wish to warm himself with liquor.

But in the spring, his health began to bother him. He suffered from frightful pains in his stomach, was irritable and sleepless. The Worcester doctor gave him a remedy containing a quantity of ether. John took the prescribed dose, a teaspoonful, stared at the bottle a moment and then, seized by an uncontrollable

impulse, set the bottle to his lips and drained it. A little later, his landlady, who was waiting supper for him, was astonished to see John rush out of the house.

He went directly to the station and had boarded a Boston train before coma overcame him. The conductor with difficulty roused him at the Boston terminal. John, still dazed, walked out of the station and into the nearest dramshop, where he took several stiff drinks.

He had not been in Boston since his theatrical debacle. As soon as the liquor had seized on his brain, he went directly to his old theater and sat through the first act of a play on which he found it impossible to focus his mind. He wandered out into the street and there ran into one of his old Boston drinking friends, who fell on his neck and took him off to one of their old low haunts.

When John's head cleared the next morning, he found himself in a bed in a Newburyport tavern. How he came there, he never knew. He wakened to a sense of remorse that was soul shattering. After a time, uncertain what to do, he went down to eat his breakfast in the tavern dining room. There a local Washingtonian, a man in whose company John often had got drunk, recognized him and welcomed him so noisily that shortly a crowd was gathered. John's fame had traveled to Newburyport. They insisted that he give them a lecture that night.

John realized then they had no knowledge of his backsliding, but in secret embarrassment that was actual agony he tried to excuse himself. They would not let him off, and that night, in the town hall where he had once escaped signing the pledge, John gave a talk of such pathos and beauty that it seemed as if he must have wiped out forever the blackness of his earlier record.

After the lecture, he took a train for Boston, with the idea of returning to Worcester. In Boston he took another drink, and then the tiger sprang forth in full strength and for five days took complete control. At the end of that time, John crept back into Worcester and home to his boarding house and his room. There he sent for Mr. Goodrich and his doctor.

When these two entered his bedroom they found John with his belongings packed in the little trunk—the Sandgate trunk.

"Gentlemen," said John, "I've broken my pledge. I've been drunk for a week. I went to Boston and—"

"No! No! Mr. Gough!" protested Goodrich. "Don't humiliate yourself! What do you gain by that? Sign again."

"But don't you see," growled the doctor, "that he's unfit physically to keep the pledge and you ruin a man's sense of honor by letting him sign and break indefinitely? It's an absolute fact that only ten per cent. of those who sign the pledge keep it."

"Well, sir, isn't that ten per cent. worth keeping?" demanded Goodrich.

"But I'm one of the ninety per cent.," said John. "I'm through. I'm going out West to bury myself."

"You're going to do nothing of the sort," shouted the lawyer. "You're needed right here. Sign again! I'll help you! Confess like the man you are and ask the Washingtonians for another chance. Then tell other pledge signers how narrow is the way and beset with devils. Be their watchman who must tell them of the dangers of the night."

The doctor looked around the barren room. "You're too lonely, Gough. Get yourself a wife. No drinking man is to be trusted to live alone."

"I'd be a curse to a woman," said John, shortly, "and you know it. My God, gentlemen, I thought it was dead and it sprang out of me like a famished tiger."

"Very well." Goodrich brought his fist down on the washstand so fiercely that the tooth mug crashed to the floor. "Very well! Then say so! If the pledge isn't enough, tell us what to do in addition. A law, wiping out the liquor dealer and his man traps!"

"You can't legislate the desire to drink out of a man," cried the doctor. "And as long as men want liquor, they'll get it."

John looked from lawyer to doctor. A week ago he would have sworn that the pledge was enough. But now, with burning eyes, shaking fingers, peeling lips

and a tongue like parchment, he said, "There must be more than the pledge. There must be religion. If a man could have a vital faith in a pitying Father—" He paused.

"Whatever you feel, say it to the others!" ejaculated Goodrich. "If you insist on bringing God into the matter, the Washingtonians may fight you, but no matter what is said or done, there's no man in the country who is so fitted to save drunkards as you are. You have the gift of speech and you know all there is to know of drink."

His faith, his enthusiasm were indescribably heartening. John lifted the handful of underwear from his trunk and pushed the trunk back under the bed. Even this effort taxed his strength.

"I'll sign again," he panted. "I'll come up to the meeting to-night and if they'll have me, I'll sign."

"You'd better let me give you some medicine," said the doctor.

"No!" shouted John. "It was your damnable 'Tulu' that started me off."

"You were due to start anyhow," retorted the doctor. "You ought to be in bed and a woman nursing you." Nevertheless as he followed Goodrich from the room, there was a gleam of admiration in the doctor's frosty eye.

John made his confession that night, in the upper town hall, and his hearers, deeply moved, agreed as one

man that he must again take their pledge. John signed and then went back to his room to utter for the first time since his mother had died, a sincere prayer to the Almighty. He asked for strength. He asked with childish naïveté and was filled with chagrin when he rose from his knees to find the burning still within him.

Thinking the problem over in the long night that followed, he recognized that ever since his first signing he had been on an emotional debauch and that as the exhilaration arising from the change in his life decreased, he was due, as the doctor had said, to break down. There were aspects of the drink problem he now admitted that he never before had faced. If the pledge and human support were not enough, then the law or God or both ought to be invoked. The church folk were right and the Washingtonians wrong. For the first time, the intellectual aspects of the problem made themselves known to John. He wondered to whom he could go for information.

As it turned out, information or rather the source of it came to John. He took up his lecture work again, speaking to always growing audiences. Early in the summer a man in clerical garb, a smooth-shaven, clear-faced personage with an obstinately protruding lower lip and iron-gray hair brushed straight back from his forehead, thrust his way through the crowd that surrounded John after a lecture in New Haven, Connecticut.

"Mr. Gough," he demanded in a voice that shook the rafters, "why do you remain in the ranks of atheism? My name is Beecher, Lyman Beecher. Your gift is from God. Why not serve Him with it?"

John seized the proffered hand. "Dr. Beecher, when may I talk to you?" he exclaimed.

"Come to my rooms, now," cried Beecher, pulling John's hand through his arm. "I came down from Boston especially to hear you." He hurried John away before he could even rescue the precious collection.

In all his twenty-six years of life, John never had come in contact with a man with whom he could have real intellectual intercourse. As long as he lived, he was to remember every detail of this first meeting with Lyman Beecher. This man, who was the father of Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, both then unknown, was perhaps the most vital force in the whole temperance reform. He was possessed of remarkable mental and spiritual power, a man of vehemence; impatient, intolerant, kind, generous, loving, eloquent. He swept John off his feet.

They talked all night; that is, Beecher talked, answering John's questions about temperance problems. He gave John a clear picture of the three wings which seemed irreconcilable, the Washingtonians, the churchmen and those who would depend on the law, on legal prohibition. Beecher himself, after twenty-five years of experience in the movement, was veering toward

legal coercion. And he urged John to take the same viewpoint. But, impressed though he was by Beecher's brilliancy and pleased as he was by the attention the famous preacher was paying him, John could not take this long stride.

He had fought the beast and Beecher had not. It made all the difference in the world.

The sun was just tipping the elm trees on the Green outside the tavern windows when John said slowly, "Dr. Beecher, no pledge, no law, no persuasion, no coercion is sufficient. There is only one support great enough for the drunkard. I'll admit I haven't found it but I know it exists. . . . Day and night, I carry in my mind the memory of a picture I once saw, of a little child walking blindfolded along a fearful cliff edge. But one knew the cliff was safe for behind it was a Presence, with folded wings that touched the stars but with hands that were held between the child and the chasm. I am, or any other drunkard, Dr. Beecher, is that blindfolded child, helpless until we call that Presence to our aid. So far I haven't found how to call Him. But I know He's essential."

Quick tears sprang to Beecher's eyes. He took a turn or two up and down the room. "God speed you, Gough," he finally said. "What will the Washingtonians say if you come up and talk for the Temperance Union in Boston?"

"They must let me follow the light as I see it, how-

ever dimly," replied John, with a sigh. "I'll be proud to come, Dr. Beecher."

"Then come and stay at my house," exclaimed the doctor.

They made an engagement for early August and parted, having established a friendship that was to last for life.

John now began definitely to make a place for God in his lectures. Not with a sure touch as yet, but still with sufficient emphasis to draw fire from the Washingtonians.

His first address, including his accretion of faith, was succinct and unmistakable.

"Can a man, who is a drunkard, abstain without the special grace of God, or, in other words, without being a Christian? Can he break his chains, when he has been fettered for years, by the power of his own will? In answer to this, I will say, that I would never admit to a man that he could not stop drinking unless he became a Christian; that is, as we understand it, received the new birth—became converted, according to the scriptural interpretation of that term.

"He may be a skeptic, an unbeliever, a man who rejects the gospel, who has no faith in prayer. Can I tell him that he must continue a drunkard unless he becomes a believer? Love of the drink may be as it often is, the hindrance to his belief. If my appeal to him to give up the drink on the ground of its being a sin

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against God, produces no effect, may I not urge the personal advantage in the restoration to society? May I not plead with him to give it up for his own prosperity, comfort, and respectability, and tell him he can abstain if he will? Suppose he will give up no other sin—that he will profane the Sabbath, take the name of God in vain, just as he is doing now,—is it not right and expedient for him to give up that one sin, even if he purposes to give up no other? While I believe that drunkenness hinders more men from coming to Christ, from hearing and accepting the gospel, than any other agency, am I not doing a good work as far as it goes?

"Total abstinence from drink, or abstinence from theft, or lying, or profane swearing, will not open for him the kingdom of heaven; nothing but the power of the grace of God can renew him in his nature.

"When I signed the pledge, I was an unbeliever. The appeal to me was on the ground of personal advantage: 'How should you like to be respectable, esteemed.' The nearest approach to anything of a religious nature in the appeal was in the question, 'How should you like to be well dressed, and go to church?' In the speech I made, on affixing my name to the pledge, I said, 'I am resolved to free myself from the tyrant Rum.' There was not a thought of God; my motive in that act and declaration was a mere selfish one. In all my struggle I never uttered a prayer. I had not prayed for years. I said during the struggle, 'Oh, my God! I shall die';

and after Jesse Goodrich had encouraged me, I said, 'By God's help, I will keep up a brave heart.' Yet I had no thought of asking God's help. I heedlessly used a term.

"I fought that battle alone for six days, and though many years have passed away, that garret bedroom, my bed, my broken trunk, the window in the roof, the little strip of carpet, the water-jug, my shabby clothing as it lay on the one chair in the room—are so vividly present before me, that, were I an artist, I would reproduce the scene in all its detail on the canvas. When I had obtained the victory, there was no thought of thankfulness to God; it was a sensation of pride in the consciousness of the power of my will; and I often boasted that no human being helped or encouraged me in that struggle, with the sole exception of Jesse Goodrich. Do I undervalue the grace of God in all this? No; I simply wish to state that a man may abstain, if he will.

"I continued for five months an abstainer from drink. I entered the field as a lecturer, self-reliant and boastful. Then I fell, covered with shame and mortification.

"It was after that lapse that I cried out, 'Oh, my Father! may Thy hand support me, and my prayer ever be, Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.' Yes, thus I would tell the drunkard, he can stop drinking by the power of his will; but every day he abstains in his own

strength, in the midst of temptation and the slumbering appetite he does it at a risk. But when he puts forth all his energies and then trusts in God's mercy and grace, then only is he safe."

Immediately after this speech, John was made the subject of bitter newspaper and pamphlet attack. Denominational factions, critics declared, would divide the energies of the reform as surely as political, were Gough permitted to call it a religious movement. His invitations to speak before Washingtonian societies lessened in number and this was a serious matter. John was entirely dependent on the collections taken at these meetings for his daily bread and even when every evening was filled his stomach often was empty.

At the end of his first six months of lecturing, he had spoken two hundred times and had taken in $528.00. He had traveled three thousand miles and had obtained 7,609 pledges. The lowest return for any evening was seventy-five cents, the highest six dollars. He had worked up a real evening's entertainment, too, speaking for an hour before inviting signatures, then singing songs and telling anecdotes for another hour. But he soon discovered that people's willingness to pay for their entertainment was by no means equal to the degree of their enjoyment. There were times when only his sense of humor kept his irritation down.

He was invited by a New England town to give

them three successive evenings. He did so. At the end of the third evening, the committee which had brought him to the town told him that there was no money in the treasury but that if he would come again and give three more lectures, they would then pay for the six.

Some time later John returned to the town. At the close of his second lecture, a man rose and said, "I believe Mr. Gough left town the last time he visited us with no remuneration for his services. I propose that a collection now be taken for him."

A second man rose. "I dislike collections, but if we must have one, I propose that it be postponed till tomorrow evening, when we will come prepared."

His suggestion prevailed.

On the third evening the collection was taken and the earnest citizen who had proposed it counted it. It amounted to $1.80. "This is very small," he remarked to the audience. "But I don't mind making it up out of my own pocket." He selected two ten-cent pieces from his purse, remarking as he did so, "For the laborer is worthy of his hire."

It was not at this point that John's sense of humor rose. Always too sensitive, he drew himself up, spurning the proffered coins, and stalked out of the building. But when, the next morning at the tavern, John received a note containing five dollars from three liquor sellers who said they thought he'd worked hard enough

to be paid, John roared with laughter and pocketed the money.

It was hard to pay old debts out of so meager an income. Even after the new suit was paid for he still owed nearly five hundred dollars. The unpaid bills pursued him like gadflies. When he reached Dr. Beecher's house in August, to his infinite mortification an officer served a writ on him for twenty dollars, the amount due his old landlady. Dr. Beecher paid the bill. He was extraordinarily kind and tactful, but it took John a long time to recover from his embarrassment. Fortunately, the four speeches he made at the Boston Museum brought him nearly twenty-five dollars so that he was able to pay the doctor at once.

Boston received John with interest and the temperance churchmen with cordiality. There was grim humor for John in the fact that Deacon Moses Grant, whom he had travestied so many times, should call on him and insist on making friends. Grant was a friendly soul, a prominent Unitarian and a child lover. He was leader of the children's cold water societies and could not cross Boston Commons without a swarm of little creatures calling out to him and clinging to him. John, watching him thus, thought with renewed shame of his old impersonations.

But the Deacon was to bring him considerable more than chagrin. It was at the Deacon's home that he met Mary Whitcomb. Mary was the daughter of a New

England farmer who was alternately teaching and going to the Seminary. When John was introduced to her she wore a pale pink dress over a modest crinoline. She wore three long curls on either side of her pink cheeks and the rest of her chestnut hair in a low knot on the back of a very slender, very white neck. She had a dimple in her left cheek.

After all, John was only twenty-six!

At first glance John thought the dimple cast reflections on the lady's intelligence. But after a half hour's conversation he discovered his mistake. Mary Whitcomb was full of Yankee common-sense and she was a highly educated woman. Deacon Grant and Dr. Beecher treated her opinions with deference. At the end of the half hour John was in love, hopelessly but completely.

CHAPTER VIII

MARY

HOW Mary felt after that first meeting we do not know. It is certain though that John was a very appealing human being: his physical delicacy, his gentleness, his unending flow of tenderness and good humor combined in a charm that few could resist. Mary Whitcomb knew his history as by then every reader of the public prints must know it. And she had heard him speak. So she knew that here was no ordinary human being.

John went back to Lyman Beecher's house that night and told the doctor of the meeting. He *had* to tell some one. And he wound up by remarking that after seeing Mary he'd never marry any one less than she, and that he had no intention ever of insulting Mary by offering himself to her.

"Don't be a modest fool, Gough," snapped Lyman Beecher. "A girl that's got ambition and grit enough to earn the education she's earned, is perfectly well able to judge you. She doesn't have to accept you, John, you know, if ever you get to the proposing point."

And so John deliberately began his courtship. And this courtship was for months the pure flame that outburned the tiger's passion.

He was obliged to leave Boston the next day. Before he went, however, he stopped at a bookshop and bought a sheet of music. Mary had confessed that she played the guitar. John's choice was, "I'm a Pilgrim," arranged for guitar and pianoforte. With his pen he underscored certain sentiments:

"I'm a pilgrim, and *I'm a stranger;*
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me, for *I am going*
To where the streamlets are ever flowing,
Within a country unknown and dreary
I've been wandering *forlorn* and weary . . .
Guitar: allegro con amore."

This he sent to Mary.

The following day, from Portsmouth, he sent a tiny ship in a glass bottle. The third day, from Concord, a wreath of wax forget-me-knots. On the fourth day, from the same place, another sheet of music, "The Cricket on the Hearth," arranged for the female voice. "N.B. Previous to the words, 'But Hark!' an imitation of the cricket may be introduced with great effect.

". . . But hark, the cricket on the hearth is swelling
Its simple notes of music on mine ear!
They strike upon *my heart chords* and are telling
In *tender melody*, *sweet words of cheer*. . . ."

The fifth day he sent her an ivory memory tablet, with pencil attached. On the seventh, at Worcester

again, he received a note from Mary, "acknowledging your delicate attentions with gratitude." Folded in the letter was a pressed pansy and a clipping from *Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book.*

"This motto I give the young and the old,
More precious by far than a treasure of gold,
'Twill prove to its owner a talisman rare,
More potent than magic, 'Tis *never despair!*"

The technique of the courtship was thus established.

For two months they continued a daily exchange of verses, notes and gifts. When, early in October, John received a pair of wristlets, pale pink, with his initials embroidered thereon in blue, he sent off a final extract from *Godey's*—

"Must I not love thee? When the heart would leap
With all its thrilling pulses unto thee?
Must it be staid? Is not the spirit free?
Can human bars or bonds its essence keep?
Love thee, I must . . ."

He followed this to Boston and went from the train to Mary.

She was at her uncle's house on Beacon Street. The family was at supper when John rang the bell and so Mary and he had the parlor to themselves. John looked down on her as she stood by the hearth in the dark wool frock she had worn all day in school—she was smaller than he, though John was only of middle

height—looked down on her and told himself that his memory and imagination had underestimated her sweetness and serenity. He stood at the opposite end of the hearth, in the famous new suit now a good deal rubbed and worn, the skin-tight trousers a little bagged in spots, the bellskirted coat a little faded. He stood and wondered at his own temerity. For he was going to ask this woman so incalculably above him in character and culture to marry him.

And he voiced this thought to Mary. She looked up at him, soberly. "I'm not sure but that *character* is the very basis of your genius, Mr. Gough," she said.

"You don't know what you say," he protested. "In your goodness you can't judge me mercilessly, as you ought. And yet if you knew me thoroughly and did judge me mercilessly you *couldn't* marry me, dear Miss Whitcomb."

"Then I'm glad I don't know you thoroughly," the dimple showing.

He took her hands. "Then you *will* marry me?"

The dimple deepened to acquiescence. John bent to kiss her and then drew back. All his polluted life forbade the desecration. He released her hands and with a groan turned to lean his head against the mantel.

"I cannot tell you now," he said, hoarsely, "until at least you know Lucretia." And keeping his head bowed upon the mantel, he told her of that first pathetic marriage. He never had spoken of Lucretia

since the day of her death. He had done his best to efface all memory of her from his brain. As he talked, the revival of that last scene with Lucretia and their little daughter dead on the bed roused in him such an agony of contrition that he flung away from the mantel and began to pace the floor. And as he paced he painted such a picture of himself, as a drunken, loathsome sot, such a vivid picture of that tragic madonna on the bed that Mary screamed. John halted and stared at her.

She returned his look with one of horror. He started toward her, but she thrust him back with a gesture of fear. "Don't touch me, *please!*"

John halted. "Then you do judge me mercilessly! And that is right. I don't blame you." He was trembling and overwrought but his tragic face was set like a mask. "I hadn't meant to woo you under false colors. I thought your intuitions might tell you,—so long as you and the whole world knew, in general, my derelictions—I thought your intuitions might tell you that I'd come to you from Hades. And that I'll never cease to carry the burns. That they'll never heal."

He walked over to the marble-top center table and picked up his high hat. Then turned to say good-by. Mary had dropped into a chair beside the hearth. She was watching him, horror and pity struggling in her blue eyes.

"You shouldn't confess so—so vividly," she ex-

claimed. "You made me actually ill. If you had been all that you say without the drink, you'd be beyond the pale of human decency, Mr. Gough. But, I'm saying to myself, it wasn't *he*, it was *rum*. *He* is gentle, tender, and he so needs love and care—John, come over here to me."

John dropped his hat to the floor, crossed the room and throwing himself on his knees, dropped his face in his hands on Mary's lap. She bent over him and kissed his thick black hair.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRING LINE

THEY were married on the 23rd of November, 1843, going unattended to the house of a minister who knew them both. After John had given the cleric a fee of $5.00, he had left in the world just $3.50. They lived, at first, in Boston.

The attacks of the Washingtonians had by now spread to a general controversy between the American Temperance Union and the Society of Drunkards as the churchmen called John's associates. The controversy covered not only the charge that the Washingtonians were atheistic but also that they were anti-prohibitionists. For the word prohibition was now creeping into the temperance vernacular, with Neal Dow, of Portland, Maine, as its chief exponent.

Dow was a man of wealth and education, a merchant and the son of a merchant whose passionate avocation was temperance. He had moved rapidly through the various stages of thought in the reform and in 1837 as a member of the legislature he had begun to talk of a prohibition law. He had used the Washingtonian movement in Portland to secure in 1842 a law forbidding the retail sale of intoxicants in the city. The Washingtonians didn't realize how they were

being used by the astute Dow until the law was a reality. And great was the bitterness that followed.

In the midst of this crimination and recrimination, Neal Dow asked John to come up to Portland and speak. The invitation forced John to make a decision —was he or was he not a Washingtonian? He was not. But was he a legal coercionist, a prohibitionist? No, he was not.

"Then what am I, Mary?" he asked his wife, with whom he was debating the question.

"You are John Bartholomew Gough," she replied, "and as such Neal Dow and every one else must take you."

"Being Gough, thus far," said John, "doesn't mean anything in particular. I'm still at sea. Mary, I'll never be absolutely safe until God has become a living, breathing Presence, to Whose hand I can cling."

"You'll find Him." Mary patted his arm as they crossed the Common. "In the meantime, you have me! I'm no mean guardian, my dear John."

" 'O Mary, at thy window be. It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!', hummed John. "How that used to tease my little sister—!" He told his wife then of Lord Ramby and the Sergeant.

"It makes me want to know your sister," was Mary's comment.

"I've been ashamed to go near her all these years," confessed John.

"You needn't be now," insisted Mary. "You must try to get in touch with her again."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed John, meekly.

"And now we're going home and go over your new program," continued Mary. "We can do away with almost everything. I'm sure about the lecture, particularly if you're not going to confine yourself to what I'll admit are pretty sordid and stupid audiences—those precious Washingtonians."

"Yes, ma'am," repeated John.

Mary had undertaken his education and he was grateful but on some points, reluctant. He had left off the broader of his mimicrys. She was even insisting that he let go of his favorite for it always brought a laugh in his rather tragic recital. This was an imitation of a drunken man wheeling a load of brick. John was supremely funny in it. But he had an idea that Mary's taste was good. He was sure of this a few weeks later when the Boston papers congratulated him on his growth away from clowning. She allowed him to keep a few of the temperance poems with which he often closed a program. The most popular of these was happily Mary's favorite, also. It was by Mrs. Sigourney, a regular contributor to *Godey's Lady's Book.*

"O husband, husband, go not out
Again this stormy night,
For snowy clouds have hid the earth

Within a robe of white.—
Look in the cradle, husband, look.
There sleeps our baby boy.
He wakes, he wakes to look on thee
And curl his lip in joy—
He heeded not her fond appeal
But thrust his wife aside;
The gentle being who had been
But one short year his bride.
He braved the snow. He faced the storm
And journeyed o'er the plain
But never to his wife and child
The drunkard came again."

John went up to Portland and spoke for Neal Dow. He was much impressed by this New Englander who seemed to John to have all the qualities he himself lacked and for which he longed. Dow was that rare bird, a fanatic with a real brain. He was going about the temperance evangelization of Maine with a political finesse that amounted to genius. He had pressed into his service the best minds of his State and he was using them to educate Maine to the prohibition idea. His pamphlets, he told John, were sowed knee deep over every county even to the Canadian border. But he couldn't get John to preach his doctrines for him.

"I must feel my way. I can't use any man's creed unless I believe in it. I may some day come to prohibition but it'll be only when I perceive that God can't be reached."

And so while Dow continued to call occasionally on John Gough for arousing public interest in the general reform, the two men were unable to coöperate in detail.

The Washingtonian attacks on him served to enhance John's standing with other temperance organizations. After his Portland speeches John spoke for the American Temperance Union in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The collection method of paying him ceased. He was paid a flat rate of ten dollars a night and an admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged. It was discovered that by this method John was a great money-maker for any society that employed him. In New York, he spoke in the Broadway Tabernacle to an audience of nearly two thousand people.

Even though John had to pay his own expenses, he was wiping off his debts and although he and Mary lived meagerly they did not want.

His extraordinary rise from sottishness to fame made him a popular theme for the newspapers, everywhere. It made very little difference whether they vilified him or praised him. He was always good copy. John suffered frightfully under their attacks. His mercurial temperament had no defense against a reporter's screed. If the morning paper said that Gough was an ugly, round-shouldered, sensual mountebank, his day was ruined and it took all of Mary's resourcefulness to get him onto the platform that evening.

Even getting him onto the platform didn't always

end John's mood of self-distrust and loathing. One night, when he was scheduled to speak for Deacon Grant in Boston, Mary fairly pushed him into the hall after one of his days of self-castigation. The hall was jammed, the aisles filled with "standees." John, pushed from behind by Mary, unrecognized by the crowd, made his way forward, accompanied by muttered protests and imprecations. He lost Mary but he finally came to the edge of the platform. Here his way was blocked by a man almost twice his size.

"Will you let me pass?" asked John meekly.

The burly gentleman looked down on him contemptuously. "I will not!" he grunted.

"But my name is Gough and I have to speak," said John, but without vehemence. Sudden hope flared that the man might prevent him from ever reaching the platform.

"Gough! Gough!" exclaimed the burly gentleman. "Say, I've already let two men through who claimed to be Gough, neither of 'em much to look at but both better looking than you. And if you think an insignificant little shrimp like you can work the same racket you're mistaken, that's all."

With a pleased sigh, John turned away. But it was no use. A woman occupying a front seat had been an amused witness of the interview. "Here, Mr. Gough," she said, "just step on the arm of my chair, directly to the platform."

"Thank you, madam," whispered John, bleakly, and a moment later was on the stage where, dismal as he was, he could not resist winking at the burly gentleman gaping below. Then he faced Deacon Grant.

"Deacon," John whispered sepulchrally, "I can't speak. I haven't an idea. My thoughts will be still-born."

The Deacon looked out at the enormous audience and turned white. "What shall I say to them!" he gasped. "Here, you go forward and excuse yourself."

Trembling with stage fright as though this were his first appearance, John walked to the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing to say. I cannot speak to you to-night. I am too dull. I could speak only to cabbage heads. I wish that I could feel that you were—No! No! I do not wish that. I know each of you to be a rational, sentient, immortal being—a being who has come to hear me strike a blow at that enemy who would make of your immortality a thing to abhor, a thing of—"

He was off and spoke for an hour with characteristic fire.

"Suppose," he said, among other things, "I lie on a railway track. Some one cries out to me, 'Get up, get up, the train is coming.' 'You mind your own business; I'm not fool enough to be run over, am I? I can get up when I've a mind to, and I can lie here as long

as I please, can't I?' I boast of a power I positively possess, but I have no will to exercise the power, and the train comes thundering on and cuts me in two. What am I? I am a self-murderer. I had the power; I had the warning; I refused to exercise this power; and, when swift destruction came, the power was taken from me. Every man that dies a drunkard, dies a suicide. He had the power to escape, and he had the warning. There is not a man who dares to say, 'I have had no warning.' Stop one moment; stop and listen; you can hear the shrieks that come up from the vortex, —shrieks, piercing shrieks of despair from those who are sinking to rise no more. Your whole way is lined with specters that are pointing to the future of those who heedlessly argue their way down the fatal sliding scale. Therefore every man who dies a drunkard, dies a suicide.

"I heard a gentleman dispute that once. He said, 'A man that is a suicide is one that destroys his life at once.' I said to him, 'Don't you consider a man a suicide if he shortens his life ten minutes?' 'No,' said he; 'I don't.' At that time there was a man under sentence of death. 'Now,' said I, 'suppose, ten minutes before that man is to be hung, he cuts his throat, what is he?' 'He is a suicide, certainly.' 'But he has only shortened his life ten minutes.' I believe that every man who shortens his existence by the pursuit of gratification that is injurious to him is in a degree a de-

stroyer of his own life. 'I can, but I won't.' You remember Samson was bound three times, and each time Delilah said to him, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson,' and three times he burst the thongs that bound him, and stood up again free. By-and-by he told her all his heart, and laid his head on her lap, and she called a man of her people, who sheared his locks. Then she said to him, 'The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.' What did he say? 'I will go out and shake myself, as at other times.' He went out, but the power was gone, and in his helplessness they put out his eyes.

"God pity any man when he begins to feel the fetters of a habit gall him, who, when he goes out to burst his chains, finds the welded iron bands entering into his marrow, until he lifts his shackled hands to heaven and cries, 'Who shall deliver me from the slavery of drunkenness?' 'I can, but I won't.' The most painful scene I ever witnessed in my life was by the bedside of a man who said, 'I would, but I can't.' The difference between you and the poor sot is: you can, but you won't; he would with all his heart, but he fears that he can't. You see a man standing before the bar or before the counter. His cry is, 'Give me drink; I must have it. I will give you my own hard earnings, but give me drink! I will give you more than that. I married a wife; I took her from her girlhood's home; I promised to love her and cherish her, and protect her, and I have driven her out to work for me. Ah! ah! I have

stolen her wages, and I have brought them to you; I will give them to you if you will give me drink. More yet: I will give you the price of bread that I snatched from the parched lips of my famished child. More yet: I have some money in my hand; I drove out my little child to lie and to cheat in the street, and I will give you that if you will give me drink. Yes, I have sold my child, body and soul, and I will give you the payment. More yet: I will give you my health; I will give you my humanity. More yet: I will give you my hopes of heaven; I will give you body and soul, but give me drink!' And there are men to-day bartering their birthright for a dram, and selling their heritage for drink.

"All my sympathies are enlisted for the intemperate man. I can sympathize with him fully, entirely, and I could have said to that poor, forlorn creature that night, 'I have been as hard up as you are.' On my twenty-fifth birthday I had no hope, no home, no expectation. I walked God's beautiful earth like an unblest spirit wandering over a burning desert, digging deep wells for water to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry, hot sand, with no human being to love me, no living thing to cling to me. And as I stand to-day with the remembrance of cordiality, courtesy, and kind, warm greetings from scores of friends, standing under the arc of the bow, one base of which rests on the dark days and the other, I trust, on the sunny slopes of

Paradise, I realize more and more the awful degradation to which drink brings a man; and I long for an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any agency under heaven that can debase, degrade, embrute, blast, mildew, scathe, and damn everything that is bright, noble, manly, beautiful, and Godlike in a human being, as does the drink when the man becomes addicted to it and yields to the accursed appetite for it. Therefore my hand must ever be extended to the intemperate man.

"At some period of our lives a time comes to all of us when we have certain opportunities. Opportunities are passing day by day,—opportunities of helping others, of doing good, of serving God, of girding ourselves with all the strength of Christian manhood. Duty! Is it your duty to make a sacrifice for others? Do it. Is it your duty to give up that which is debasing and degrading you, or bringing your family to poverty, wretchedness, and ruin? Do it. Ah, young men, if I could but prevail upon you in the morning of your life to do it.

"Young men, since I began to speak on the subject of temperance, there is not a word I have spoken, not a whisper I have uttered, there is not a line I have written, there is not a mark I have made, that I can change to save my soul. It is my record. And you are making your record. Some of you turned over a clean, clear page this morning. Look at it now. Are there no blots

on it, no marks on it, no stains on it? To-night, as you look at your record, you hurriedly close it up? Ah, my friend, you cannot close it. You can never remove one single stain from your record. It is there. Sixty years of life! It is an awful thing to live,—no good done, a mere life of self-indulgence and sin, leaving the very dregs to be drunk at last, and those dregs bitter beyond description.

"Young men, we need you in the strength of your manhood to declare war against this fearful evil. We want you all; yes, we want all classes to help us. There is a time coming, and coming to us all, when duty is plain. Perhaps some of you will feel it your duty now to join in this work and help us. Duty first! DUTY! Put your hand in the hand of Duty, and let her lead you, whether through storm or sunshine, light or darkness, life or death—DO YOUR DUTY.

"In your young manhood you are a hero-worshiper; but the heroes who are the noblest are not always martial or political. It is the quiet endurance, the quiet suffering, and the quiet struggling, for the benefit of others and for the country in which we live, that constitutes the noblest heroism and true greatness. He who ranks himself on the side of right is the hero. Nero, Emperor of Rome, sat upon his throne clothed in purple; a nation bowed to him; at his nod men trembled. Who can touch him? In the Mamertine dungeon sat a man chained to a soldier, writing a letter

to Timothy to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in the cold cell of that Roman prison. What a contrast between the two; this poor prisoner and that mighty emperor, the right and the wrong. The wrong on the throne, and the right in the dungeon. But read on, read on! That hateful wretch, a slave to every evil passion, fled from his infuriated soldiers, and, like a coward, with the help of an attendant, committed suicide, and his name is now a by-word. No Christian will give it to his children, and men will only occasionally give it to a dog. The other finished his letter: 'I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith'; and wrote words that have thrilled the hearts and shaped the lives of millions, and will for ages yet to come. Those who are with the right are with God, and those who are with the wrong are against him. Tell me that such a battle as ours is Utopian! I grant you we may never see the full results; but we are seeing the growth of a public sentiment which, under God, is to sweep intemperance away forever."

He spoke for an hour and simple as were his words, homely as were his anecdotes, there was that in him which when he finished brought even Mary and the Deacon to their feet with the rest of his hearers. When the evening was over, Grant said, "John, don't you ever dare to scare me that way again!"

But he did, many a time, for all his life the papers

were to manhandle John and he never hardened to their treatment.

It was in the spring of 1845 that a Newburyport paper touched on a new angle. They published the statement that "Mr. Gough, yesterday morning before he left N., went to the refreshment shop of Mr. D., called for a glass of beer and drank it there."

John met the attack in a new way. He hired a lawyer to prosecute Mr. D. The result appeared in the *Boston Mercantile Journal* of May 10, 1845.

"APOLOGY

"I, J. I. D., having propagated a report that Mr. John B. Gough of Boston drank strong beer at my store at N. on the 6th day of May inst., I desire fully to retract the same and to apologize for the course I have taken and to expressly state that Mr. Gough never was in my store: that I must have known it if such ever had been the case, I having seen and heard Mr. Gough lecture on the previous evening. And I hereby return my thanks to Mr. Gough for consenting to forego the legal proceedings which he has instituted against me. Signed. J. I. D."

In editorial comment, the *Journal* said: "We learn with much satisfaction that Mr. Gough is now determined that in all attempts to blacken his character or accusations of his having violated his pledge since he signed it on May 1st, 1843, he is determined to shield

himself behind the laws of the country which will ever present an ægis against the arrows of calumny. There is no character more detestable, cowardly or dangerous than a slanderer. He is a walking pestilence that doth infect the wind."

His blood being up, John also inserted a notice in the *Newburyport Herald:*

"To all whom it may concern. Having heard that it has been stated in the town of Newburyport that various persons there have accounts against me and as I am not aware that such is the case—I having on various occasions made a public request that all claims against me be sent in for settlement, this is to give notice that I shall be in Mr. John G. Tilton's book store in Newburyport on Wed. May 15th when I shall be prepared to pay any legal demand that shall be made against me and as I have on more than one occasion paid debts twice, I shall require full proof of each and every claim. John B. Gough."

The slanderers of Newburyport and Boston at last were quieted.

CHAPTER X

GEHENNA

DURING the summer of 1845, the Goughs actually were able to take a few weeks' vacation on a farm near Worcester. John worked out of doors a great deal and his physical condition improved daily. But he grew restless, became weary of the quiet, much as he enjoyed the beauty of the hills. John was not yet ready for quiet. For all his wrestling and prayer, the keeping of the pledge was a desperate struggle for him and inactivity gave too great an opportunity for idle and evil dreams—dreams that even prayer could not always down.

He was glad when September came and he started off to New York to arrange for a series of lectures with the American Temperance Union. Mary did not go to New York with him. She planned to meet him a day or so later in Albany and go on with him to Montreal for a week's campaign.

John reached New York on a Friday afternoon, went to his accustomed hotel, The Croton, and took a room. After his supper, he started off to meet a Brooklyn friend, George Hurlbut. As he strolled along Broadway, watching the lamplighter, a man paused before him, holding out his hand.

"Good evening, Gough! My name is Jonathan Williams. I used to work in a book bindery with you in this city."

John looked at him doubtfully. "I don't seem to place you, sir."

The man sneered. "I suppose not! They say you're too proud now to remember your old friends."

John winced. "Indeed, I'm not! Tell me the name of the bindery."

"I'll tell you if you'll come in here and have a glass of soda water. I can remind you of some good old times. Come now, Gough, don't be proud with an old shopmate. Don't you remember the Brown Jug, where you used to give us recitations and readings?"

"Did you know Paddy McNamara?" asked John, eagerly.

"I did, indeed. This is Thompson's soft drink parlor. Come and have just one glass while I tell you Paddy's latest."

Williams took his arm and led him into the shop and ordered two sodas. "Paddy was telling me the other day about you," he said as John drained his glass. "He told me you were—"

John interrupted. "That soda water burns my stomach like gin. Are you sure there was nothing in it?"

He did not hear the man's reply for waves of fire were mounting to his brain. Whatever drug was in the glass was more potent than the gin that concealed it.

John was conscious of a sudden overwhelming desire to see the Brown Jug again. He fought it, whether for seconds or minutes he didn't know. Williams vanished from his consciousness. After a few moments John decided it would do no harm to go look up Paddy. It proved an evasive hunt. Several times he entered rum parlors that for a moment seemed like the Brown Jug where he drank and went out. As he hurried down Chambers Street a woman touched him on the arm and accosted him with the ancient suggestion.

"I need good brandy. I'm sick," said John.

"There's plenty of it at my place," she told him.

"Then lead the way," he ordered.

A little later she led him into a house on Chatham Street.

In this place of ill repute John remained for six days. He was drunk from the first day to the last.

On Monday, Mary went to Albany. When Tuesday came with no word, she took the boat for New York. She was fearful lest he had been drinking, but she was more fearful that some of the threats of the anti-temperance folk to do him bodily harm had been carried out. She went first to John Marsh, the reformer with whom John was to have made his lecture arrangements and then to George Hurlbut. The two men began to trace his movements. The newspapers gave his disappearance a wide publicity. Search parties were formed and within a day, John's sojourn-

ing place was located. George Hurlbut brought him to his home in Brooklyn and the doctor ordered him to bed.

Mary refused to see John. George Hurlbut and Mrs. Hurlbut labored with her but without result. When two days had passed and John had come to his senses but was very ill, the doctor took a hand. He rapped on Mary's bedroom door and entered without ceremony. She was sitting with her Bible in her lap.

"I want you to go to your husband, Mrs. Gough," he said, shortly. "I can take care of his body. It's not hard to clean a man up after a debauch. But I can do little for his mind. That you must do, or we'll have him down with an attack of brain fever that may leave him idiotic. I've never had a patient in such anguish of mind as your husband's in."

Mary, with her pretty color fled and her left cheek unsoftened by any dimple, stared at him, her blue eyes expressing all the loathing of the thing that had come to her marriage that she would not permit her lips to confess.

The doctor understood the look. "Yes! Yes! But my dear Mrs. Gough, you must have known what you risked when you married him."

"I knew that I risked the drinking but not—not —not such a place!" Mary twisted her hands together.

"The two are practically inseparable," was the

doctor's grim retort. "Face it, Mrs. Gough! Face it! —Now listen to me carefully. Your husband was born extremely high strung and sensitive, with a very delicate nervous system. He has tremendous will power—"

"Tremendous will power! After this!" interrupted Mary.

"All the world knows his history," said the doctor. "Only a will of steel could have pulled him out of such a debauched boyhood. Now then, when he comes to a full realization of what's happened as he will by to-morrow, he's going to be mentally ill. He's going to need comfort."

"Comfort!" shrieked Mary.

"Yes, *comfort!* Good God, madam, what does a five days' spree amount to after three years' abstinence? Yours is precisely the attitude that will be fatal to him. Let him once get the idea that you loathe him and I fear that that will of his may take him as far as suicide. You must *not* let him see you like this," picking up a hand mirror and showing her the horrified face within it.

Mary thrust the glass aside. "He's better dead than as he is."

"That's not your say so, nor mine. Our job is to save him! Mine because of my profession, yours because you promised before God to stick to him."

Mary set her white teeth and took a turn or two

up and down the room, her gray merino undulating over the huge crinoline. She picked at the brooch on her collar which contained a lock of John's black hair. It was obvious that she was fighting that which only the wife of a drunkard could comprehend. But the doctor must have had some inkling of its strength for he stood patiently waiting until she came to pause with her shaking hand on the embroidered fire screen.

"Just what do you wish me to do, doctor?"

"Ah, that's my brave child! Be gentle with him and let him talk. Let him tell his story. And be as kind to him as his mother would be. If you can't control your aversion any other way, pretend he's your little erring son who has only you. If you can't be his wife, be his mother and if you can't be his mother, be his friend:—such a friend as Jesus Christ would have been.—This, my dear Mrs. Gough, if you would save him. These same nerves that make him a great orator are his private torment and menace."

He took a pinch of snuff, picked up his tall hat and little black bag, bowed and walked out.

The next morning as she paced the floor of her room, the nurse came to Mary to say that her husband had asked for her. Mary waited for the woman to go out, then she got down on her knees and prayed, silently, then she went into John's room.

He lay high on his pillows, his cheeks and eyes burning with fever. He did not greet her except to

point to the Windsor chair beside the huge four poster bed.

"You must let me tell you about it, Mary. You must give me up. That is right. But first, I must explain."

Mary sank into the chair. She could scarcely bear to look at the drawn, agonized mouth—at the lips that had broken their marriage vows. She touched her own mouth to stop its trembling and focused her mind on what John was saying.

"—He asked me how I came there. I told him a man had put something in a glass of soda that had crazed me and that then a woman had led me up the stairs. They said it was a house of ill fame. Be that as it may, had it been the most notorious house in the city and had I known her to be one of its inmates I'd have gone with this woman, being in the state I was in when I met her.—The time that I spent in that place seems like a horrible nightmare. I have so little recollection of what transpired that when I came out, I couldn't for the life of me tell how long I had been there." He moistened his lips and stared at her, growing consternation arising in his eyes as he read her so familiar face.—"Oh, Mary, the thing which I so greatly feared has come upon me and that of which I was afraid is come unto me.—I've fallen. I'm willing to lie in the dust. I'm to blame. When he spoke

of my being too proud, I don't know but I'd have gone anywhere with him.—Oh, God! God! God!"

He rolled over on the bed, beating the pillows with his shaking hands.

Still Mary did not move.

After a moment he whispered, "I can find no place for repentance though I seek it carefully, with tears. Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds without cause? —A strange woman in a narrow pit. Sandgate! Sandgate! Mother, here's a dead baby—It's *my* dead daughter. I found it in the pig's kelp. I'll carry the pail up the hill if only you'll forgive me—"

Suddenly Mary dropped on her knees beside the bed and laid her cheek on that groping, shaking hand.

"John, I'm here. It's Mary!"

"Mrs. Purday?"

"No, John. Mary, your wife."

There was a long silence. "Mary! And you know where I've been? That I've come back from a pigsty?"

"I know. . . ."

And so they began the struggle back, together.

It is probable that the doctor's anxiety was fully justified for even with Mary's help, John could not for a long time return to mental or physical health. The newspapers gave most harrowing accounts of the affair and a man whom John had once helped to nurse through delirium tremens put out a pamphlet entitled

"Goughiana" which purported to give an interview with the woman of the Chatham Street house. A large edition of this was printed and sold. John insisted on reading everything, insisted that he must know what he had to face. And the knowledge made him ill.

But as the weeks slipped by the newspapers lost interest and friends rallied to him. Dr. Lyman Beecher came frequently to see him and barked like a fine old watchdog at reporters who followed him to the Hurlbuts' house. And Deacon Moses Grant who had received many vile letters, threatening him if he employed John again, appeared when Mary had almost reached despair and asked John when he was going to quit 'sogering' and get back to his lecture engagements. Mary kissed his stern New England cheek for this. But John shook his head and said that he never again could face an audience.

Deacon Grant was furious. He argued, threatened, cajoled but to no effect. He went back to Boston, baffled. This was early in October. And now John's unknown friends took a hand. The publication of "Goughiana" was a mistake on the part of John's enemies. It sickened the public. People wrote letters to the papers, protesting at such indecent methods. And John began to get a new kind of letters, letters from men who had signed the pledge for him—men whose names he did not recognize, who wrote, remind-

ing him that on a certain date John had come to their homes and prayed with them; had given them money for bread, had put a hand on their shoulders. Women wrote telling him of the broken homes he had made whole, of the erring sons he'd brought back to the deserted hearth, of little children he had clothed, of young girls he had rescued.

The letters began to come in, not by the tens or twenties, but by the hundreds. By the last of October, Mary had checked over three thousand odd of them and then gave up counting. They were a revelation to her, most of them. She had known, of course, of the pledge signing due to John's lecturing. But of his ministry to the poor souls who asked him for help she had not known. John had kept it secret lest she worry over him and his temptations. As she read the letters, there grew in her heart a new feeling toward this man to whom she had joined herself.

Up to this time there had been condescension in her every thought of him. She loved him. She ardently admired his genius. But she felt superior to him in every quality save his genius, and her sense of superiority had of course been enhanced a thousand per cent. by this last sample of his weakness. But as letter after letter written to John as people might write to a Christ who had healed them, passed through her hands, her own smallness was revealed to her. Measured by the relative amount of good the two were doing in the

world, John overtopped her as a mountain overtops an ant hill. And it was his tragic weaknesses that had given him his exquisite capacity for ministering to the wretched; that had given him the capacity and the unceasing desire to save. Suddenly, it seemed to her, as if from the day of his birth, God had been molding John Gough in agony for an appointed ministry. And Mary became very, very humble.

The letters healed John. About the time the first half thousand had come in he announced that he was going back to Boston and have it out with his church. Mary, timidly, asked him if he would sign the pledge again.

"No!" replied John. "The matter lies now between God and me."

They returned to Boston. John's church, with rare understanding and tact, received him without censure. Deacon Grant was jubilant and forced John early in December to attend a temperance meeting in Tremont Temple. John was only one of the audience but the leader of the evening called on him from the platform and John spoke from the floor, only a few words, but they were well received. This removed his final inhibition.

He went to Philadelphia now to keep a long-delayed engagement and spoke to an audience of four thousand people who came to sneer and scoff and who remained to weep.

The Goughs had agreed that Mary now should travel with John even on his shortest journey. And John was glad to have it so. His faith in himself was permanently shaken. Never again would he be sure that the tiger had left him—never, so long as he lived. He brooded about it a good deal, that winter, especially after his strength had been drained by a tremendous speaking effort. He would wonder why people listened to him. And he lost his final belief in the methods of the Washingtonians. Deep within him was a conviction that were his faith in God as great as it ought to be, that benign Presence would hold him up. And he sought that faith, sought it as he had a place for repentance, carefully, with tears.

Neal Dow, a touch of New England patronage in his manner, looked John up just before Christmas and asked him to help again with the campaign in Maine. Dow was continuing his State-wide fight with his accustomed brilliancy. He had organized teams of workers to visit every school district in the State that the voters might have first-hand information on the prohibition idea. He described their work to John and added,

"I've traveled myself during the past two months over four thousand miles and have come in contact with thousands of citizens and I can testify that I've never before seen such deep-rooted and wide-spread enthusiasm among the people. They understand now that talking temperance and working for temperance won't

do much good unless they vote for temperance. I prophesy that the result of our agitation will be the expulsion from all the States of the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a drink. I want the State of Maine to lead, though. Will you come up and help us, Mr. Gough, once more?"

John shook his head. "Mr. Dow, I can't see the matter as you do. Nothing is so perilous to a man's moral fiber as breaking the pledge, and there's nothing so perilous to the public morale as breaking the law. *Don't pass* a prohibition law till the morale of your public will uphold it."

"Maine morale will uphold it!" ejaculated Dow, fiercely.

John again shook his head. "Only ten per cent. of the men who shout now for prohibition will uphold the very law they pass. Not until eighty per cent. will uphold it have you a right to pass such a law."

"You talk like a prophesying fool," declared Dow. "You have let your own accursed weakness taint your faith in other people. You have no right to withhold your God-given talents. They belong to the Cause, not to you."

John shook his head for the third time and after a few commonplaces Dow left. He was the only one of the temperance leaders who ever referred even thus indirectly to the unhappy event of early September.

CHAPTER XI

THE MINISTRY

THE long-delayed interview with John Marsh took place shortly after that with Neal Dow. The American Temperance Union wanted John to attempt to rouse the apathetic South. The movement never had been popular there. In Georgia, a well-known planter named Fourney, had tried to force the General Assembly to put through prohibition legislation by getting temperance men elected to that body. But once in the Assembly, the temperance men mixed in the State's rights quarrels and lost all sight of temperance issues. The rest of the South used poor Fourney's failure as a horrible example and the planter died of a broken heart.

Northern leaders, moreover, had made a tactical mistake in their methods with the South. Editors of temperance journals frequently wrote anti-slavery articles for their periodicals and the temperance movement became identified in the minds of many prominent Southerners with the abolition movement. It was the bitter resentment engendered by this mixing of the two issues that was to make John's trip through Virginia difficult.

He and Mary went by water to Norfolk and there

John first saw a slave sale. A woman, "a wife and a mother," as he told himself, stood with tears running down her cheeks while possible purchasers examined her arms, breast, legs, teeth. She went for $250.00. Profoundly disturbed John exclaimed to the man who accompanied him:

"That's the most damnable sight ever seen in a Christian country!"

"You mustn't say that aloud!" protested his friend, hurrying John out of the market.

But he had been overheard by hovering reporters. His comment was quoted in the evening paper and several people hissed him in the hall, that night.

John had been invited to lecture in Lynchburg by the mayor and a committee of ten citizens. He spoke to an audience of perhaps three hundred persons. Nearly a third of these took the pledge. That night about eleven o'clock, the Goughs were serenaded under their hotel window by a group of men banging on pans and scraping a "devil's fiddle." John threw a drinking glass at them and closed the window. But the abominable see-saw, bang, tink, kept them awake all night. In the morning they learned that the four musicians had been arrested for disturbing the peace and were having a hearing at the Court House. John made his way thither. The yard before the old building was packed with an excited crowd. John began to push his way through.

Some one shouted, "That's him! That's him!"

Some one else, "Tie him up and give him thirty-nine lashes!"

Another, "Run him into the river up to his neck!"

Several shouts, "He's a damned abolitionist!"

"You shan't speak here again, Gough, you drunken bum!"

"I certainly shall speak here again," cried John, his beautiful angry voice carrying to every ear in the mob. "I shall speak at the Methodist Church at 7:30, on temperance."

He walked through the crowd and into the Court House and although he was cursed, they did not touch him.

The church was so crowded that night that John had to be lifted in through a window, back of the platform. He sat watching his audience while the people prayed. He knew crowds well now. These people were uneasy, ready to be hostile or friendly at a breath. When the minister said "Amen!" John walked firmly to the front of the rostrum, a delicate, nervous figure in black, looking less than his twenty-nine years in spite of the lines in his face. He spoke in a confidential manner.

"I wish you would hear me patiently before you decide what to do with me. I am ready to leave your city to-night by the twelve o'clock canal boat or I will stay and finish the course of ten lectures which I was asked

to give by your mayor's committee. I have been annoyed, threatened and I have been told I'd have vitriol thrown in my face. I've been called an abolitionist, as though that were an insult. Now heed me when I say that there is no gentleman here whose opinion is worth having who wouldn't despise me heartily if I did not admit I was an abolitionist. You all know I am one. You knew it when you sent for me but you engaged me to speak on temperance and I came for that purpose. I have not spoken of your 'peculiar institution' in public whatever I may have thought of it. You have introduced the subject and not I. And I should merit your contempt if I swallowed my principles and told a lie to curry your favor. Now, you shall decide. Shall I continue my work or, with my wife, leave you to-night?"

Almost unanimously the audience voted for him to stay, and remain he did. Their friends were still fearful for them and made them leave the hotel for a private house where they were guarded day and night. But nothing untoward happened.

The only wholly pleasant occasions on this trip were the meetings held for the colored people. At Richmond, his first contact with the race, twenty-five hundred negroes gathered in the Baptist Church to hear him. He was uncertain how to key his speech and asked a clergyman who sat on the platform with him to give suggestions.

"Talk exactly as though to a white audience," was the prompt reply. John did so.

"I will deal with facts. I want to show something of the power of this appetite. A gentleman said to me: 'It is very hard, after I have been fighting the drink all my life, that it should come at last into my house. I have six children, five daughters and a son. Four of my daughters are married, my youngest is living with me. My only son is dying.' He had delirium tremens a second time. The physician, who knew him very well, and knew the whole family, gave me the details of this young man's case. He said on the second attack: 'Charley, you know me. You know I am your friend. You are going to have a hard siege of it, my boy, a very tough time; but I think, with your constitution and my skill and God's providence, I may pull you through and bring you on your feet; but, Charley, if healthy blood again courses through your veins, never touch another drop. If you ever drink again, do not send for me; this disease will come on you swiftly, and you are a dead man.' The young man looked in his face and said: 'Doctor, you say I shall suffer! What do you know about it? I feel it creeping on me now. Oh!—it—is—coming—doctor. If you can prove to me there is no physical suffering in hell, I will cut my throat. There is no mental anguish that I can imagine which can compare with what I know is coming. It—is—coming—now—

doctor. Oh, doctor, I have felt great spiders drawing their soft bodies with hairy legs all over my face and creeping into my mouth. Green flies have been buzzing in my ears and crawling into my nostrils. Ah! ah! They—are—coming—now.' And in five minutes two men were holding him in his agony. For ten days and ten nights he suffered unutterable torments.

"He got on his feet at last. The third day after he was able to get out of his bed he walked into the street, feeble and shaken, leaning on two sticks. He went into a saloon and said: 'Give me a tablespoon of brandy, just a spoonful. I need it very badly. Don't tell anybody about it. Only just a spoonful, I need it.' The man gave it, and 'Now,' said that father, 'he is dying in such agony that his family cannot look upon him.'

"What do you think of an appetite like that? What do you think of a power like that? Let men break that! I tell you that it requires supreme strength of mind, superhuman firmness of purpose, and god-like decision of character to do it. Yet, thank God, we have thousands in our ranks who have burst the fetters that bound them, who have trampled their enemy under foot, and who stand to-day free from the damning influences of drink.

"I speak particularly of the power of this appetite. We know well what men will do to gratify it, what

they will sacrifice, what they will suffer; and when the pinch comes—oh, the battle!

"A minister of the gospel said to me: 'I was once a sad drunkard, and I signed the pledge. Many times I have been in the ditch. When I became converted I made up my mind I would study for the ministry. I was a student. I had no desire for the drink. I had an idea that my religion had driven all that out of me. The grace of God had taken away the appetite for drink, and the love of Jesus had taken away the love of it. I thought myself perfectly safe. I was invited out to dinner. If the gentleman had asked me to take a glass of wine, it would have been "no," or a glass of ale, "no"; but he gave me some rich English plum-pudding pretty well saturated with brandy, and with brandy sauce over it. I thought nothing of it. I liked it. I ate it freely. I sent up my plate for a second helping. On returning to my study I began to want drink. *I wanted it.* The want began to sting and burn me. My mouth became dry, my nerves twitched, *I wanted it.* Well, surely, if I go now and have some,—I have not had any for six years,—certainly if I take just one glass now, it will allay this sort of feeling and I shall be able to attend to my studies. No! I thought of what I had been, and what I expected to be; and "now," I said, "I will fight it." I locked the door and threw the key away. Then

commenced the fight. What I did that night I do not know. I know I was on my knees a good deal of the time, but *what* I did I do not know. Some one came in the morning about eight o'clock and knocked at the door. "Come in." "The door is locked." I hunted about, found the key, and opened the door. Two of my fellow-students entered. "Why," said one, "what is the matter with you?" "What do you mean?" "Why, look at your face." They took me to the glass, and my face I saw was covered with blood. In the agony of wrestling with my appetite for drink, I had torn the skin from my forehead with my nails. Look at the scars now. My appetite cried through every nerve and fiber of my system. Thank God I fought it; but it was forty-eight hours before I dared to go upon the street.'

"Oh, it is an awful fight, an awful fight! It makes a man old before his time, it sometimes sears and marks him, and leaves scars which will never be effaced. My friends, understand that it is a hard fight to break this appetite when it fastens itself upon you. And, moderate drinker, respectable moderate drinker, are you not willing to give up that which may be to you a lawful gratification, if, by giving it up, you may be so dignified as to stoop to the weakness of a poor unfortunate brother, and help him? This is what we seek to do in our movement, not only to prevent, but to cure; and by God's help we shall persevere. Discour-

agements meet us, fears assail us, enemies attack us, and even friends fail us; we will not fear. Though a host encamp against us, of this we will be confident, 'work done for God, it dieth not'; and though we may grope at times in the dark, yet, thank God, light from the mountain-top sends forth the sharp outline of shadows upon our path, that tell us day is breaking, a day of triumph, a day in which the bonds shall be loosed, a day in which the oppressed shall go free, a day in which there shall be a jubilee, when every drunkard shall be redeemed from the dominion of drink, and the cries of the last weeping wife be hushed, and the last little child be led into the path of peace and safety.

"That day is to come, but we are now in the midst of conflict. Yet in our warfare no blood is shed, we mean no harm to any one. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down' of the strong fortresses of drunkenness. We are engaged in a bloodless, peaceful conflict, and shall continue to be so to the end. We say as the little drummer did when taken prisoner and led into the camp of the enemy. They told him to beat the drum. 'Yes,' said he, 'I will beat the drum for you, though you ask me to do it in insult,' and he beat a *reveille*. 'Now,' said they, 'beat an advance,' and he did so. 'Now beat a charge,' and he beat the charge. 'Now beat a retreat.' 'No,' said the little fellow, 'I never

learned to beat a retreat.' We have no such word as retreat in our vocabulary, it is all onward, upward, victory!"

It was an audience sympathetic beyond any previous experience. There was no mistaking their responsiveness. When John finished a white-haired negro rose and began to sing. The audience caught him up and the twenty-five hundred voices blended in a wonderful chorus:

"I'se bound for the land of Canaan,
Come, go along with me!
We'll all pass over Jordan
And sound de jubilee.
Den we shall see Jesus!
Come, go along with me.
We'll all go home together,
And we'll sound the jubilee."

There were many verses and the negroes sang them all. John, after the first line or two, caught the air and joined in with his soaring tenor. When the song was ended a tall, powerful young negro stood up just beneath the pulpit.

"Bredern, jes' look at me! Here's a nigger that doesn't own hisself. I belong to Massa Carr, bress de Lord! Yes, bredern, dis pore body belong to Massa Carr. But my soul is de free man ob de Lord Jesus."

An electric shock brought the audience to its feet. "Amen! Glory! Bress de Lord! Hallelujah!"

John shouted above the rest, "There's not a drunkard in this city can say that!"

Then he was permitted to finish his speech.

They returned to Boston, discouraged over the small returns in pledges but they found John Marsh, Beecher, Lloyd Garrison and other of the New England leaders enthusiastic over the interest John had roused, antagonistic though much of it was. To have cut through Southern apathy was something the others had not done.

But active antagonism to the movement was no longer confined to the South. As long as the reformers restricted themselves to pledge taking, there was no active rousing of the liquor interests. But with the imminence of Maine's passing a stringent prohibition law the keepers of gin houses and wholesale liquor dealers took alarm and mob demonstrations began to anticipate and follow the speeches of the more influential of the reformers. The demonstrations were more violent against John Gough than against the others because he was the most popular and the most vulnerable through his weaknesses.

The first of these attacks took place in the winter of 1847. John had been asked to speak in Boston in Faneuil Hall. The use of the historic old building was of itself a guarantee of the prestige of the audience that the indefatigable directors of the Boston Society would bring together. Faneuil Hall could be

obtained as a meeting place only by consent of the city authorities in response to a petition signed by one hundred citizens.

All during the day before the meeting there were spasmodic commotions in the city—knots of men shouting that Gough would not be allowed to speak. That night Faneuil Hall was packed with apparently an audience of Boston's elect. But as Deacon Grant attempted to introduce John, a storm of hisses mingled with the applause and some one called for three cheers for a notorious liquor dealer.

As if this were a pre-arranged signal, some two hundred, scattered in the audience, made a rush for the platform. Every one rose. A hoodlum made a rush at John, who with the promptness of his barroom education clapped his hat on his head. Deacon Grant, armed with a chair, rushed at the hoodlum. He brought the chair back so far for a supreme blow that he brought it down on John just behind him, reducing the hat to a pancake. Some one else threw a water pitcher into the hoodlum's face. A half dozen seamen from the U. S. Receiving Ship *Ohio* leaped to the platform, shouting, "They shan't hurt you, Mr. Gough," and joined merrily in the rumpus.

It looked as though the meeting had no chance whatever of proceeding. Another shout rose, "The marshal's here!" and the city marshal with some eighty men plowed a way through the mob, sent two drunken

men who were making speeches against the American Temperance Union flying spread-eagle into the crowd and in ten minutes had rushed the "gin bummers" out of the building.

While the audience remaining milled about John walked to the front of the platform and asked in a voice that carried above every other:

"Did you ever see a man in delirium tremens?" It was the peculiarity of his genius that standing above the wreckage on the stage, facing an audience that was outraged at having been drawn into a disgraceful brawl, this inconspicuous young man should ask a question that bordered on the absurd and should have instantly caught and stilled the crowd.

A well-dressed man standing with a supercilious expression at the rear of the room answered in a startled tone, "Yes!"

"Yes, you say!" John went on. "Did you see him bite his tongue till his mouth was filled with blood? Did you hear him burst into blasphemy that curdled your blood as you watched him beat his own face in fury?"

He spoke with such extraordinary earnestness, the tragic beauty of his voice was so pronounced that college professor and merchant, banker and reporter sat down, enthralled.

"Delirium tremens, the trembling madness! The most terrible sickness that can fasten its clutches on

a man! He never forgets a single horror of it! The awful visions haunt him forever. As long as he lives, at the least disturbance of his nerves, he feels premonitory symptoms of its return. Reason, knowledge, common sense, have no weight with him. . . . Chief of the horrors of the disease is its images. A thing comes into his room with stealthy tread. He knows it is not there. Nevertheless he hurls himself upon the thing, clutches it and clutches nothing while it mocks him with its frightful face. De Quincey has said that there is nothing for terror and consolation that surpasses the human face. . . .

"Supposing you were that man and the thing you clutch presents a human countenance to you, human but so revolting that your skin lifts from the scalp to the heels—yet you *know* there is nothing there to fight! I have seen a man found dead in the attitude of fighting off some dread image like this. I spent the night once with a man tormented by a human face that glared at him from the wall. He wiped it off with a towel. It returned perfect as before. He stood back some paces and shaded his eyes with his hand. Still he saw it. Maddened to desperation he rushed at it and struck it again and again. The wall was spattered with his blood and the bones of his hand were broken. . . . Delirium tremens! . . . My friends, I could not ask my dearest enemies, the men who have done their utmost to ruin me, to undergo the tortures of

that illness. And I believe that did each of you in this audience once behold as I have the terrors of it, you would say, 'That which can make such a madness and such an agony *shall not be.* I, who believe I am in no danger of it will give up the cause of it, that my weaker brother may escape! . . .' Let me give you a concrete example of what such sacrifice on your part can accomplish . . ."

He had his audience now and went on for an hour. There were five hundred pledges signed that night. During this process, a woman simpered at John and said,

"I was so amused to hear you mention De Quincey, Mr. Gough. We've always heard you are entirely illiterate. Can you really read?"

John flushed, painfully. "I have all of De Quincey's works, madam, and have read them threadbare!"

"No! Really. And have you read the others of the group?"

"Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt? Yes, madam. It was Dr. Lyman Beecher who started me, but I beg you to believe that I have gone on of my own volition."

The woman pulled a sealskin cape up over her shoulders. "Well, Mr. Gough, you certainly belie your looks," she declared, and sailed off.

At this same meeting an Englishman introduced himself. He told John that he had been sent to America by his family because of his bad drinking habits, that a

year before he had signed the pledge after one of John's meetings, had kept it and now was going back to England. He asked John if there was anything he could do for him to show his gratitude

"Yes!" exclaimed John. "See if you can get my father's record as a soldier for me. It must have been an honorable one for I remember his medals."

"If you'll give me a memorandum of instruction, sir, I'll be most charmed," said the Englishman.

John wrote all that he could recall on the back of an old envelope and the Englishman made way for others. The most significant events and contacts of John's life were hurried, staccato, passed off casually in the crowds and confusion of his work.

The newspapers were divided in opinion. Some said that the attack was based on personal animus of the Washingtonians against John Gough; others that the Washingtonian movement was dead and that the liquor dealers were responsible for the trouble. John thought the second view was the correct one. Lyman Beecher remarked, apropos of the ferocity of the rum sellers, that dying dogs show their teeth.

"They'll take a long time in dying," said John, grimly. "Perhaps a hundred years. There won't be temperance in this country till it's a religious country with four-fifths of its citizens living up to the creed that a man is his brother's keeper."

The old man gave him a look compounded of irritation and affection. "If this movement ever gets established firmly as a religious and not a mere moral reform, yours will be the credit, John."

"What I fear," mused John, "is that it will become a political reform. That will damn it."

"It never will," said Beecher, firmly, "be a mere political weapon."

John shook his head, and to avoid argument told the old fire-eater of the comment made by the supercilious female at the Faneuil Hall meeting. Dr. Beecher grunted. He and Mary Gough were leaving no stone unturned to keep John's mind employed and refreshed, feeling, wisely, that this was the best safeguard against the restlessness from which he suffered so much and which they feared. It was Dr. Beecher who had started him on the English essayists. It was Mary who suggested that John rebind the precious books to suit himself. It was John himself who evolved the idea of reproducing old bindings and of dropping into second-hand bookshops to pick up good examples of the fine art.

Mary worried over his absences on these expeditions, but he began to insist upon having them. He could retain no self-respect whatever—and he had only a very small portion of that commodity left anyhow—did he forever trail his wife about with him. He also about

this time insisted that he must go on with what he called his parochial visiting which he had left off after his Chatham Street trouble.

More and more his work assumed the aspect of that of a priest without orders. In every town where he lectured he was beset by letters and personal pleas to come to the homes of high or low where lurked some poor victim of the drink habit whom the lectures could not reach. John visited as many of these homes as possible. In many cases this was peculiarly trying for it meant returning to the old suggestive environment and it meant that in trying to exorcise the demon from the men and women who clung to him as the lepers clung to Christ, he must keep one section of his will always at work on his own private demon—burning bright.

How wisely fate had wrought by the long years of debauchery through which she had dragged John, only the drunken sots to whom he ministered could give full testimony. For John was the first apostle of tenderness toward these men and women that the society of the day termed brutes. Again and again in his lectures he protested against this common attitude.

"But they are not brutes. They are men: debased, degraded, brutalized if you will; but strip from them the influence of drink and we find them men: with hearts as warm, feelings as tender and sensibilities as keen as yours. Dickens says of Mrs. Todgers, 'She

was a hard person, yet in her heart, away up a great many stairs, there was a door and on that door was written Woman.' So in the heart of many a drunkard, away up a great many stairs, in a remote corner easily passed by, is a door. Tap on it gently again and again —persevere—remember Him who knocks at the door of *your* heart waiting for an answer till His locks are wet with dew, and be patient; tap on lovingly, gently, and by and by the quivering lip, the starting tear will tell you that you have been appealing to a man's heart, not a brute's. . . .

". . . Patience! Patience! for you who take your glass and boast you can leave it alone when you choose, know not its power over other men—its fascination or the strength of its appetite once it fastens its fangs on its victim. For drink, a man will sacrifice truth, health, honor, home, wife, children, aye, his own life and hope of heaven. The appeal of a man who is victim of such craving should rouse in you such pity as Jesus Christ knew. . . . The life of a drunkard! Oh, heaven and earth! Oh, angels, men and devils! What a theme running through infancy, through wasted youth, to blasted manhood! Christ, pity him! God help him! Man, scorn him not!"

This was by no means the type of appeal other reformers made—men such as Neal Dow or William Lloyd Garrison. But while these appealed to an audience of fifteen hundred, John, following in the same

town, would talk to three, six, ten thousand. His income was steadily increasing. In 1843, his average return for a lecture was $2.77. In 1844, $7.29; in 1845, $14.42; in 1846, $20.52; in 1847, $21.06.

Mary thought now that John ought to have a permanent place for his books—an isolated place for privacy was as difficult to achieve for him as for the President. So in this year of 1847, they purchased twenty-five acres of farmland five miles from Worcester and two miles from the nearest neighbor and there, in the spring of 1848, Deacon Grant laid the cornerstone of their home.

It was during this summer that John received news that sent him shouting for joy up and down his twenty-five acres. His English friend had traced the Sergeant not to his grave but to a soldiers' retreat, whither, after burying a second wife, the old man had withdrawn. After Jane's death, the Sergeant had deliberately lost himself to his son, who in his estimation had been the cause of Jane's exile and death—a drunken roysterer with whom he didn't care to be identified. The old man, wrote the Englishman, found it very difficult to believe that he was the father of a famous man.

As soon as John could adjust himself to the idea that he possessed a living, breathing parent, he wrote to the Sergeant, saying to Mary as he did so, "Now I know how Joseph felt when they answered his ques-

tion, 'Is the old man of whom ye spoke, your father, yet alive?' And they answered, 'He is alive.' "

His son's letter must have stirred the old soldier for he replied with an unwonted degree of emotion.

". . . Although I'm not a member of the total abstinence society, yet I bless God that such a society exists for by its instrumentality I am happy to say that my son was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found. And I do hope that through grace you will be able to perform with all fidelity as a Christian your duty to God and man. Oh, what unspeakable pleasure it would give to your poor old father once more to see his son before leaving this world of trials. I am now in my sixtieth year and am in a good degree of health and enjoy my present position as a pensioner of the Royal Hospital. . . . My son, you draw a sorrowful picture of your dear mother's interment. I feel that keenly.

"Remember me to your wife and assure her that it would be a great deal of comfort to me to see you both. May the Lord bless you and make you happy is the prayer of your affectionate father—John Gough."

The wistfulness of this was not to be ignored. John and Mary sent the Sergeant an invitation plus boat-fare and Mary heard him singing a rare song as he wrote the letter: "Gypsy came trippling down the lane, Gypsy he sang gayly. . . ."

CHAPTER XII

SERGEANT GOUGH

BUT the Sergeant was no ripe apple ready to fall at a touch into John's lap. He had his own pride. It was autumn when John rushed off the invitation to his father to make his future home at Hillside. It was spring before the Sergeant, after several exchanges of letters, agreed to *visit* his son. He said that he never was going to give up the independence of his hard-earned pension and to retain the pension he must live in England. But finally word came in the cramped old hand that he was about to embark in the packet *Queen Consort*. It was May when Mary and John went to New York to meet the ship.

While the boat was warping into the wharf, John was in such a state of nerves that Mary begged him to go back to the hotel. John protested that he was perfectly calm and they were somewhat excitedly debating the matter when one of John's usual casual encounters saved the situation. A stout man in a fawn-colored suit and a white beaver hat touched John on the arm.

"How are you, Jawn!"

His hair was still irrepressibly red! . . . The towering masts of the *Queen Consort* whirled for a

moment before John's eyes. Then he held out his hand and said,

"I'm very well, Paddy. And how are you?"

"Sure I'm fine as I look. And I'm no longer in the gin business, Jawn, so I'm fit to meet your lovely wife, ma'am." Not waiting for John—"I'm Patrick McNamara, Mrs. Gough, and I knew your husband when he—"

"Yes, Mr. McNamara," said Mary hastily. "He's told me of—"

"No, but wait, ma'am! *I* wasn't his downfall. Sure I did what I could for him, for any one could see that the poor little scut had the makings in him. And he was that easy to love, ma'am, that 'twas the ruination of him. Ye can shake hands with me with a clear conscience, ma'am. Last week, I sold the Brown Jug because I've been elected to the Assembly. I've never looked up Jawn before because of the Brown Jug and I knew 'twas bad ivery way he should be seen talking to the owner thereof. But now it's all right and when I saw be the papers Jawn's father was coming by this packet, over I came. Because I want to tell Jawn what a grand good work he's doing in the world. And look yonder,—the gangplank's out!"

John whirled to stare and Paddy raised his beaver and departed. He had an Irishman's gift for the good exit.

After all the twenty years, the Sergeant was almost

unchanged. He tramped down the gangplank in a suit of blue with brass buttons, chin up, hair still only iron gray. A little boy in kilts clung to his fingers. Some child he had befriended, John thought, as he and Mary pressed through the crowd.

The Sergeant was a little taller than John. He dropped the child's hand to grasp his son's shoulders. For a moment the two men stared at each other, John with his face masked in self-control but the Sergeant, for the first time within his son's experience, with tears running down his cheeks.

"My boy! My boy!" he gasped. "If your poor mother could see your face!"

"It is a very dear face to me," said Mary, laying a hand on the Sergeant's arm.

"You're Mary!" he cried and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"And who," asked John, now himself, "is this little fellow?" smiling at the child who clung to the Sergeant's coat-tail.

The Sergeant hastily pulled the little boy forward. He was a pretty child with pink cheeks and yellow curls, dressed in the short-kilted skirt and the long tunic with which boys were cursed at that time.

"This, John," said the Sergeant, "is your brother Willie, aged five. I didn't write you about him because I wanted him to make his own welcome. But

if he makes it, then I want you and Mary to keep him for your own, because I can't do him justice."

John was floored for a moment. But not Mary. Their continued childlessness was a constant grief to her. She laughed delightedly. "Willie Gough!" she exclaimed and took the child into her arms. John was only a moment behind her. He too grieved as did Mary. He kissed the little boy repeatedly but was too choked to speak.

Indeed, the significance and implications of the arrival of the two were so commingled of sorrow and tenderness that after the customs were passed, Mary decreed that they would return at once to Worcester. She wanted to get John as soon as possible into the privacy of Hillside.

But privacy for John Gough was impossible. The New York papers published the news of Sergeant Gough's arrival. The Boston *Chronotype* copied with a comment: "His son must have been surprised to learn that his father was in America, for he used to tell us one of his most pathetic tales how he followed his father to the grave in a sort of potter's field. Does not John B. Gough owe it to a curious and generous public to explain to them how he came by his resurrection?"

This comment was copied across the country with various addenda. "Probably," said a Hartford paper,

"the story of his father's death was manufactured. John B. Gough is a great natural orator and a smart, effective speaker; but he is not so scrupulous about the truth as he ought to be. A man in his position ought not to prove himself a critic in too many things."

The New York *Tribune* took issue with the *Chronotype* and said that Gough had never uttered the statements attributed to him. This faint championing was fatal to the good will of the *Chronotype*, however, for there followed a series of widely copied attacks in which John variously was styled, a sycophantic weedling, a priestly vassal, a willful liar, a consummate ass, a religious thief and a wolf. And finally it dragged forth the story of the death of Lucretia, and applied to her some of the overflow of epithets they had spilled on John.

He made no reply whatever to these attacks.

The *Chronotype* as well as most of the other sheets that carried on this system of torture were temperance papers with owners or editors who could not forgive John for his attitude on prohibition.

The epithet "priestly vassal" has an interesting inference. In this year, 1849, Father Matthew, the Irish priest who as a temperance reformer in Ireland had won great fame, arrived in this country. He had been long expected and John among other reformers had made him welcome. The two had gotten quickly to the stage of friendship. Although John was a profess-

ing Methodist and although the priest had come here to work among Catholics, both were devoid of the sectarian prejudices that were beginning to weaken the temperance reform.

John had an opportunity of showing his friendship soon after the priest's arrival. The Anti-slavery Society invited Father Matthew to speak at a mass meeting in Worcester. In the invitation the Society reminded Father Matthew that he had signed a protest in 1841 urging the Irish in America to support the cause of abolition.

William Lloyd Garrison presented the invitation. In his reply Father Matthew stated that he had come to America as a Catholic priest and a temperance advocator and as such intended to visit the slave-holding states. Therefore he declined the invitation. Garrison was furious. He retired to the shadow of the *Liberator* and through its columns called the priest some hard names, among others a man without honor who had sacrificed principles for expedience.

John took up cudgels for the priest and was soundly trounced in the *Liberator's* columns. But Father Matthew did not forget the young lecturer's attitude and whenever, during the next year, their routes crossed, the priest made a point of meeting and talking with John. Both reformers had their troubles. The Catholics were displeased because Father Matthew held meetings under Protestant auspices. The Prot-

estants criticized him because he caused people to kneel and receive the sign of the cross as they took the pledge. Protestants and Catholics alike who had been swept into sympathy with the idea of a prohibitory law to replace the pledge-signing, united in vilifying both reformers.

But in spite of criticisms, Father Matthew was getting pledges and could shrug his shoulders at the carpers. During his year's ministry to America he was said to have won two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics to the signature.

And whether Father Matthew believed in a prohibitory law or not his agitation was distinctly helpful to Neal Dow's fight in Maine. And, too, all of John's work was helping the impending Maine law, whether he would or no. Not that John ever lectured against the law. He took the position that he was for prohibition but not now. He was for it in that dim future when public spirit would back it. But he found it distinctly difficult to maintain a consistent attitude in the face of the enthusiasm of men who were near and dear to him, like Grant, Beecher and Garrison. He wavered a good many times during the two years of what was known as the Maine fight. Every temperance reformer in the country appeared to have gone over to Neal Dow and finally John found himself whooping it up with the rest of them as they struggled to push the Maine legislation through.

The law was singularly tempting to a man of John's history. It prohibited the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors. It provided for heavier penalties with imprisonment for the third offense. It provided for search and seizure on complaint of three inhabitants and confiscation of liquor illegally held.

In his cold moments, John's qualms as to the feasibility of forcing the bill through were as strong as ever. But in the furore of the first half of 1851, with every temperance advocate in this country and in Britain in a frenzy, John, as a matter of fact, had few cool moments. He sweated with the rest until on June 2nd of that memorable year, the Governor of Maine signed the bill.

Dow had pushed it for fourteen years, in nine successive legislatures.

The passage of the Maine law seemed to set a definite period to the old type of reform and after the rejoicing had subsided John retired to Hillside for the summer and began to cast up his intellectual and spiritual accounts.

He was not exhilarated when he contemplated the net results of his nearly ten years' stewardship. To be sure he had not touched a drop of alcohol since 1845, but fully half his inner life still was concerned with controlling the beast, and although in this guardianship he sought assiduously for a faith in God's

power and willingness to save any drunkard; although he had preached this faith to the multitude for years, deep within himself were doubts and fears, as strong as when he had first mentioned them to Lyman Abbott.

On the cultural side, he felt that he had grown. There was a library at Hillside now of nearly a thousand books; choice volumes that John had absorbed and made his own. He knew all sides of life. He touched men, as Lyman Abbott said, because he was so sympathetic to their touch. He was on the one hand acknowledged by the country of his adoption to be its supreme spokesman for one of the greatest of human reforms. But at the same time, there was no other man in the country so roughly handled by the public press and so held in contempt by the intellectuals.

As to his principles and his late wild race with the prohibition horses—he was utterly chagrined. He had helped to harm the whole cause, he believed, by putting through an enactment that was entirely premature. What, he asked himself, was he to do next? Other States were planning to follow the example of Maine. What attitude was he to take? Who was he to preach God's power rather than man's?

He was brooding over this when the British Temperance Societies again approached him. This time they sent an emissary to Hillside who announced that

he was going to remain with the Goughs until John consented to go to England. John was flattered but he didn't want to accept. He couldn't bring himself to believe that he could succeed as a British reformer. The emissary pooh-poohed at this. John then sought to end the matter by making an exorbitant demand. He said he'd spend his summer vacation of ten or twelve weeks in Britain if the Temperance League would defray his and his wife's expenses from the time they left America until their return: out of the ten or twelve weeks he would give four to the League.

"There, sir," declared John, "that's a settler and I hope to hear no more of the matter!"

But his hopes were futile. His terms were accepted, the League only stipulating that they be given six instead of four weeks. John was actually depressed by this result. But Mary, the Sergeant, Deacon Grant, John Marsh and Dr. Beecher, joined forces against him. John accused his father of merely wanting an excuse for returning to England. He told Deacon Grant and Dr. Beecher they were tired of him; John Marsh that the American Temperance Union wanted to be rid of him, and Mary that she no longer loved him or she'd not try to force him to make a fool of himself. At the end, he gave in. But up to the very last moment, when Dr. Beecher was seeing them aboard the boat on the 20th of July, he protested.

White to the lips he said, "Doctor, I've paid my passage to England, but I'd give twice that sum if only something would happen to keep me on this side."

"Tut! Tut! John. You are absurd, my dear John!" as usual from the old doctor.

"I tell you again, sir, that the English and Scottish people require argument. I can't argue for I want logic. I'm no logician for I have no education. I can only tell the truth in my own way and they won't like it. But I've got my return passage money in my pocket and as soon as I make my first speech, if it's not well received, I shall come back again."

The old man patted John's shoulder. "Go, my son, and in God's name, talk to the people. And if it's His will that you do anything for His Cause, He'll give you power. Go and God bless you!"

And so nearly twenty-four years after his other voyage, John was again on the Atlantic. He was thirty-six years old.

The Sergeant went with them. He was quite calm about leaving Willie who was going to remain during John's and Mary's absence with his sister Mary. John's sister was now a widow with four young sons and John was lending a financial hand there. The Sergeant was not what one would call a family man. The moment he reached England he went back to the Royal Hospital.

John and Mary reached London on August 1st.

They were met at Euston Square Station by a group of gentlemen who did not, John thought, fully conceal their chagrin on beholding his unimpressive physique. They carried the two at once to the home of George Cruikshank the artist. Here a reception was held for them which was attended by the élite of the British temperance movement. John didn't comport himself very well. His anxiety increased with each moment of his realization that preparations on an unprecedented scale had been made for his English appearance. This reception at Cruikshank's was only a single rifle shot preliminary to a mighty campaign that was to be opened by John's initial speech, the following evening. He stammered over his reply to the speech of welcome and cut it short to the point of rudeness. Mary thought it best to explain John's state of mind to Mr. Cruikshank who appeared to be a kindly soul, and they were allowed to withdraw.

John passed a sleepless night in anticipation of the next night's ordeal. He was to speak at Exeter Hall. The program announced that a chorus of five hundred voices was to greet Mr. Gough with "See, the conquering hero comes." John insisted that this be changed to something less challenging to the risibilities of the audience. Good George Cruikshank again helped him. The chorus sang "Adeste Fidelis."

John was introduced to his audience by James Silk Buckingham but he heard not a word said by this dis-

tinguished personage. He was reasoning within himself:

"Here are three thousand men and women wrought up to a great pitch of expectation and doomed to disappointment. They expect a flight of sky rockets and I can't supply them. I'll have to let them down hard at first, to make what I have to say later seem like anything at all."

So, at last when he got to his feet, he began with deliberate tameness and it was not until he saw the air of expectancy fade and heard some one say, "This'll never do for London," that he let himself out, laid hold of his theme and did his utmost.

What London, what England thought of John, was best said in the London *Weekly News* for the first week of August, 1853. A parliamentary reporter and correspondent gave the following account of that initial Exeter Hall meeting:

"Excuse us, kind sir, if this week we have no scenes in the House to record, nothing to tell of parliamentary business and dullness. Excuse us if we take you elsewhere, to one of those popular parliaments which are so common in our midst, the influence of which for good or bad, no legislation can overlook, to which often the Assembly in the Palace Yard is compelled to bow.

"On your right hand as you pass along the Strand you see a lofty door, evidently leading to some immense building within. It is called Exeter Hall. You

enter the door and ascend a long and ample staircase which conducts you to the finest public room in the metropolis. What popular passions have I not seen here! What contradictory utterances have I not heard here! High Church, Low Church, Methodism, Dissent, have all appealed from that platform to those benches crowded with living souls. From that platform accompanying that organ, seven hundred voices join often in Handel's majestic strains. . . . Westminster Hall is a fine hall but this in which I am is eight feet wider than that, one hundred and thirty-one feet long, seventy-six feet wide and forty-five feet high—and will contain with comfort more than three thousand persons.

"On the night of which I now write, it was well filled with an audience such as a few years back could not have been collected for love nor money—I mean an audience of men and women who have come to see intemperance as the great curse of this, our age and land. . . . Evidently something great was expected. The western gallery was covered with a tastefully decorated cloth on which was inscribed in silver letters thirty inches deep, The London Temperance League. . . . The royal gallery and the smaller one opposite were covered with scarlet cloth on which were arranged rose-colored panels, with the words, London Temperance League in silver letters. At the end of the royal gallery was fixed a large royal standard, the folds of

which hung gracefully over the heads of the audience. Under the royal standard was placed the Union Jack. At the end of the opposite gallery proudly waved the banner of the great Republic of the West. The platform was decorated with flags. . . . They were innumerable. In front of the organ were arranged the choirs of the temperance societies. And on the floor of the platform were placed the Shapcott family with their sax-horns. . . .

"Already every eye in that vast assembly is turned to the quarter whence it is expected the hero of the night will appear. At length the appointed hour arrives. A band of temperance reformers move towards the platform with flags of Britain and America waving—as we trust they may long do—harmoniously together. We see familiar faces—Cruikshank, Buckingham, Cassell, but there is one form we know not: it is that of a stranger: it is that of Gough. . . .

"A song of welcome has been sung and there stands up a man of middle size and of somewhere about thirty-five. He is dressed in sober black; his hair is dark and so is his face; but there is a muscular vigor in his frame for which we were not prepared. We should judge Gough has a large share of the true elixir-vitæ, animal spirits. His voice is one of great power and pathos and he speaks without effort. His first sentence as it falls gently and easily from his lips tells us that Gough has that true oratorical power which neither money,

nor industry, nor persevering study can ever win. Like the poet, the orator must be born. . . . Gough is an orator born. Pope tells us he 'lisped in numbers,' and in his boyhood, Gough must have had the true tones of the orator on his tongue.

"There was no effort—no fluster—all was easy and natural. He was speaking for the first time in a public meeting in his native land—speaking to thousands who had come with the highest expectations, who expected much and required much—speaking by means of the press to the whole British public. Under such circumstances, occasional nervousness would have been pardonable; but from the first, Gough was perfectly self-possessed.

". . . He is just as plain a personage as George Dawson of Birmingham would be, if he were to cut his hair and shave off his mustache. But though we have named George Dawson, Gough does not speak like him or any other living man. Gough is no servile copy but a real original. We have no one in England we can compare him to. He seems to speak by inspiration as the apostles spoke who were commanded not to think beforehand what they should say. The spoken word seems to come naturally—as air bubbles up from the bottom of the well.

"In what he said there was nothing new, there could be nothing new—the tale he told was old as the hills; yet as he spoke an immense audience grew hushed and

still and hearts were melted and that great human mass became knit together by a common spell. Disraeli says, 'Sir Robert Peel played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle.' Gough did the same at Exeter Hall. At his bidding, stern strong men as well as sensitive women wept or laughed—they swelled with indignation or despair. Of the various chords of human passion he was master. At times, he roused, and we thought how—

'In his ire Olympian Pericles
Thundered and lightened and all Hellas shook.'

"At other times, in his delineation of American manners, he proved himself almost an equal of Silsbee. Off the stage we have nowhere seen a better mimic than Gough; and this must give him great power especially in circles where the stage is a *terra incognito*. We have always thought that a fine figure of Byron where he tells us that he laid his hand upon the ocean's mane. Something of the same kind might be said to be applicable to Mr. Gough,—he seemed to ride upon the audience—to have mastered it completely to his will.

"Gough spoke for nearly two hours. Evidently the audience could have listened, had he gone on till midnight. We often hear that the age of oratory has gone by, that the press supersedes the tongue, that the appeal must henceforth be made to the reader in his

study, not to the hearer in the crowded hall. There is much truth in that; nevertheless the true orator will always please his audience and true oratory will never die. The world will always respond to it. The human heart will always leap up to it. The finest efforts of the orator have been amongst civilized audiences. It was a cultivated audience before which Demosthenes pleaded; and to whom, standing on Mars Hill, Paul preached of an unknown God. The true orator, like the true poet, speaks to all. He gathers round him earth's proudest as well as poorest intellects. Notwithstanding the march of mind, oratory may win her triumphs still. So long as the heart can be true to its old instinct, so long as it can pity, or love, or hate, or fear, it will be moved by the orator if he can but pity, or love, or hate or fear himself. This is the true secret. It is this that has made Gough the giant that he is."

Thus the British newspaper reporter. The British *Banner* carried a long article by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, from which we extract the following:

"The expectation was very great; and if we mistake not, a feeling akin to disappointment ran through the hall on Mr. Gough's being introduced side by side with the chairman, whose commanding and dignified presence only tended to make matters worse. There was certainly nothing that gave promise of what was to follow.

"There stands before the audience a man of the most unpretending air, apparently about thirty-two or three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, with a dark and sallow complexion; very plainly dressed; his whole mien bespeaking a person who still had to learn that he was somebody. . . . He might travel from Stoke Newington to Pimlico without attracting a glance from even the keenest of the fifty thousand persons he might meet on the way. By a shrewd stranger of the first class he probably would be classed as a Methodist preacher, say of the primitive class. . . . The cerebral development completely deceives you. Phrenology never was more completely at fault.

"The voice of Mr. Gough, too, is well calculated to carry on the deception. At the outset it is merely strong and deep; but it gives no sign of the inherent flexibility and astonishing resources both of power and pathos. It is in perfect keeping with the entire outer man which at ease seems to draw itself up to the smallest possible dimensions but when fired, becomes erect, expanding in magnitude and stature, so as to present another and entirely new man. Mr. Gough is a well-adjusted mixture of poet, orator and dramatist. . . .

"Last night the address was a succession of pictures, delivered in a manner the most natural. . . . His gift of mimicry seemed great. This perilous though valuable faculty however was but sparingly used. It is

only as the lightning, in a single flash illuminating all, and gone. . . . The mode of address is one of which mankind will never tire until human nature becomes divested of its inherent properties. He recited a series of strikingly pertinent facts which he set in beautiful pictures. Nothing could exceed the unity of the impression, while nothing could be more multifarious than the means employed to effect it.

"It was a species of mortar firing, in which old nails, broken bottles, chips of iron and bits of metal, together with balls of lead, anything, everything partaking of the nature of a missile, were available. The compound mass was showered forth with resistless might and powerful execution. . . . The conclusion to which we have come then is that the merits of Mr. Gough have been by no means overrated. Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. . . . While the vocable pronunciation with scarcely an exception is perfect, the elocutionary element is in every way worthy of it. He is wholly free on one hand from heavy monotony and on the other hand, from ranting declamation. . . . There is no mouthing, no stilted shouting. His whole speaking was eminently true. There is nothing false either in tone or inflection. . . . His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius while he oftentimes snatches a grace beyond the reach of art."

In other words, staid England lost its head over John. High and low, decent and indecent, commoner and lord, crowded to hear him. The Earl of Shaftesbury presiding over one of these early meetings said, after a vote of thanks had been tendered him for doing so, "I do not think thanks are due me for sitting here listening to the most eloquent, touching, convincing and effective address I have ever heard or was ever delivered on any other platform."

The Duchess of Argyle, the Duchess of Sunderland, Lord Robert Grosvenor and innumerable other possessors of high old names joined in swelling the hymn of praise. But John could not be spoiled. He had been too low. The imminence of a fall was always too near. He was too lacking in confidence in his own talents. The sense of class, too, which he had lost in America returned to him in England. He could not forget that he was a commoner.

Not that he wished to forget. As soon as he could break away from London, he and Mary went down to Sandgate, going by rail to Folkestone, thence by stage to Sandgate. The little town was almost unchanged after all these years. Mary, with her usual tact, complained of weariness and remained at the inn while John wandered out alone.

He went first to the beach and stood gazing at the slow falling tide. The sea! Nowhere else had it possessed this smell for him, nowhere else did the sea

gull's note sound thus on his heartstrings, nowhere else did such iridescent heaps of kelp ravish his sight. He turned toward the cottage. It awaited him unchanged, with a little knot of old women at the gate. As he walked slowly toward them, he recognized under the net of wrinkles behind which each face was half hid, his mother's friends, the buxom, pink-skinned women who had been a part of his boyhood life.

They kissed him and cried and called him Johnny. He was still the little unstained boy to them, thank God. . . . He was almost overpowered by nostalgia for his mother—prowled up the long road to the pigsty and the field he and his mother and little Mary had gleaned, then to Miss Purday's and a look at *Pilgrim's Progress*. He had a long, soul-searching three days of this. Then back to London.

Immediately on their return the Goughs were waited on by a committee from the London and Scottish Temperance Societies. Its spokesman proposed to John that he make a contract with them for a two years' stay in the British Isles, delivering a minimum of two hundred addresses at ten guineas each and all expenses. John was overwhelmed and asked for a week to think over the proposal. He was granted this respite.

Left alone in their lodgings John and Mary stared at each other. Mary laughed delightedly. "*Now* will you stop your self-depreciation?" she demanded.

"I can never live up to it, Mary!" groaned John. "And what will America say?"

"America will continue to pass the Maine law in their several States, glad to have you out of the way," replied Mary. "Do say yes, dear John!"

"I wonder!" mused John. "I wonder!"

"What do you wonder?" asked his wife.

"If it would be best for me to stay away while the Maine law fizzles out. For it will fizzle out. I see that, now I'm far enough away from it, clearer than ever."

He was still wondering when he started out for a walk that afternoon, leaving Mary to rest in the hotel. A cab driver just outside the hotel touched his hat.

"Good day, Mr. Gough!"

John paused, well pleased. "You've heard me lecture?"

"Yes, sir! In America. In Boston where I lived for five years. I signed the pledge for you in 1846. Made a man of me . . .

". . . Mr. Gough!" impulsively, "drive a bit of a way with me and see my wife and babies. 'Twon't take you an hour. I'll bring you back here, right as rain."

He was the very picture of an English cabby, ruddy of face and neat of many-caped coat. His invitation touched John in the right spot. He'd played long enough among the seats of the mighty! He jumped

into the hansom and the horse started off smartly. It began to rain, almost at once, and when they pulled up before a mean-looking tenement, the driver said, "Hurry inside the door, Mr. Gough, I'll be with you as soon as I tie my horse."

John picked his way over the dirty pavement, mounted three stone steps and pushed open a paintless door, already ajar. It was dark within the hall. As he stood blinking, he heard a heavy drawing of breath behind him and something came down on his head with a stunning crash. He felt himself falling into endless space.

When John came to his senses, he found himself lying in a room lighted by a candle. It was dingy enough with torn and dirty red wall paper, and a ragged drab carpet on the floor. For furniture there was the horsehair sofa on which he lay, a bare chest of drawers, a round table covered with an inkstained green cloth and a wooden armchair.

John sat up and felt the back of his head. There was a lump almost as big as his fist just behind his ear, but the skin was not broken. There was a water jug and glass on the table. John rose unsteadily and sniffed at the jug. But it was only water and he took a deep drink and felt better.

"Now was it the cabby who did that?" he murmured and walked over to try the door. It was of heavy oak and was locked. Both windows were shuttered and

the shutters screwed fast. He attacked them with a chair. The shutters fell, only to disclose that the windows were bricked up. He turned to the door and succeeded in splintering the chair without apparently jarring the barred oak.

He took another drink of water and began to shout for help. Not a sound save his own tones returned to him. After a time, he looked at his watch. He had been calling for an hour. He had now been six hours away from Mary. Poor soul, she would be frantic! He had not to speak for two nights. That was a blessing. What would Mary do? At least, after the dreadful publicity of 1845, he was certain she would move quietly. He hoped she would go to George Cruikshank. There was a man of experience and understanding!

But who had done this and why? He began to pace the floor while a thousand guesses passed through his mind. . . . Poor Mary! . . . and what would his new London friends think and say? . . . Would his reputation be blasted just as he had made so fair a start? . . . The thought was unendurable. He cleared the table and began to use it as a futile battering ram against the door. . . .

For forty-eight hours John alternately walked the floor and slept, occasionally varying the monotony by assaulting the door with the remnants of the furniture. He exhausted the jug of water before the first twelve hours was out. There was a good supply

of candles so he at least had not the horror of darkness to combat and he kept his head until the beginning of the third day. Then after once more trying the door, he decided to burn it down.

The floor was strewn with bits of the table, the chair, the bureau, only the sofa remained intact. He was weak and dizzy so that the fact that the kindling was already made was a blessing! Very slowly he made a small pile against the lowest panel and set a lighted candle in the midst. The wood flared up, licking the door knob. John watched eagerly, standing with a mahogany table leg in his hand with which to aid the flames once they had reached the lock. The lower panel burned through quickly. As the fire rushed into the orifice, footsteps sounded in the hall and John heard the bolts shoot back. He kicked aside the bonfire, thrust the door open and staggered into a dark hall where a stairhead glimmered. Down this, to an outer door and into the street.

Dizzy and bewildered, he clung for a moment to a lamp post. It was nearing sunset and the filthy street was flooded with a glorious light that John in his first confusion thought must be the conflagration he himself had started. The street was crowded but no one heeded John. He gave a little boy a penny to call a cab and when it came he crawled into it thankfully just as he heard the first shriek of fire! fire!

CHAPTER XIII

ENGLAND

JOHN'S abduction was to remain forever an unsolved mystery. What had been its motive; why it had miscarried, who were the authors, he never was to know. Mary, as he had hoped, had gone for help to George Cruikshank and he in turn had given the matter in charge to a detective.

As a student and cartoonist of the underworld, Cruikshank would have had suggestions to make if any one had, as to the probability of the abduction's originating there. But Cruikshank was sure that the anti-temperance forces which were now crystallizing in England were responsible for the abortive attempt to accomplish one could not tell what. The affair at any rate was kept quiet and although John was obliged to postpone his next Exeter Hall address for a night while he recovered his strength, he was none the worse for the experience.

John himself believed that some one had planned to prevent his making the two years' contract. The imagined antagonism was precisely what he needed to bring him to his decision. He signed the agreement.

After the first months of extraordinary adulation, the British experience settled into more or less like-

ness to the American routine. People got used to him. John spoke of this fact in a lecture, adding in his quaint way: "People can get used to anything. A man in New Hampshire had become so used to the marriage ceremony that on the occasion of his marrying his fourth wife, when the minister requested the couple to stand up, the man said, 'I've usually sat!' "

And John got used to people of all classes. He was entertained in castles and in hovels and in every type of home between. And he made the finest friendship of his life—with George Cruikshank.

Cruikshank had long been recognized as one of the world's greatest etchers and he was one of the best-known figures in England for he was a satirist and cartoonist of the most brilliant order. Hand in hand with his etching went his pen and ink illustrations of popular writers, Dickens and Thackeray notably. All was fish that came to his net. He was always prowling about. He pictured any event and any person with fine impartiality. Political episodes, wars, court affairs, members of Parliament, the church, the rich, the poor. And last but among the most important, his pictures of drunkards were famous for he was an ardent teetotaler.

John and he, as has been said, were irresistibly attracted to each other. They began to poke about the queer places of London together. Both were great humanitarians. John described in his lectures the

things they saw of human suffering. Cruikshank made pictures of them—etchings, water colors, pen and inks. They were immensely interested in each other's technique, and immense admirers of each other. John with his own fine manual skill appreciated Cruikshank's and began to study the artist's work and to collect his drawings, at first those that pictured incidents they had seen together. Cruikshank gave away his money almost as fast as he earned it and was always "broke." John decided to rouse interest in him in America and made a serious study of the art of etching and of water coloring.

Cruikshank began to make use of John's ministerial qualities as soon as he recognized their peculiar beauty and effectiveness. The list of homes of misfortune to which Cruikshank sent John is moving beyond words. It was a partnership as practical as it was delightful. And it opened a new world, the world of the artist, to John.

Before John began his work in England and Scotland, the temperance cause there had been in a bad way. The public had grown weary of the pamphleteering and the ordinary lecturing. The temperance organizations were poverty-stricken and were dying of malnutrition. Within six months, John had changed all this. An admission fee of a shilling was charged to his lectures and the guineas were a very small portion

of the sums realized by the various societies. He brought them money; he brought them members and what was most valuable of all, he brought them a rebirth of interest and enthusiasm.

Under the influence of this enthusiasm a new temperance organization flared into sudden activity. The Maine liquor law had been greeted with keen interest by a small group of British reformers. These men finding that the National Temperance League which employed John Gough refused to favor total prohibition by legislative enactment, formed their own society, the United Kingdom Alliance, with the aim of giving Great Britain a Maine liquor law its chief tenet.

The National Temperance League viewed the activities of the United Kingdom Alliance with great unease. Its members didn't want what they called fanaticism within the temperance movement; a fanaticism which they declared would turn the sanest classes of English and Scottish people against the entire reform. The more John fanned the flames of enthusiasm, the more strength he gave to the whole movement, the more violent grew the contentions of the two parties. By the time his two-year contract was up, the National Temperance League dared not let him go. He had created a need that only he could fill. They urged on him a contract for three years more.

John remarked to Mary with a smile, that while

he was considering this new proposal, he would not dare to leave the hotel—And he wondered what event would help him to reach a decision this time.

As if Providence had been waiting for exactly this moment, there arrived on the day John was due to give his reply, a most astounding letter from America. It was a round robin, signed by Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, the governors of several States, together with several hundred signatures of other clergymen, teachers, writers and abolitionists. The letter stated in no uncertain terms that the Maine law was a failure and interest in temperance a dead thing. *Would John please come home!*

John read the letter and the signatures aloud to Mary, then holding the manuscript he exclaimed:

"This is all the reward I ask for my years of agonizing endeavor! All the gold in the Bank of England can't hold me here!"

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Mary. "Since you have decided that way, I'll confess that I'm *sick* for Hillside."

"So am I," admitted John. "But I expect a disagreeable half hour with our friends here."

He had it. Nor was he able to do more than effect a compromise. He was to give America two years then come back for three years with the British. To this he agreed—Truly little John Gough had traveled a long way from the excommunicant of Allen Street!

The Maine law was suffering of an illness—the illness of too much politics. This, notwithstanding the fact that in the month of the Goughs' return to America, New Hampshire embraced the law, the thirteenth State to do so. But in all the so-called Maine Law States, there was violent and virulent agitation against enforcement and in Indiana, New York and Minnesota, the courts had declared certain features of the law unconstitutional.

Enforcement was a mere travesty, everywhere.

John had come back to an utterly new situation and was bewildered by it. His first move was to seek information and he went to see Governor Dutton of Connecticut, an old friend and one of the signers of the round robin letter. Dutton's statement was particularly illuminating.

"It's not so much the enemies of temperance," he said, "that are destroying the force of the law as it is the temperance men themselves who aren't fighting for enforcement. They thought if they could get the law passed, drinking would stop; that if they made it illegal to sell, nobody would! Now, sir, any one that knows anything about legislation knows that a mere naked law on the statute book is the most contemptible and idle thing in the world. It's no better than a waterwheel in the desert.

"The temperance people have quit. And they've let the execution of the law go into the hands of men

who don't care a straw for the law and who use it to make money. These are the Grand Jurors, the state attorneys and the police. The temperance people have got to rouse themselves and put the executing of the law into the hands of men that believe in it or it will be a dead letter. It's not only the drunkard you've got to rouse now, Mr. Gough. It's the reformer!"

Governor Dutton's explanation was a succinct résumé of what John learned from interviews with many other signers of the round robin on whose information he drew before starting on one of the most difficult and intensive campaigns of his experience.

Routeing John was a complex matter. During the remainder of 1855 alone he received nine hundred more requests to speak than he could accept. He always turned anxious and feverish when crowded in this way, tried to divide himself into too small portions and was apt to elect to go not to the spot where the emergency was greatest but whence had come the most pitiful plea.

This year, to his immense relief, Mary took the routeing job away from him and working with the officials of the national organization sent John where he could do the greatest good in the shortest time. He began in September with Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis—a far-flung campaign unparalleled in its demands on him physically and mentally.

He had two facts to combat beside drunkenness it-

self. People confused temperance with prohibition. They said temperance was a failure when they should have said prohibition had failed. And they thought it useless to go on with the fight. The other fact was that interest in the slavery question was dwarfing every other social and political problem in the country.

John had no intention of talking immediate prohibition again. He had come back from England reconvinced that the drink problem was not to be handled with political weapons: that it was a problem to be solved only by education and through religion. But he gave little of his precious two years to attacks on method. Nor would he enter into discussion with those drinkers who cropped up at every lecture with the declaration that there was Biblical sanction for the use of alcohol. He had one answer for these:

"As a Christian man, with my view of the claims of Christianity upon me, I am bound by my allegiance to God, by my faith in Christ and by the vows I have taken in His presence and before the people to give up a lawful gratification if by giving up that which is not harmful to me I would stand between my weaker brothers and the tempter, between him and that which would overwhelm him. By so stooping to the weakness of my brother, I fulfill the law of Christ. Thus my giving of it up became a Christian duty."

For the most part he refused to take part in discussions of any sort. He confined himself to picturing

as of old the tragedies wrought by alcohol. It was infinitely more difficult to rouse the old temperance workers, now resting after their labors, than to make the new crop of drunkards sign the pledge. And the work was exhausting in proportion to its importance. For the first time, John's brain refused to feed him new ideas. The constant call on his imagination became a terror to him. The old sense of panic recurred nightly and with it the maddening desire for a stimulant. Although he had not touched alcohol for more than ten years, the craving in the winter of 1856 was on him as bitterly as though he never had fought a battle against it.

It was a curious anomaly. Never had America found him so moving, so convincing. Yet never had the mere mention of drink roused in him so potent a desire and never had he been so fiercely ashamed of it. He never mentioned it, little thinking that Mary lay awake at night listening to the cries and groans that escaped him in his sleep and praying over him. "God help him—Christ, be with him waking and sleeping, my darling, darling John!"

She tried every means in her fancy to divert him and she tried unobtrusively to see that he never was alone. In this latter she was successful for months. But one winter's day in Cincinnati he told himself that he must go insane could he not have a few hours alone. He eluded Mary and walked out of the hotel.

The city, in the damp Ohio river bottom, was bitter cold. Like all the river towns of that period its water front was full of low dives. John, walking out of his hotel on a highly respectable street, headed for the water front, although he never had been there, as accurately as a dog returns to a long buried bone. As he strode along, wrapped in a black broadcloth cape, a broad-brimmed felt hat pulled low over his forehead, it was borne in on him that he was well concealed and with this thought, he felt the moral forces within him breaking up as the dikes along the Ohio had broken under the floods of autumn. He headed for a bawdy house, urged thither by demons as palpable as the dank, bitter wind that beat against his back.

As he made the turn from the last decent shopping street, he was brought up momentarily by an enormous dray on runners loaded with beer kegs. As it swung up to the gutter, the mighty grays that drew it lunged upon the wooden sidewalk and broke through. Waiting for the mêlée to clear up, John's feverish eyes took in a signboard across the street. It announced that a New York company of players would present that afternoon and evening a drama by T. S. Arthur, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

Now the theater was almost as taboo to John as the other sort of house for which he was headed. Yet as he avidly scanned the poster with its picture of a little girl in a crinoline receiving what certainly was meant to

be a deathblow from a flying black bottle, he was conscious that his old desire for the stage was almost as poignant as his other flagellations and he told himself that he would begin his day off by seeing the afternoon performance of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

He paid his entrance fee of a quarter and entered the familiar atmosphere—peanuts and coal oil mingled with the collected odor of crowds—just as the curtain rose on the tavern, sickle and sheaf with the immortal Slade lounging in the doorway.

John sat motionless for two hours while under his enthralled gaze Slade's son deteriorated from bar keeper to bum, while poor Jo Morgan became the perfect inebriate and little Mary Morgan sang the song that was to become a temperance immortelle—

"Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one.
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done . . ."

He groaned with the audience when Slade's bottle crashed on the little girl's head and wept with him and with drunken Jo when the child lay dying. He gnashed his teeth over Willie Hammond's death at the hands of demon rum and roared with laughter over Sample's Yankee clowning.

The curtain dropped on the last act. A snub-nosed

boy began to turn out the foot lamps. Still John sat with arms folded, his whole being relaxed, profoundly sleepy. Not till his last peanut-eating companion departed did he rise and make his way into the winter dusk. Sleigh bells were jingling, the lamp lighter was at work, newsboys were shouting. It was a cheerful sort of world! With a little smile, John turned toward the hotel and Mary. He had had his emotional debauch. The tiger was completely exhausted.

Mary was not in their room. Without removing his cloak, he flung himself on the bed and slept. He was awakened an hour later by a cry, "Oh, John! John! Thank God!"

He sat up. Mary, her fur-trimmed pelisse and her bonnet snow-powdered, was running across the room. She paused at the bedside, looked at him keenly, then kissed him and began to weep. John put a gentle arm about her.

"Don't, Mary, don't! I'm all right. I was a brute to leave you in suspense, but if you only knew what I've endured lately."

"But I do know!" gasped Mary. "That's why I've spent the afternoon searching saloons for you. John, where did you go?"

John sprang to his feet. "Mary, I've been—Mary, let me tell you of my marvelous afternoon. I've seen a play as poor as the old Temperance Hoax in form

and as great as Shakespeare in its power to move—a dreadful play—the greatest play—" Giving no heed to his wife's look of consternation, he proceeded to sit out "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

Mary forgot her consternation as she lived the play over with him but as he finished and dropped into a seat by the fire, she said quietly, "You won't be fit for your lecture, to-night, dear John."

"I shan't lecture," retorted John, leaning back with closed eyes, the fire bringing out the hollows in his cheeks and round his eyes. "I shall tell them the story of that play."

"John Bartholomew Gough!" screamed Mary. "Are you crazy? Tell the world that you went to a play and recite the play to them? You'll have every evangelical church in this town on your head!"

John smiled without opening his eyes. "I heard the greatest sermon against alcohol this afternoon I ever expect to hear. And I'm going to send every one in the country to see it."

His wife threw up her hands. "The Methodist Church'll cancel its contract with you! Remember, you're to speak from a pulpit to-night that believes the theater is the anteroom to Satan's offices."

"Will you have them bring me an oyster stew and some corn bread, Mary?" asked John. "I'm starved."

Mary knew that the interview was ended.

It went as she had foretold. John gave his thrill-

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ing recital of the play. The audience, at first horrified, was then entranced. The Methodist Elders broke the contract. John went happily on to Chicago where he told twenty thousand people about "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

The play began to enjoy a popularity that never was to be equaled except by Uncle Tom's Cabin. Company after company went on the road with it until there never was a hamlet so small provided that it possessed a public hall that did not laugh and weep over Sample and little Mary Morgan.

For a while the temperance organizations protested loudly against John's departure from the rule of things. But John was bigger than they and their protests soon grew feeble. The great point for John was that the episode had renewed his spiritual and mental poise. And it was not long before his enemies were occupied with a new criticism of about equal importance! The cry was raised that John was exploiting the reform to make himself rich. Every article of apparel he and Mary wore was appraised. Mary's blue plush bonnet with a crimson ostrich plume, her blue velvet pelisse, her brooch with John's hair, the size of her crinoline, the cut of her kid shoes, were commented on by reporters. John's "stove pipe" hat bought for a pound in England, his black broadcloth evening clothes of English cut, were held up to ridicule.

But the classic example of the exotic character of

the Goughs' extravagances was developed by their method of traveling from Chicago to St. Louis. The Illinois Central Railway had a *sleeping* car! Down one side of the coach ran six staterooms, each containing two seats long enough to lie upon. Down the opposite side of the coach were a row of seats that "revolved like barber chairs." There was a washroom in the coach, containing a *marble* wash basin.

John and Mary Gough actually occupied one of these staterooms in the winter of 1857! But not again for many years, so hostile were the comments. In fact, Mrs. Mary Bloomer heckled John about this in a Boston meeting. Mary Bloomer, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Stanton attended a meeting in the Boston Museum following their frequent practice of attempting to turn a temperance rally into a Woman's Rights meeting. They wore the Bloomer costume; long gaiters joining Turkish trousers, a knee skirt, an Eton jacket and a gypsy style of hat.

Their clothing and their interruptions made John furious. He had no use for women in public life and frequently expressed his feeling on the subject in his lectures. He had the audience with him and when Lucy Stone followed Mary Bloomer's comments on John's extravagance with a tirade against men as sole leaders of the temperance reform, they drowned her with hisses and catcalls.

The incident, however, marked a new complication

in the general situation. Women ought to remain in the home. Most men, including John, were agreed on that. But how were they to be kept there and thus stopped from injuring the cause by confusing it with the demand for Woman's Rights!

Mary, to his injured surprise, laughed at John's attitude. "You'll never accomplish anything permanent in prohibition till the women, as *women* take hold," she said. "Temperance reform is primarily a home reform. It's a fight to protect family life and so it needs the women, in a stronger way than it's had them. In the long run, John, what the women really want they can get and keep because they can control men through the men's bodily cravings."

John glared at his wife. "Mary Gough! Have you been talking with Susan B. Anthony?"

Again she laughed. "Susan B. Anthony is only saying for the men's education what every woman has always known."

"Nonsense!" growled John and turned back to the leather book binding he was examining.

They were in the library at Hillside. And the library deserves a short description for it was a fair index of John's cultural advance. It was a large room with French windows on two sides looking out on sloping lawns. The walls were lined from floor to ceiling with books: something over three thousand of them, many in choice bindings done by John. Over

the mantel hung an oil by Cruikshank, which he had pressed on John at the moment of parting, the paint scarcely dry. The alcove at the north end of the room was thick hung with etchings, the beginning of John's notable collection of Cruikshankians. The furniture was excellent, Sheraton and Chippendale on a deep-piled carpet of woven rose and gray: a delightful room. There was also one memento of other days. The red plaid shawl lay folded on the sofa foot.

"Anyhow," said Mary, "you'll come to it!" And she went out before John could demand an explanation.

CHAPTER XIV

BIRTH OF THE DRAGON

DURING 1856 the prohibitive movement in Maine received a heavy blow. The members of the "Maine law" party reorganized in 1855 as a Republican party with a plank upholding prohibition. The wets and other opponents of the Republicans combined and, using as a weapon a riot which had occurred in the enforcement of the liquor law, ousted the Republicans from power. Then the coalitionists proceeded in 1856 to repeal the entire prohibition law and to substitute a license law.

This step backward was no surprise to John Gough and it added nothing to his popularity with the prohibitionists that he was in a position to say, "I told you so." And there was more than the Maine incident to discourage all temperance leaders. The slavery issue had become so absorbing to the public mind, so bitter and so feverish that it was believed little progress could be made until the issue was settled for evil or for good. John's English engagement was drawing near and he felt justified in fulfilling it. He was to leave America in July. In March, 1857, he wrote to his friend Campbell in England:

"The cause in this country is in a depressed state:

the Maine law is a dead letter everywhere,—more liquor sold than I ever knew before in Massachusetts, —and in other States it is about as bad. Were it not that I feel desirous of laboring with you again, I should be inclined to ask for the loan of another year to labor here. I never had so many and so earnest applications for labor; and the field is truly ready, not for the sickle, but for steady, persevering tillage; but we shall leave our dear home in July, with the expectation of laboring with you, as far as health and strength will permit for the next three years. . . .

"I see that Neal Dow is to be in England. I am glad. You will all like him; he is a noble man, a faithful worker. He can tell better than any other man the state of the Maine law movement here, and the cause of the universal failure of the law to produce the desired results."

He also wrote to a friend in Scotland, bespeaking a warm welcome for the author of the Maine law.

A few weeks later, to his surprise, John found that his letter had been published in a London weekly and that it had been commented on bitterly by various organs of the British Temperance movement.

"This is not the first fit of unreasonable depression with which Mr. Gough has been affected—his temperament unfortunately allows him at times to take gloomy views of affairs. The statement of Mr. Gough is not worthy of notice."

Another:

"The most active and advanced supporters of the Maine Law in this country and America were never fully convinced that Mr. Gough was a genuine and faithful adherent of the principle and policy of prohibition. No one—not even Mr. Gough—really believes the statement he made, for unfortunately it is so monstrously absurd that no one can believe it even when they try to make others swallow the camel. The facts of the case have been too extensively published and the evidence proving the enforcement and the success of the law is so accessible to all intelligent persons who do not shut their eyes and ears that the fable sent over by Mr. Gough must soon be fully exposed and laughed to scorn."

A Glasgow paper remarked that:

"All Gough's friends know that he is subject to fits of severe mental depression. In short he has not so fully recovered from the effects of stimulants as to escape from the peculiar malady commonly called the blues."

John was much disturbed when he read these reports but knowing that Neal Dow was then speaking in England he took it for granted that the misunderstanding would be temporary; that Dow must in common honesty make clear the status of the Maine law. But to his astonishment and chagrin, Dow did no such thing. A later English paper reported that a cer-

tain Dr. Frederick R. Lees in introducing Neal Dow to an audience had said:

"Gough's statement had no authority. At the time of writing it must have been written by an individual who did not understand what he was saying. There was not the slightest ground for the fallacy, the calumny, the blundering assertion that the principle of prohibition had failed. But what would have been the consequence if the Duke of Wellington when Messina pressed him back upon the lines of Torres Vedras, had given up the campaign? Or suppose some traitor had written home from the camp that the war was a failure—what would the Duke have done to that traitor?"

There was no evidence in the reports that Dow attempted to exonerate Gough.

John set to work at once to ascertain as fairly as possible the exact status of the effects of the prohibition laws. He sent over eight hundred circular letters to the most prominent leaders of the movement and received some hundred replies confirming John's statement that the cause was in a depressed state and the Maine law a failure. He collected much evidence from New England newspapers, as for example, the Springfield *Republican's* editorial comment:

"We have the Maine liquor law here and with it unrestricted dram-selling. We do not say that all the people of Springfield were drunk on the Fourth but we do say that the people of Springfield must be held

responsible for all the drunkenness that occurred here last Saturday. It was the testimony of those who were around that they never had seen a day in the town on which more liquor was consumed. The drunkard crop is getting rather large for a town of this size."

There was so much evidence of this type that John felt entirely unjustified in retracting a word of his statement to Campbell and he set off to England armed with a vast number of documents for he knew he was to be the center of a storm. He and Mary reached Liverpool late in July and in his first public meeting, held at once in that city, John spoke at length on drink conditions in America. He left the meeting strong in the hope that he had settled the controversy and that he would be permitted to get on with his legitimate work.

But this was not to be. As soon as they reached London Dr. F. R. Lees demanded in the public prints an apology and a retraction, accusing John of having said Lees had calumniated him in Lees' introduction of Neal Dow. With this the battle was on and John became the target of an ever-increasing fusillade of abuse.

While lecturing in Scotland, John received a communication from a friend stating that he had received a letter from Dr. Lees charging John with committing very serious offenses.

Lees was the most prominent member of the United Kingdom Alliance, a temperance society in keen opposi-

tion to the organization which had called John to England. He was a partisan and fanatic of the most violent type and John found it impossible to ignore him. Among the innumerable discussions which took place about John's unfortunate letter to Campbell, two articles appeared which reflected on a friend of Dr. Lees, by the name of Peter Sinclair. One was published in the *Congregationalist* of Boston and the other in the Edinburgh *News*. John Gough had no more to do with the writing of these articles than with the writing of Hamlet. But, as Lyman Abbott remarked satirically, John Gough was from Massachusetts and the *Congregationalist* was published in Massachusetts; John Gough was in Scotland, and the Edinburgh *News* was published in Scotland. In the judgment of a partisan this evidence was quite sufficient to justify the conclusion that he inspired both the articles. Dr. Lees determined that they should be withdrawn. He proceeded to the accomplishment of his purpose by writing a letter to a friend of John's, demanding their instant withdrawal under penalty of John's exposure.

"Your friend St. Bartholomew," he said, "has often been seen narcotically and helplessly intoxicated. I should have announced that fact before, of which I have distinct proof; but, out of fear of injuring the cause, and out of pity for the saint himself, I forbore, on receipt of his apology. . . . If Mr. Dexter is not instructed to recall his article and apologize for it, and

to make amends to poor Sinclair, my next letter to the States shall contain all the information I possess anent St. Bartholomew himself, whom I believe to be as rank a hypocrite and as wretched a man as breathes in the queen's dominions."

When a man makes a threat of this kind to extort money it is called blackmail; when it is made to extort personal influence there is no recognized name for it. This letter was followed by others in the same line; if possible more explicit both in their declarations and in their threats. The writer declared that the saint often had been "intoxicated with drugs"—once insensibly so—in the streets of London, many times helplessly so in Glasgow; that there were many witnesses to the facts; that he knew a score of persons who had seen him intoxicated; that two of the occasions were within his own certain knowledge and he challenged John to bring the matter before a jury of twelve Englishmen, and pledged himself, "on the honor of a gentleman and the faith of a Christian, to furnish names and adduce further evidence of what I have now asserted." Similar letters were written to others in England. Dr. Lees thus declared the facts to be within his own knowledge; he declared that he could furnish the names of a score of witnesses cognizant of them; he invited a test.

John's friends provided him with letters and circulars sent by Lees and his helpers that almost broke his

heart. Lees wrote to people who entertained John and Mary, asking if they observed anything suspicious in his demeanor, "whether anything was found in his room" that could be used against him. The old, old tragedy of 1845 was rediscovered and everything published at that time in America was republished in England, put in pamphlet form and widely circulated, even given to John's audiences as they entered his lecture rooms. And finally, "Goughiana," was reprinted and broadcast.

Lees overstepped himself here. A London paper under the heading "Goughiana" stated that "a scurrilous and libelous pamphlet bearing the above title, purporting to have been printed in America, has been sent to a number of influential teetotalers through the post within the last fortnight in envelopes addressed by Dr. F. R. Lees."

John's friends in America now came to his aid with a superb testimonial signed by five hundred men, governors, presidents of colleges, members of Congress, ministers, headed by dear old Dr. Lyman Beecher and followed by Henry Ward Beecher, his son. This was widely published in England but had no effect in the rising tide of abuse. John's suffering was unfitting him for his work and finally those loyal to him in England persuaded him to sue Lees for libel.

The trial that ensued was perhaps the most significant event of John Gough's life. Certainly never be-

fore did he so ardently wish that that record of his man's life of which he spoke so often in his lectures had been an unsullied one. For this laying open of his past to the inspection of this British Court of Law was like an earthly Judgment Day and on the findings of this tribunal depended John's future usefulness. And not only John's future but the future of the temperance movement in England and America would be set back a decade were this, its chief exponent, found to be without personal loyalty to the creed he preached.

The setting of the proceedings were worthy of the importance of the case. The courtroom was black with age-old wainscoting. High leaded windows let in bars of watery sunshine on the curled wigs of the "learned counsel" and on the rich folds of the judge's robe as he scrutinized this Anglo-American who had kept London and Edinburgh in an uproar for many weeks.

John had himself well in hand but there is no denying that he was in a greater state of nerves than he had ever been for a lecture. He sat with his counsel across a long scarred table from Dr. Lees who scowled sedulously just over John's head. He was a fine looking man, John thought with a sigh. The judge would be much more prepossessed by the defendant than by the plaintiff. He felt of his own lantern jaw and compared his own haggard black eyes with the candid

blue gaze of Lees. Certainly the advantage of personality was all with the defendant. In spite of the fact that he was entirely innocent of the charges, he knew that to the entire courtroom, his appearance was that of a guilty man.

His counsel touched him on the arm and asked him to observe the notes in his hand which gave him the line-up of the forces, for and against him. John looked with a shudder.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, WESTMINSTER, MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1858

(Before Baron Martin and a Special Jury)

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH, *Plaintiff*

FREDERICK RICH. LEES, PH.D., of Gessin, *Defendant*

Plaintiff's Counsel:
EDWIN JAMES, Q.C.
JAMES P. WILDE, A.C.
J. R. QUAIN, LL.B

Defendant's Counsel:
K. MACAULAY, Q.C.
T. W. PHIPSON.
W. FIELD.

Plaintiff's Attorneys:
MESSRS. SHAEN and ROSCOE.

Defendant's Attorneys:
THE MESSRS. HILLEARD, DALE and STRETTON, for MR. JAMES STUBBIN, Birmingham.

He listened with bowed head to the opening of court and the preliminary statement of the case by one of his counsel, Mr. Quain. Then, the second of his counsel, a short, ruddy man with a piercing black eye rose, and the real battle was on.

May it please your lordship, gentlemen of the jury [he said] as counsel for the plaintiff I shall have to bespeak your very serious attention to the details of this case; because, although there may be, upon the first blush of it, something which probably may be calculated to excite a smile, the matter which is before you for your decision is of vital importance to the character, and I may say to the very existence of Mr. Gough. Gentlemen, Mr. John Bartholomew Gough is a gentleman who has acquired, I think I may say, a world-wide reputation as a lecturer in a very great movement, which has attracted very great attention in America and in England,—a movement called the "Temperance League,"—and he complains of libels written against him by the defendant, which go, as you will learn by and by, when the libels are read, to impute to him a series of misconducts, which, perhaps, when applied to another person, might almost have been passed as beneath notice and treated with contempt; but when directed by the defendant against the character of Mr. Gough, for the express purpose, as I shall show you, of utterly injuring and destroying

him, becomes a matter in which, I am bound to assert, your attention will be kindly bestowed on his behalf, his character being involved in the inquiry; and that attention, I am bound to say, will not be ill-paid or ill-bestowed.

Gentlemen, it is necessary, in order to make the series of most malignant libels, which I shall show you were written by the defendant, intelligible to you, that I shall state to you, and it shall be shortly, an outline of the case, which will convince you of the motive which the defendant had in directing those libels against Mr. Gough. Gentlemen, Mr. Gough, the plaintiff, is the son, I believe, of a common soldier, who was in the English army, and was born at Sandgate, in Kent. His mother was a woman of very superior character, and a highly intelligent person, and bestowed the best education she could on her son. Mr. Gough was sent very early in life to America, and I believe, in New York, for many years, pursued the business of a book-binder. He improved himself, and is a person, as you will see by and by, and probably you know, of very considerable self-education. I may say he is a person of most extraordinary eloquence. I do not know whether I am addressing any gentlemen who have heard those lectures which he has delivered; but there cannot be any question, that they are the efforts of a most eloquent man, who has devoted himself sincerely and truthfully to the cause of temperance

which he has espoused. He became addicted early in life to habits of intemperance; but in 1842, when in America, he was reclaimed from those habits, and at that date he signed a pledge, and formed a habit of attending temperance meetings. I believe the temperance movement originated and became widely extended in America before it reached England, where, however people may smile at it, it has produced among the working classes, and the lower orders of the country, the most signal advantages. It spread, and assumed a celebrity and position in America, which were afterwards communicated to England, where the results of it, I repeat, have been most advantageous, more especially to the working classes. He commenced lecturing and attending the meetings of these societies, and his lectures justly met with so much success in America that he devoted the whole object of his life to his lectures on this temperance question. In the year 1853, he was brought to England, and during the years 1853, 1854 and 1855, he was lecturing in England, having been engaged at that time by the Temperance League,—an association of highly respectable gentlemen, some of whose names, I dare say, when we hear them, will be known to all of us—to lecture in this country.

Now, gentlemen, in order to make this matter intelligible to you, I must explain to you that in America a law, which is very well known here now, by the name

of the Maine Liquor Law, was originally passed by the State of Maine, in America. That law, you are aware, was a law for the entire suppression and absolute prohibition of traffic in intoxicating drinks, was adopted by seven of the United States in America, first led by the State of Maine, from which it takes its name. The proposal of that principle reached England, and a society was formed, adopting and advocating the principle of total suppression by legal enactment of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, which called itself, in England and Scotland, the United Kingdom Alliance. Those in whose behalf Mr. Gough was lecturing—the London, now the National Temperance League—did not go so far as advocating a total prohibition of the traffic by any legislative enactment; they left it, therefore, to the moral persuasion of the people, improving them by intelligence and by education; and they took the view that, as it has been very truly said, you cannot succeed in making people religious by act of Parliament, neither can you probably succeed in making men temperate by act of Parliament. These two parties, therefore, were constituted. This is essential to an understanding of the libels which Dr. Lees has thought proper to direct against Mr. Gough; because they originated, as you will see, without the slightest cause of offense given on Mr. Gough's part to Dr. Lees.

Dr. Lees is also a lecturer, and he became a very strong supporter of the United Kingdom Alliance, or

the total prohibitionists, as against Mr. Gough and the society, and the interest he advocates, for inculcating by moral persuasion upon the people, and, as I said before, by educating them and appealing to their sense of proper feeling, the habits of temperance, as against intoxication, in the lower orders.

These two bodies, therefore existed; Dr. Lees became a lecturer of the prohibitionists, or the United Kingdom Alliance; Mr. Gough remained earning, as you will hear, a very ample income, for I believe you will hear by and by that he procured enormous funds by his lectures,—which may be smiled at, but if any person present were to hear them, they would be very much edified,—those lectures being of the highest degree of eloquence, at all events of platform eloquence. Mr. Gough then continued lecturing on behalf of the National Temperance League; Dr. Lees adopting the principle of the prohibitionists, or the advocacy of the Maine Liquor Law in this country. Mr. Gough lectured in England,—I think he lectured at Exeter Hall some sixty or seventy times,—and it appeared that some gentleman, called the Hon. Neal Dow, a native of America, was about to visit England in 1857, and that it was some letter which Mr. Gough wrote, a paragraph of which appeared in the *Times* newspaper, in reference to his visit, as far as we can by any possibility trace, that was the cause and the origin of this attack by Dr. Lees upon him.

Mr. Neal Dow had been the originator, or the author, in America of the Maine Liquor Law, and Mr. Gough was in America at the time the visit to England of Mr. Neal Dow was contemplated; and this letter was written from America by Mr. Gough to a Mr. Campbell. Mr. Gough is writing from America, where he is lecturing, and he is making a remark, most innocently and most properly, upon the effect of the Maine Liquor Law in America to a friend of his.

Here Mr. James read the "dead letter," and resumed:

Now that was a letter—without containing an attack upon any person, without saying anything in the least degree derogatory of the body of gentlemen who were advocating the Maine Liquor Law here—conveying a mere expression of opinion as to what Mr. Gough had found in America to be the state of the law. . . .

That, I believe, is the origin of this attack; and I challenge my friend, by and by, to prove any act or statement of Mr. Gough that will account in the least degree for these libels which Dr. Lees sat down and penned against him, and which you may imagine have been of the most serious consequence, when I tell you that Mr. Gough's lectures produced to him nearly two thousand pounds a year; that he has realized enormous funds for the societies; and that he is a most

popular lecturer, received, as I will show you, in various districts of England by gentlemen of the highest position.

Dr. Lees is a gentleman who resides, I believe, at Meanwood, near Leeds; he is a very able controversialist, and has the pen, certainly, of a ready writer; and he sat down and addressed the libels which I will now read to you, to Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of very large fortune, residing near Nottingham, who has espoused the temperance cause, and done, I believe, vast good in the town of Nottingham and the neighborhood where he resides, by inculcating in the minds of the lower orders habits of temperance and abstinence from intoxication.

Gentlemen, I will read to you these letters which Dr. Lees thought proper to write, and which form the libels that are complained of in this declaration, and explain them as I go on. They are four. The first letter is dated "Christmas, 1857." I will hand to my lord presently, which may assist my lord, underscored in red ink, that portion of the libels which they justify. They have left a very large portion, as you will see by and by, utterly unjustified, and Dr. Lees must, in the mouth of his counsel, admit that he is utterly unable to justify them, and that he has not a shadow of foundation for the libels that are charged against him.

"A happy new year to you all at Sherwood. I have just returned from Scotland, where I have met

with several persons who can speak to a fact of which I was previously cognizant, that your friend St. Bartholomew—"

It is a slighting way of speaking of Mr. Gough; his name is Bartholomew, and Dr. Lees calls him—of course in a slighting, offensive way—"St. Bartholomew."

"Your friend, St. Bartholomew, has often been seen narcotically and helplessly intoxicated. I should have announced that fact before, of which I have distinct proof, but out of fear of injuring the cause, and out of pity for the saint himself, I forbore, on receipt of his apology. But he has been sinning worse than before, and his correspondence with Mr. Dexter, whom I have already exposed across the water, and shall still further, appears in the monstrous lies against the Alliance in a leading article of a Boston paper, now before me, (I post you extracts). His demoniac persecution of Sinclair is astounding—I will not say not Christian, but perfectly infernal. A friend at Edinburgh, who was present, told me and Pope all about it, and Mrs. Gough sent the papers! This is conduct more like fiends than men, and if those people will fight with such unholy weapons, they cannot hope that we will remain forever silent. I will not, and if Mr. Dexter is not instructed to recall his article and apologize for it, and to make the *amende* to poor Sinclair, my next letter to the States shall contain all the information

I possess anent St. Bartholomew himself, whom I believe to be—"

This is not justified, nor any part of it—"as rank a hypocrite and as wicked a man as breathes in the Queen's dominions—infinitely less genuine than Sinclair himself. If you have any influence with these people you will consider whether you ought to use it; but I assure you that if the author of the new mischief does not supply me speedily with a contradiction of his friend Dexter's statement, and of regret concerning Sinclair (for Mr. Hope and others characterize his libel as monstrous and unwarranted by facts), I will not allow the man and his family to be sacrificed by my silence to the devices of a wicked vengeance, and therefore give you a fair warning. I hope you will feel as much interested in the claims of justice (as regards the Alliance and Sinclair) as you felt anxiety about your protégé. Yours truly,—F. R. Lees."

In that there is not, as I will show you, a syllable of truth,—not a syllable. Mr. Gough will be called as a witness; he had nothing whatever to do with any attacks, and more than that, I believe you will be satisfied that Dr. Lees well knew this when he sat down and penned these libels.

"P.S. I do not want to trouble you with any correspondence, or any one else. My ultimatum is simply this from the guilty party:

"1. A simple repudiation of Dexter's portrait and proceedings of the Alliance, as inaccurate.

"2. An expression of pleasure at learning that parties authorized to know, regard the charges against Mr. Sinclair as unwarranted.

"If I have these under his hand within a week, disclosure will not take place without further provocation; if not, it will, for justice shall be done, even if the temperance heavens fall."

He quotes, as you know, "Fiat justitia ruat cælum," applied, as Dr. Lees applies it, to the temperance question.

Gentlemen, you will see that it is a threat of exposure,—a statement that Dr. Lees has something to expose to the public against the character of Mr. Gough. Here is a reference to a matter in which really Mr. Gough had no interest, had not taken part, had made no attack; but Dr. Lees chooses, by a threat to an intimate friend of his, Mr. Wilson, whose acquaintance was of value, of course, as a gentleman of position to Mr. Gough, "If I have these under his hand within a week, the disclosure will not take place without further provocation."

This is not pretended to be, because it could not be for the benefit of any society here, but a threat that if Mr. Gough did not do a thing which he could not do,—for he had nothing whatever to do with it,—further disclosures would take place.

Mr. Lees is here, and will show by his examination that there is not a shadow or pretense of a foundation for those disclosures. This is the first letter Mr. Lees thought proper to indite to Mr. Wilson. The next letter is dated "Meanwood, January 3, 1858.

"My dear Mr. Wilson: The whole affair about Dexter, who is Gough's bosom friend, you will learn from a perusal of the enclosed printed letter, which has been sent across the water, in reply to an application as to the truth of Dexter's leader from the 'Massachusetts State Temperance Society.'

"This letter will (provisionally) be followed by another anent the personal matter regarding St. Bartholomew. Of course we have nothing to do with Mr. Dexter, who is merely the tool of Mr. Gough,—the 'leader' being that person's letter reflected. Hence, I want Mr. Gough's repudiation of his friend's 'portrait' of the Alliance, simply to put the finishing stroke to the reputation, and I propose this as the condition of withholding the portrait of St. Bartholomew."

There is another threat—"from the press."

There is a threat which Dr. Lees held out, that he was in possession of certain information, and a statement that he will withdraw that from the press on condition of Mr. Gough undoing that which he had really not done at all; for you will hear by and by that he was really no party whatever to the matter respecting which the suggestion has been made.

"I had fancied that you were still in active correspondence with Mr. Gough, hence I wrote you so that you might give your friends 'fair warning,' and allow them an opportunity of averting my disclosures. You can understand my feelings, when, for many motives, I held my tongue for above a year; and God knows how hard I feel it to be compelled to speak out now, if I must indeed. But certainly I cannot (out of regard to my own or other people's feelings) allow this course of things to go on, and a new obstacle be raised up to the noble man, Dow. I cannot allow our friends to be crushed in this demoniac fashion. Of course you know that Mr. P. Sinclair would have an action of libel against the Edinburgh *News* if he lived here; and so, were I to state all I know, and give the names of the parties impeached, I should be liable, and the greater the truth the greater the libel. I shall so state the facts as to avoid this, and I give a challenge to the parties aggrieved, therefore, 'ask me for the truth, gentlemen, and I'll provide you with the evidence in reply to your request.'

"If they are anxious to do so, they can do so; the matter concerns the guilty or the innocent rather than me.

"As to my information, you have rightly opined that it is conclusive to myself. I have no more doubt about it than of my present fact of writing. Mr. Pope does not know what I am doing; but write him,

and ask if he has not heard (from once warm admirers of St. Bartholomew) and from many in conjection, the most conclusive testimony.

"The 'saint' has been often intoxicated with drugs —(twice to my own certain knowledge)—once insensibly so, in the streets of London; many times in Glasgow until he was helpless. I have seen many persons who have assured me of this."

This part, my lord will see, is justified.

"And last week Graham of the London Hotel told us that Mr. Gavin asked him, under penalty of prosecution, if he declined to sign a paper of retraction (denying what he had seen), and of course he refused. No action of libel has been taken. No fear about these 'people' wanting inquiry; and these things are only types of other un-Christian and false proceedings. Strong as my own feelings are, still I will 'precipitate' nothing, and my second letter will not be sent to America for a week or ten days. In haste, yours truly,— F. R. Lees."

That is another threat to Mr. Wilson that he would send a letter to America, and publish to the world that which he says here he knows.

We shall challenge Dr. Lees to come into the witness box, and we shall see whether he dares to swear what he knows of his own knowledge, and can produce any other witness to support the facts and the libels that he alleges against Mr. Gough.

The third letter, gentlemen, is dated the 7th of January:

"My dear Mr. Wilson,—I should have replied to yours yesterday, had I not been very sick. I have been attending mechanics' coöperative and temperance soirées and lectures so much that I suppose the bilious ducts have got wrong, and I am paying the penalty. I am better to-day, and a very heavy snow has fallen, and I cannot get a copy of the printed letter until I go to town. I do not agree with you in thinking that it is our duty to enter upon a crusade against individual hypocrisy or inconsistency. My notion is that we should speak out the truth in such cases only when it will do service—i.e.—either prevent evil or produce good. I don't want to hunt down Sinclair's persecutor, as he has tried to hunt down poor Sinclair; but I want to compel by fear of exposure the 'hunter' to undo the mischief as far as possible. If he won't, then, of course, justice demands the procedure I shall adopt.

"If I am mistaken, so much the better for him, and so much the worse for me. You will see that I have a practical purpose in view, and I cannot consent to go further into the other matter, until the person concerned shall authorize me to do so. When I obtain a request and a guarantee, I can then obtain the evidence for you; but until then, it is confined to myself, Pope, and a few others. If any gentleman will guarantee me against the costs of an action for libel, which

was threatened by 'S. B.' in London, as condition that I prove its truth, I will print what I know with names in full."

Here is a man who says, as you will see by and by, that he will print a libel provided he can get any one to guarantee him against the pecuniary consequences of doing so; and when I put in the correspondence of Mr. Wilson, and the letters that he wrote in answer to those calumnious attacks on Mr. Gough—I will not read them at the outset—you will see the cowardice with which Dr. Lees has acted from beginning to end.

When he was taxed, when Mr. Wilson said, "You made all these attacks"; he said, "No"; he shrank from it then, and positively in some of the letters repeats the very libels over again, though he shrank from them and said that he made no charge. Now he says that if anybody will guarantee him against the pecuniary consequences, then he will go on and libel Mr. Gough just as long as, and in any manner he pleases.

"If they don't it is because they dare not.

"I can solemnly affirm, for one, that unless I don't know what drugging is, I have seen the saint intoxicated."

That is justified by Dr. Lees; but we challenge him to come into the box to prove it.

"For your further satisfaction, however, I have written to the witnesses to ask if they will write what they speak, and must again speak if called upon before

a jury. We shall see. It can scarcely be expected, however, that they will invite an action for libel which has been threatened, though they are willing in private conversation to testify to what may be seen. Our poor 'S. B.' is not the only person in the world who makes large pretensions, and lives with unfitting illustrations. I know eminent and eloquent men in the church, whose lives are very low and base. Our Cagliostro—"

I suppose he compares him to the celebrated Count Cagliostro, and seems to indicate that he is a juggler and a trickster.

"Our Cagliostro is not so much to blame as the world that will be humbugged; and I shall not, therefore, regard it as my duty to specially expose him, unless it is needful, to any practical purpose of saving Sinclair's usefulness, and gagging the unscrupulous foes of the Alliance. Yours truly,—F. R. Lees."

A pretty letter certainly, to write to a man to whom he indicates a threat that if Mr. Gough does not withdraw that which he had positively never done at all, he would visit him with an exposure which, as you will understand, to a gentleman of Mr. Gough's position is utterly destructive, not only of his character, but of his very existence.

Gentlemen, the last letter which I will trouble you with is this:

"Dear Sir: Am very bad to-day with bile, and write in haste and pain. My letter of yesterday would

answer some of your queries, and the enclosed will answer others. I have written to Marr—"

Mr. Marr is the Secretary of the Scottish League.

"I have written to Marr direct, asking for disclaimer, and if I don't get it, I shall publish the enclosed in the American papers.

"Ask Mr. Beggs about the London business."

That is, the intoxication which he ventured to state that he could prove himself, that Mr. Gough was insensibly intoxicated in the streets of London.

"Ask Mr. Beggs about that London business—he knows of it, though he was not my informant—and Tweedie won't deny it, but only try to explain it, Yours truly,—F. R. Lees."

Enclosed is this printed paper, to which I will now direct your attention. He enclosed in his letter to Mr. Wilson this piece of printed paper, in three strips:

"I mean that he is often intoxicated, not with alcohol, but with other narcotics. I do not tell you of what I have heard, and which for long I have struggled to disbelieve; but of what I know.

"I have seen your informant, unless I am greatly mistaken as to who he is, clearly intoxicated with some drug, and seen it more than once. I know also that he used to consume tobacco by chewing; for he once consulted me on the matter, partly to throw me off the true scent.

"I know a score of persons who have seen him in the

same condition,—some who have seen him helplessly, almost idiotically intoxicated. I know others who have seen him insensible in the streets of London.

"Nervous apoplexy, called! vomiting of matter, and so on, were among the symptoms; and I can, if necessary, tell you some shops where your informant bought opium."

Now, I will prove to you that Mr. Gough never bought an ounce of opium in his life; that this is, therefore, a most wicked, deliberate falsehood; and we challenge Dr. Lees to go into the box himself, or call any human being to prove it. We will call Mr. Gough, and persons who have been about him, and intimate friends; and he will tell you upon his solemn oath he never bought a grain, or an ounce, or a particle of opium in his life. Dr. Lees, however, says:

"I can tell you some shops where he bought opium. I do not care to tell you of his prevarication, of his mercenariness, his meanness, and his sponging,—of his fondness for visiting sties and low localities,—for the tastes of a life-time cannot be got rid of, or the marks of the beast be easily eradicated. But of all these, I have a long, authenticated catalogue, gathered in various parts of the kingdom; but I give this challenge."

This challenge which he gives, Mr. Gough accepts, and we shall see by and by how Dr. Lees will come out of this challenge.

"Let the calumniator of the Alliance, your inform-

ant and portrait-sketcher, ask me in this country, for the proof; let him request me to bring the matter before a jury of twelve Englishmen of character, and I pledge myself, on the honor of a gentleman, and the faith of a Christian, to furnish names, and adduce further evidence of what I have now asserted. One of my witnesses and informants, was asked to recant some time ago, to sign a paper expressing his regret at stating that he had seen what he had seen. Prosecution was threatened if he did not; he declined, as every honest man would do, and he has not been prosecuted."

And this is the document which was sent to Mr. Wilson, and which was threatened to be put into an American paper, to be circulated in every portion of the States where Mr. Gough had acquired a very due celebrity, and was treated with honor and kindness.

Gentlemen, this is the outline of the case. There is another letter; at the outset I do not wish to weary you with every letter and every detail; you will have the opportunity of fully examining them; but this is the general outline of the case. We will prove it, as I stated, by calling Mr. Gough and other witnesses by and by, when the question arises, and we see the sort of defense which Dr. Lees will attempt to set up. The question of damages will be a question for consideration hereafter; but this is the general outline of the case, which, on the part of Mr. Gough, I propose to lay before you.

CHAPTER XV

THE TRIAL ENDS

JOHN was now called to the witness stand. He took his place, trembling, moistened his parched lips and waited for the first question by Mr. Wilde, the third of his counsel.

I believe you are now a lecturer on temperance, residing at 4 South Parade, Brompton? I am.

In the earlier part of your life, I believe, you followed the trade of a book-binder? I did.

Was that in England, or in the United States? In the United States.

How old are you? Forty-one next August.

I believe you resided all the earlier portion of your life in the United States? I left this country at twelve years of age.

And resided in the United States? Until 1853.

At the time when you followed the business of a book-binder, I believe, you had become addicted more or less to intemperate habits? I had.

And suffered very much from it? I did.

But in 1842, I believe, you were fortunate enough to have taken the pledge? I signed the pledge the last

Monday night in October, 1842, and violated that pledge in the beginning of 1843.

Baron Martin: Was this Father Matthew's pledge? No.

Mr. Wilde: You took the pledge in 1842? I did.

Mr. James: Just attend to the questions.

Mr. Wilde: When did you first become a lecturer on temperance? In 1843.

Were your lectures delivered in different parts of America? Yes.

I believe your name became known pretty well in the United States, did it not? I think so.

I am told you have traveled something like ten thousand miles a year, lecturing? Nearly that.

In 1845, I believe, you had a short illness? Yes.

From that time down to the present have you been gaining your livelihood as a lecturer on temperance? I have.

In 1853, you first came to England for a short time? In 1853.

And I believe you were then engaged by the London Temperance League? I was.

Their office is in the Strand, I believe? It is.

Did you also enter into an engagement with the Scottish Temperance League? I did for a short time.

They are established at Glasgow? At Glasgow.

While you were lecturing for these two Leagues,

about how often did you lecture? I have my record here; I could tell precisely.

But I only want to know in a very general way. Would you be every day lecturing? I think in the two years I delivered four hundred and thirteen, or from that to four hundred and twenty lectures.

And to immense audiences, I believe? Large.

I should not be wrong in saying that very many thousands attended sometimes? Yes.

And your livelihood consists in the remuneration that you receive from these Leagues, by employing your abilities in this way? Entirely.

How much a year do you receive for lecturing? I am not paid by the year; but by the single lecture. If I do nothing I am paid nothing.

What are you paid by the lecture? The National League, and the Scottish League also, pay me ten guineas per lecture.

And you deliver something like two hundred in the year? I do.

We can form an estimate then. I suppose the admissions to hear your lectures are not gratuitous? No.

Therefore, you have brought funds—considerable funds—to the societies by your lectures, have you not? I think I have.

Have you also written and published? Mr. Tweedie has published for me.

How are those funds obtained? By those admissions? By annual subscriptions, donations, legacies.

And by the profits of the lectures? The Leagues do not receive, if I understand it, the profits of my lectures; they are given to the individual societies who employ me.

What I wanted to know was, what becomes of the surplus of the money, beyond what they pay you? It is given to the society which procures my services from the Leagues.

Do they expend it in publications? As they please.

These societies do publish largely, do they not? They do not publish, but they purchase publications from headquarters.

And distribute them? And distribute them.

The object, I believe, of both these societies is to endeavor to eradicate drunkenness by means of persuasion? Persuasion and prohibition.

But first and chief, persuasion? First and chief, persuasion.

Mr. Wilde: Persuasion until society is sufficiently ripe for prohibition?

Baron Martin: You are going very far from it; we are trying a libel.

Mr. James: We must make it intelligible.

Mr. Wilde: The object of these societies lies at the bottom of the libel, therefore I wanted it understood at the outset.

First, persuasion; and then afterwards as a result prohibition, possibly? Yes.

Is there also another society called the United Kingdom Alliance? There is.

Is the defendant, Dr. Lees, a lecturer on behalf of that society? I believe he is so published by their papers.

But he is a lecturer? A lecturer.

Does that society profess to enforce the cure of drunkenness by persuasion, or by prohibitive means? Their great object is to obtain a Maine Law. Their title or their motto is, "Total and immediate prohibition."

By law? Yes.

In March, 1857, were you in Boylston, in the State of Massachusetts? I cannot tell unless I see my book. Well, if you have got your book here, I dare say we shall want it for some other purpose; but no doubt you recollect enough for my purpose. In the spring of 1857 you wrote a letter from Massachusetts? I did.

To a Mr. Campbell? Yes.

Before you wrote that letter had you an opportunity of seeing to what extent the Maine Liquor Law was successful? I thought I had.

And did you write about that time a letter to Mr. Campbell? I did.

On the subject of the Maine Liquor Law? I did.

And did you afterwards see that letter in print? Yes.

Did Mr. Campbell himself print it? It was printed in the *Weekly Record*.

Had you anything to do with the printing of it? No; that was done by Mr. Campbell.

Was it printed by your suggestion? No.

Was that the letter in which you used the expression that the Maine Liquor Law had become a dead letter? It was.

Mr. Macaulay: Read it all.

Mr. Wilde: I will do so with pleasure. Just see whether this paragraph applies to it.

Here Mr. Wilde read the "dead letter" and resumed:

Previous to your writing that letter I presume you had heard of Neal Dow going to England? Yes.

Neal Dow is the advocate of the Maine Law, I believe? He was the originator of it.

He was the first advocate of it—the successful advocate? Yes.

Had you been personally acquainted with him? I had.

And had contracted a friendship with him, I believe? I stayed at his house when visiting Portland.

In July, 1857, I believe, you reached England? I did.

To fulfill an engagement which you had entered into with the National Temperance League? Yes.

Was that an engagement to lecture for three years?

Three years between the two Leagues—eight months for England, and four months for Scotland; eight months for England in each year, and four months for Scotland.

Upon the terms you have mentioned—ten guineas a lecture? Upon those terms.

In the beginning of last January were you lecturing at Cupar, in Fife? I was.

I believe you keep a diary, Mr. Gough? I do.

John here lifted to the table a bag from which he took a pile of note books and began searching through them for his diary for 1858. At the sight of these memorandum books, Dr. Lees leaned on the table to stare, his mouth open, his cheeks pale. His three counselors leaned with him.

Ever since I began my lecturing experiences [explained John], I have kept a diary in which I enter every day the place where I have spent it, the persons with whom I spent it, my occupation, and if I lectured, the price received. I am thus able to fix with certainty my exact place and the persons who can testify to my condition on any given day.

There was a sudden silence in the court room, broken only when John found what he wanted and read from his diary, "It was in January, 1858."

"By Jove," said a voice in the rear of the room, "that cooks Lees! He can't meet those diaries!"

The judge gave an outraged glance at the speaker and Mr. Wilde, with twinkling eyes, went on with his questions, while Dr. Lees and his counsel began a whispered consultation.

Did you there receive a letter from Mr. Wilson? Yes.

Let me ask you, who was Mr. Wilson? A gentleman residing at Sherwood Hall, a friend of mine.

Where is that? Near Mansfield.

In Nottinghamshire? In Nottinghamshire.

Is he a gentleman of property? I expect so.

However, he is living as a gentleman of property, as an independent gentleman, at Sherwood Hall? At Sherwood Hall.

He takes a great interest in this movement of temperance? That brought us together.

I cannot ask the contents of that letter, but I only want to know whether upon the receipt of that letter it was the first occasion that you heard of insinuations being made against you for opium eating or intoxication? No.

But I mean the first charge that had ever been made against you? The first charge that I could get hold of.

You had heard rumors, you say, before? I had heard rumors, and treated them as rumors.

I suppose, like most public men, you are not wholly without your enemies, Mr. Gough? No.

On the 15th of January were you informed by Mr. Sinclair Marr, of Glasgow, again, as to charges being made against you? I was.

Mr. Marr is the secretary of one of these Temperance Leagues? The Scottish League.

Had you known him for several years? I knew him for about six or eight months when I was in the country before, and came to labor under the society of which he was the secretary.

Did you see Mr. Marr, or hear from him? I saw him.

Did he then hand you this letter? [The letter was handed to the witness.] He read it to the company in my room, and then handed it round, that we might all see the signatures,—to several gentlemen.

Although you say you had heard from Mr. Wilson that there had been a specific charge made against you—

Here, Mr. Macaulay, one of Dr. Lees' counsel, ending the whispered consultation which had continued ever since John's production of his diaries, interrupted. They did not, indeed, dare face that diary! Lees' whole case rested on his statement that he knew of his own certain knowledge of Gough's intoxication.

Mr. Macaulay: My lord, I do not want to encumber the case with evidence. Inasmuch as the libel, so-called, is conveyed in a letter to the plaintiff by Mr. Wilson, to whom it is addressed—and he says so—if it is convenient I should like to see Mr. Wilson's letter, and if you will, take that part of Mr. Gough's evidence.

Mr. Wilde: By all means.

Mr. James: We are showing how Mr. Gough heard of it.

Mr. Macaulay: In the correspondence with Mr. Wilson he gives no evidence of its being conveyed to Mr. Gough.

Mr. James: I will call Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Macaulay: But I should like to see this letter.

Baron Martin: If this letter is objectionable in the examination—

Mr. Macaulay: I do not say it is objectionable.

Mr. Wilde: Then, if there is nothing objectionable in it, we will go on. Now, Mr. Gough, although you had known that there was a charge made against you, did you, before Mr. Marr showed you that letter, know it was the defendant, Dr. Lees, who was attacking you? I did not; and did not know then that he was my accuser to Mr. Wilson.

But when you knew that, you knew it was the original letter of Dr. Lees? To Mr. Marr.

Mr. James: It was the first time he heard of it distinctly.

Mr. Wilde: That letter, I see, speaks of your eating opium. I may at once ask you whether you ever ate opium in your life? I never did.

Did you ever buy opium? I never bought a bit in my life.

Or chewed opium? Never chewed a bit in my life.

The whole thing is a fabrication with reference to the opium? The whole thing with reference to the opium is a fabrication.

Or any other narcotic? I am not speaking of tobacco, you know.

There is one case, if you will allow me to explain it, in my early history, which is published in the history of my life. I was very desperate, friendless, and in despair, and I very wickedly bought sixpenny worth of laudanum, kept it in my waistcoat pocket a week, and one night when I felt great distress at the utter possibility of my ever rising in life—

Baron Martin: We had better not go into that.

Mr. Wilde: I did not wish to stop the witness.

The Witness: But I never touched my tongue to it. That is the only time in my life. I should not have mentioned this, but you asked me "in my whole life."

That was before you took the pledge, therefore, in 1842? In 1840 or 1841.

The libel also speaks of your being narcotically and helplessly intoxicated. Now, I must ask you whether, with opium, or spirits, or wine, or fermented liquors of

any sort—I am speaking of the period since you took the pledge—since 1843—you were ever intoxicated, or whether you ever drank any intoxicating liquor in your lips? Since 1845, I can take my oath I never did.

Mr. Macaulay: Since when? Witness: Since 1845.

Mr. Wilde: Since 1845 you never had spirits, or wine, or any fermented liquor in your lips? Except in 1846, when it was given me as a medicine by Dr. Winship of Roxbury, who gave it to me, a spoonful at a time, when I was expected to die.

I see in this libel there are some charges spoken of as being made against the Alliance by a Mr. Dexter; who is Mr. Dexter? The editor of the *Congregationalist* paper, in Boston.

It would appear from the defendant's letter that some article had appeared in that paper of Mr. Dexter's reflecting on the Alliance society? There was.

There was such a letter? There was.

And was there any reflection upon a Mr. Sinclair? Not in that paper, I believe.

Then I will keep to the one. Had you anything to do with the writing or the publication of that article? Not anything.

You had nothing to do with the writing or publication of that article? I had nothing to do with it.

Did you know of the article or of its being written, before it appeared? I did not.

Did you know of the article after it appeared, before you got this letter? I saw it in the paper; we take it, it comes regularly.

Oh! you take the paper? But before you took the paper, in the usual course of the paper arriving to you, did you know anything about it? No.

And had no hand in it whatever? No.

Have you ever been in correspondence, directly or indirectly, with Mr. Dexter? Never.

Have you ever seen him? I saw him once.

To speak to him? Once to speak to him.

Is that all? The night before I sailed, that is all.

Since you sailed, and since you came over to England, have you ever been in communication with him? Not at all.

With reference to Mr. Sinclair—he is alluded to, I see, here; in what paper was it that any article appeared about Mr. Sinclair? In the Edinburgh *News*.

Had you anything to do with the publication of that article? No.

Directly or indirectly? Neither directly nor indirectly.

Do you take the Edinburgh *News?* No.

Did you see the article after it appeared? I did.

Had you seen it before you saw this letter of Dr. Lees—the letter in which he speaks of it? Do you recollect whether you had seen it before that?

Before I had seen Dr. Lees' letter to Mr. Marr?

Yes, before you saw Dr. Lees' letter to Mr. Marr? Yes.

Did you know anything of the article before it appeared in the paper? I expected there would be an article reflecting on Mr. Sinclair.

Had you anything to do with it? No.

Who was Sinclair? He was formerly the keeper of a temperance hotel in Edinburgh.

What was he doing at the time when the article appeared? He was in America.

What part was he taking in America? He was lecturing to children on temperance.

I see that this letter, or one of the others—it matters little which—speaks of your having been insensibly and otherwise intoxicated in the streets of London? Yes.

Is there a word of truth in that accusation? No.

Do you recollect the afternoon of the 23rd of March, 1855? Just turn to your diary and see whether you were in London at that time.

Baron Martin: I do agree with Mr. Macaulay that it would be more convenient that the letter should be read. Let them hear it, and see what it is.

Mr. Wilde: We will put it in.

Mr. Macaulay: I think the more convenient mode will be to call Mr. Wilson.

Baron Martin: You had better call Mr. Wilson, then, and let Mr. Gough stand over; it will be more convenient.

Mr. James: We will ask Mr. Wilson.

Baron Martin: Mr. Macaulay adopts that view, and Mr. Macaulay has the right of cross-examining Mr. Wilson.

Mr. James: Of course, my lord, I shall not interfere with it.

Baron Martin: The ordinary way in an action for libel is to prove the libel.

Mr. James: Certainly, my lord.

Mr. Wilde: Mr. Wilson had better be sworn and asked the handwriting.

Baron Martin: You cannot adopt that course except Mr. Macaulay wishes. He has a right to put him in the box and cross-examine him.

Mr. James: We are agreeable to any course. We are only endeavoring to consult the convenience of all parties.

Baron Martin: After the positive statement of Mr. Gough respecting the imputation upon him, some satisfactory arrangement might be made with the parties so as to prevent the case going any further. I suppose that is his main object.

Mr. James: It is to vindicate his character, and put an end to these scandalous rumors, which are very destructive to him in his position.

Mr. Macaulay: I think my learned friend Mr. James and I understand one another, my lord. I wish to say one word. Dr. Lees, the defendant here to these libels

contained in the letters addressed to Mr. Wilson (I wish my learned friend to mark what I am saying, because I am not going to trespass beyond what I may be thought justified in doing) is writing, Mr. Gough says, to his own intimate friend, and these letters to Mr. Wilson are the libels set forth by my learned friend.

Dr. Lees states most emphatically, and with great reiteration, no doubt, that he has this information, which he entirely believes, with regard to certain habits of Mr. Gough, which are inconsistent with his public professions; and the foundation of his applying to Mr. Wilson, is this: "I charge Mr. Gough with being the author of a persecuting attack upon one Peter Sinclair, who has been ferociously and improperly attacked in newspapers, which have been disseminated in America to his prejudice; and from information that I have, I have ground to believe that Mr. Gough is at the bottom of these attacks upon Mr. Sinclair. I tell you, not the world, but I tell you, as Mr. Gough's friend that I have this information and belief with regard to his habits, and I wish you to let Mr. Gough know that unless I procure a retractation of the attacks upon Sinclair, in whose defense I propose to attack Mr. Gough, I shall persist in making those charges against Mr. Gough."

This is the substance of the letters to Mr. Wilson, containing the libel. Mr. Wilson, I think, would

appear to have committed the error of never communicating to Mr. Gough the true character of the letter from Dr. Lees to himself; in other words, Mr. Gough never had given to him by Mr. Wilson the opportunity of satisfying Dr. Lees, which he has had to-day, that he, Mr. Gough, was, in point of fact, not author of, and had nothing to do with the attacks on Peter Sinclair, who was a Scotchman in America, and engaged in this temperance question on his own account; or the other attacks on the operations of the Alliance, which Dr. Lees attributed to Mr. Gough.

If the communication had gone from Mr. Wilson to Mr. Gough in the sense and in the terms in which it went from Dr. Lees to Mr. Wilson, namely, this—"Dr. Lees says you are the author or are privy to such and such attacks upon Peter Sinclair—you are the author of or are privy to such and such libelous attacks upon the directorate of the Alliance, and Dr. Lees has got these charges communicated to him with regard to you, which we will press upon you unless you retract your attacks on Peter Sinclair"—Mr. Gough would have had the opportunity of showing, as he has to-day, that he had nothing whatever to do with these publications.

Now, my lord, Mr. Gough having stated that much, and having also gone on into a matter into which I have not, and I am sure Dr. Lees has not, the least wish to enter, or to appear and bring forward here as

the accusers of Mr. Gough—a function which Dr. Lees is not desirous of performing, although he thought his information warranted him in his assertions; Dr. Lees, having heard this disavowal of Mr. Gough—in which he places implicit credit—that he had nothing whatever to do with those grievances that set Dr. Lees in motion when corresponding with Mr. Wilson,—Dr. Lees is perfectly prepared to retract his justification, and by no means, in retracting that justification, to have it understood that Mr. Gough, who is not to be cross-examined by me, is otherwise than entirely to be believed upon his oath. Dr. Lees is willing and anxious that this matter should be shortened.

Baron Martin: There should be a retractation of the charges against Mr. Gough in the plainest possible terms.

Mr. James: They are utterly destructive of Mr. Gough's position.

Baron Martin: I think if a man brings forward charges of this kind against another, there should be an utter retractation of them.

Mr. Macaulay: It would never appear that Dr. Lees would have disseminated this charge, which of course is highly libelous, in any other sense than as a strict communication to a personal and confidential friend of Mr. Gough. It is a fact, that the whole correspondence in which those accusations occur had been deemed

by Dr. Lees to be communications to the confidential friend of Mr. Gough.

Mr. James: As counsel for Mr. Gough, I have nothing whatever to do with any motives that may have actuated Dr. Lees in writing these libels. If my friend asks me whether Mr. Gough denies most explicitly having been any party to the attack on Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Gough has denied it upon his oath. I have nothing whatever to do with any motives that actuated Dr. Lees in putting forward those libels; all I, on the part of Mr. Gough, require,—and I can take no less,—is a most positive and absolute retractation of every one of those charges that have been made against Mr. Gough's character, which he is bound to vindicate; otherwise the charges are utterly destructive of his position.

Whatever Dr. Lees' motives may have been, whether he chooses to come forward in a sort of Quixotic style—

Baron Martin: As far as the evidence has gone, the plaintiff is clearly entitled to, and can take nothing less than, an ample retractation.

Mr. James: If there is an entire retractation of the charges, I shall be perfectly satisfied with it; but I have nothing to do with Dr. Lees' motives.

Mr. Macaulay: Dr. Lees never had any object, my lord—

Baron Martin: I cannot deal with it, Mr. Macaulay;

but my own notion is, that Mr. James takes a right view of it. Nothing can justify a man in making these statements, unless upon the clearest sort of evidence, under any provocation.

Mr. Macaulay: I was very much misunderstood, I apprehend, if I gave it in a smaller sense than that which I should wish. To say nothing about the intemperate language, Dr. Lees was very much excited about his friend Sinclair; but what he advanced was upon information, which information he is not prepared, nor does he in the least pretend, to bring forward evidence to substantiate before this jury.

Mr. James: My lord, that is not sufficient.

Mr. Macaulay: I must guard myself against an admission that Dr. Lees wantonly, or against an honest conviction in his mind at the time, advanced these charges against Mr. Gough maliciously. I can make no such admission as that.

Mr. James: I do not ask that, nor do I require it. What I require is, that now, upon this stage of the proceedings, upon reflection, Dr. Lees is satisfied that there is no truth or pretense for those charges. That is what I require. I require no humiliation from Dr. Lees as to his motive at the time when he wrote them. I only want him to come into a court of justice and say,—"On reflection, there is no justification for those charges." I should be guilty of desertion of my client if I asked for less.

Baron Martin: Just refer, Mr. Macaulay, to your third plea.

Mr. Macaulay: My lord, all that Dr. Lees can ever say upon that is, that the information on which that plea was founded, was the information of the opinion of individuals. After what Mr. Gough has said, and said upon his oath—after that, therefore, which Dr. Lees now knows, but which he did not know then, it cannot be denied; and I have no hesitation in saying, in the most open and abundant manner, Dr. Lees did not set up, and would not in his own mind set up, the opinion of those who merely spoke from observation.

Baron Martin: I think you had better go on with the case.

Mr. James: There is a portion of the libel in which Dr. Lees says he has seen the plaintiff clearly intoxicated with some drug, and seen it more than once.

Mr. Wilde: We had better go on with it.

Baron Martin: You had better call and prove the libel in the ordinary way.

Mr. Macaulay: I hope Dr. Lees is not going to suffer by my bungling expression.

Baron Martin: He is not suffering at all. We will go through his case, and it shall be as fairly tried as it can possibly be.

Mr. Macaulay: The admission was only so phrased by me for fear of admitting that which I never can

admit—that Dr. Lees had published these things not believing that they were true when he published them. I never can believe that Dr. Lees published these things to Mr. Wilson, having no belief of their truth at the time he published them. What I desired to do was, instead of cross-examining Mr. Gough, to make a retractation of the justification—in other words a retractation on Dr. Lees' part of the charges against Mr. Gough, instead of going into any attempt to justify them; and I thought my learned friend and I had understood one another, and that he was content.

Baron Martin: If Mr. James is content, I am sure I am content.

Mr. James: My lord, if I am to understand that the charges that have been made are wholly and distinctly withdrawn, I am satisfied. It is plain enough.

Mr. Macaulay: I thought I was imperfectly understood.

Baron Martin: The fourth plea to the second count of the declaration states that the defendant had seen the plaintiff, himself, intoxicated in Glasgow. I think you want a distinct and plain retractation of that, without any qualification.

Mr. Macaulay: It is given, my lord.

Baron Martin: It is all withdrawn, then, I understand?

Mr. James: It is, my lord.

Baron Martin: I think the plaintiff is entitled to a verdict, and to a plain, distinct, and entire retractation. What will you take a verdict for?

Mr. James: Five guineas.

The verdict was accordingly taken for five guineas.

Thus ended the trial of Gough vs. Lees.

From that day to this, slander against John Gough's good name never rose above a whisper. No slanderer's courage ever was equal to facing the contents of those diaries!

CHAPTER XVI

LINCOLN

THE remainder of his stay in England witnessed for John a gradual recrudescence of his old popularity. Again he spoke to enormous audiences and again the newspapers praised him. In Scotland, in Ireland and in England the spell of his eloquence bound his audiences to him and thousands upon thousands signed the pledge. His days were not long enough for his ministry and after his lecture at night he was invariably carried to some haunt or home to exorcise a liquor demon. He managed to pull together the warring temperance factions at least to a semblance of peace sufficient for carrying on the war. The newspapers, appraising his work on the eve of his return to America, said that he was no mere actor and story teller, that no such man could have kept the ear of two nations for so many years. They spoke of the "contagious vitality of his sympathies, the rapidity of his intellectual movements, the grace of his modest self-possession, the intensity of his passion and the tenderness of his humor and pathos." They made a far higher estimate of him there among the British reformers than did his American adherents. They said that he had done more in both America and Great

Britain to keep the temperance reformation out of partisan agitation and to lift it onto the higher plane of a great Christian movement for the regeneration of society than any other man.

Yet for all this John was glad to get back to America. Hillside was home.

It was the summer of 1860 when they reached Worcester. They came in almost unnoted. The public was talking slavery and unionism, not temperance. Nevertheless the churches wanted John to continue his work and this he did until the summer of 1861. Then he offered his services at a recruiting office. He was refused as physically unfit. Henry Ward Beecher was preaching abolition. Greeley was shrilling against war. Neal Dow was heading a regiment on the front. Some one had to keep the old cause alive. John soon found a happy alliance between his patriotism and his avocation. He began to work against the frightful drunkenness in the army. Then even this task took second place as suddenly a great crisis in temperance progress loomed.

The 1862 Internal Revenue act pending in Congress contained a provision that would for the first time in our history give Federal license to the liquor traffic. Even in face of the dire need of the Government for funds, this provision was an unthinkable horror to the temperance reformers and they rose to combat it. In Congress there was some lively debat-

ing with several temperance senators and representatives standing solidly against the provision. Various national temperance organizations, mainly upheld now by men too old to bear arms, began a violent newspaper agitation, and two of the most vigorous societies, the Good Templars and the Sons of Temperance, united in a plan to appeal to President Lincoln.

Popular rumor had it that Lincoln was an occasional heavy drinker. But he also was said to be easily swayed in his opinions, so with a committee of sufficiently imposing personnel, he might be brought to use his influence against the abhorrent provision. Thus, John Gough was invited by the Sons of Temperance to be one of a committee of sixty to call on the President with a petition.

The chairman gathered the committee together in the lobby of Willard's Hotel early on an April morning, preparatory to moving in a body on the White House. Here an incident of considerable embarrassment occurred. Two refined-looking women, elegantly gowned, blocked the way at the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance—Susan B. Anthony and Lucy Stone—and demanded in no uncertain tones to be allowed to accompany the petitioners. The chairman in no uncertain terms, refused permission.

"We supposed you'd do so!" said Miss Anthony, calmly. "You don't see beyond your noses, yet you don't recognize the fact that the temperance reform

will go on its knees, one day, begging women *as women* for succor. Come with me, Elizabeth."

The two women made sweeping bows and gave the men egress. The sixty tramped forth in various stages of amusement, indignation and regret. Horace Greeley said it was a shame not to allow the ladies to come along—especially as they had substituted skirts for bloomers for the occasion. John Gough said that it would be a terrible admission of weakness to have dragged any women folks along.

"Why not admit it?" demanded Greeley, tartly.

Wendell Phillips, a strong Woman's Rights man, embraced the opportunity to say a few words upholding Greeley and to the rhythm of his steady flow of words, the party moved through a soft April rain, splattered by mud from gun carriages and horses lumbering through the bottomless clay canal of Pennsylvania Avenue and hustled somewhat by marching troops, to the executive mansion.

They awaited the President in the East Room. He was not too prompt—as Greeley remarked. Henry Raymond of the N. Y. *Times* asked who would be prompt in a job that placed a man at the beck and call of fifty million people? General Neal Dow, extremely impressive in his blue broadcloth, brass buttons and epaulettes rushed in, on furlough from his command for this occasion. Shortly after Dow's arrival, the President entered, accompanied by the black-eyed

young John Hay and instant silence fell on the room.

Lincoln walking with his quick, long legged stride crossed under the massive crystal chandeliers and took up his place at one of the windows. He moved vigorously and except that his eyes looked weary, he gave no physical evidence of the burden he was carrying.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Henry Ward Beecher moved forward with the petition which gave a succinct résumé of the counts against the proposed measure. The very lack of rhetoric in the statement made it impressive. The contemplated legislation, it said, was iniquitous because it would make the Government, once it discovered how huge a revenue would derive from the licensing, desire to perpetuate the liquor traffic. For half a century, it had been the struggle of temperance advocates to make rum selling disreputable, to stigmatize rumsellers as bad citizens. The Government now proposed to give both the business and the man a legal status. "As has been ably said in the Senate debate, the rumseller can now with perfect immunity produce as much poverty, degradation and crime as he chooses. He has paid a twenty-dollar license fee to his Government for the privilege." It was unthinkable that the Union should make money out of the demoralization of its own citizenship and it was inevitable that once that method of raising money was legalized, men would come to be-

lieve that such revenue was essential to the very existence of the Government. Would not the President place the enormous weight of his official prestige against the fastening of such a horrible blight on generations yet unborn?

Lincoln listened intently, his blue-gray eyes deeply troubled. He sighed as he replied, "Gentlemen, I dislike the measure as much as you do. I have almost as long a record as a temperance man as any of you. I made a speech before the Washingtonians in Springfield on Washington's birthday—1842, it was. I came out flat footed then for the pledge and I've never changed my stand. I'm a teetotaller now as I was then. But in the emergency now upon us, even evil things must be made to work together to save the Union. We must have money. The liquor traffic exists and persists in spite of all efforts against it. Now we will make it help us save this Union—the one decent act in its history—then we will withdraw and destroy it."

"You mean you will make yourself a party to crime by signing that Revenue bill," demanded Horace Greeley in his shrill voice.

"That's a foolish way to put the question to a man who's signed documents that sent thousands of his fellow men to death," returned Lincoln harshly. "Put yourself in that position, with that thought to take to bed with you o' nights, Mr. Greeley!—If I sign the

bill it will be with the understanding that this particular measure will be repealed as soon as the national emergency is passed."

Lincoln was going to sign the bill! John Gough suddenly wrung his hands and stepped out of the crowd.

"Mr. President," he exclaimed, "are you sure you realize what your signature will mean? By it, you will give political and legal standing to the murderers of men's souls! You give the rumsellers what in their wildest flights of fancy they never dared hope for! Mr. Lincoln, during fifty years, men have fought to show that liquor traffic is the chief cause of poverty and crime, of human agony in this country. We have shown to every citizen, to every child that runs, to the very birds of the air that a man who sells liquor is disreputable. It has been a slow, an arduous task to accomplish this, sir! But it has been accomplished. And now with one scratch of the pen, would you obliterate it? The desire for temperance hasn't been imposed on people by a few cranks, Mr. President. Since Satan invented alcohol and gave it to the people, it has bred misery. And wherever and whenever misery is bred people hunger to destroy its cause. Broken hearts, ravished homes, death and deep damnation is what has bred and always will breed the craving for temperance. The temperance reformer has merely shown the way out. And, sir, it has been a long and

weary pilgrimage. But now Canaan is in sight. Will you, sir, close the gates in our faces?"

The lines about Lincoln's mouth deepened perceptibly. He raised his hand as if in protest. "Mr. Gough, don't make my task harder than it already is!" Then, his voice rising till it shook the crystal chandeliers like a trumpet blast, he cried, "Though I must call on the very powers of Hades for help, I must save the Union!"

He turned on his heel and walked deliberately from the room.

Lincoln signed the bill on July 1, 1862.

It seemed to many of the reformers, but to John Gough in particular because of his youthful history, as terrible an act as though Lincoln had fastened human slavery forever upon the Nation. Utter despair descended on him and that summer at Hillside was never to be wiped from his mind, for during it, he persuaded himself that the cause was irremediably lost.

Certainly events for many a day appeared to justify John's despondency. The public lost interest in temperance and John had to give up talking about it. He developed a group of lectures on his London experiences and began his campaign to raise a fund to buy a Cruikshank collection. The London lectures went well. People were never more eager to be entertained. But they were utterly apathetic about etchings in general

or Cruikshank in particular. John grieved over this, too, and tried to solace himself by adding to his own collection. It was difficult to find work to do for the war. He threatened to join Mary in knitting and making bandages, but finally found his place by giving benefit lectures for the Sanitary Commission and continuing his drink lectures to the soldiers.

In November, 1862, was born the first child of the Liquor License provision of the Internal Revenue Act. The United States Breweries Association organized to combat the high amount of tax laid on their product. The constitution of the association had great interest for the temperance reformers.

"Coöperation is necessary. Owners of breweries separately are unable to exercise a proper influence on legislation and not that on public administration. It appears especially necessary for the brewing trade that its interests be rigorously and energetically prosecuted before the legislative and executive departments as this branch of the business is of considerable political and financial importance, exerting a direct as well as indirect influence on political and social relations. The maneuvers of the temperance party must be defeated."

At the Brewers' first conference, they appointed a committee to visit the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Committees on Ways and Means of Congress. And after that, anti-temperance progeny appeared yearly.

The third conference of the Association was attended

by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, himself. He pledged his personal efforts to bring about a cordial understanding between the Government and the brewing trade.

This was during the last year of the war and came at the moment when it seemed possible to some of the reformers to rouse interest again in the liquor fight. Lincoln himself felt so, for on the very day of his assassination he said to Major Merwin, an old friend, who had been doing temperance work in army, "After reconstruction, the next great question will be the overthrow and suppression of the legalized liquor traffic."

The month after Lincoln's death Merwin issued a call for a National Temperance convention to be held in August at Saratoga Springs. John Gough attended this meeting but he did not speak. This was a new type of temperance effort and before he allowed himself to be beguiled from his despondency, John wanted to understand it. Watching and listening he realized that this was really the beginning of a movement to organize a political party out of the remains of the old temperance societies: a prohibition party: a prohibition party in spite of the monumental failure of the Maine law experiment.

Not that the convention ended with a political party actually formed. That was not to come for four years when the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Oswego was to demand the calling of a na-

tional convention for that explicit purpose. But the years between were to witness the play and counter-play of the liquor and temperance forces toward that end.

The Brewers at their 1866 meeting, urged that only such men be elected to office in Washington as were "liberal and willing to give our beverages an equal chance." In the same year the New Hampshire State Temperance convention proclaimed it the duty of temperance voters to run independent candidates when the existing parties did not put up candidates who would enforce the prohibitory law.

In 1867, the president of the Brewers said to their convention that, "Only by brotherly love will it be possible to guard against offensive laws, to raise ourselves to be a large and widespread political power."

Immediately after the 1867 session of the Brewers, the Grand Lodge of the Good Templars of Pennsylvania accepted their challenge: "Resolved that as the Brewers Congress of the U. S. . . . and the Liquor League of Philadelphia have declared that 'they will sustain no candidate of whatever party in any election who is in any way disposed toward the total abstinence cause,' we do accept the issue thus made and declare that we will not vote for men who countenance the liquor traffic or degrade their official positions by the use of intoxicating liquors."

In 1868, the Brewers added to their declaration of

war by stating that in New York State they had secured candidates who would work to promote the brewing interests. For this purpose "neither men nor money were spared. The entire German population was enlisted. Editorials were published in sixty different papers, thirty thousand campaign circulars were distributed. . . . We will use all means in our power to deprive the political and puritanical temperance men of the power they have so long exercised in the councils of the political powers of this country . . . and we will patronize and sustain all papers advancing the same news entertained by us."

Following this, the National Temperance Convention held in Cleveland, Ohio, resolved that as "the liquor dealers of our country have declared the traffic in intoxicating drinks to be a legitimate part of American commerce and deny the right to prohibit or restrict the same,—we accept the issue and will meet them at the polls in resistance to these iniquitous demands."

The inevitable sequence was, of course, the forming of the National Prohibition Party in Chicago in the fall of 1869.

John Gough watched the steps of his fellow reformers toward political organizations at first with bitter protests and then with a sad sort of philosophy. If, after all, the temperance leaders needed education as much as did the public, this was the Lord's way of teaching. As for himself—he felt that his usefulness

in the temperance movement had ended and in spite of the protest of his close friends and of Mary, he refused all requests to give temperance lectures. He was at the peak of his powers, at the flood tide of his middle age, never more ardent, never more moving. But he insisted that the soul had now been taken out of the reform and that he had no place in politics.

"My unshakable belief is that no moral movement can have other than a spasmodic existence that would wipe God out of it or ignore the Christian element."

He made this statement one evening after a lecture on English Traits in Evanston, Illinois, where he had been asked to speak to the "Joint Student Body" of Northwestern College. He had finished the lecture and the audience had risen when a young man at the rear of the hall asked him why he had not joined the Prohibition Party.

John made the reply above and the audience immediately resumed its seats while he went on to say, "The political weapon is valuable. But unless that weapon is held in hands strengthened by a personal and unconquerable flame of hatred for drink and that flame fed by faith in Christ, the Healer, the political weapon will be used for purposes which no man can foresee now, but they will not be temperance purposes. There never has been so much drink consumed per capita as since the war. There never have been so many saloons and brothels and never so many intricate

ramifications of the evils of drink as now. The people never have been so apathetic.

"For myself, I am frank to admit that I have no place in the present scheme of work. My task seemed to be to rouse the people. I can no longer do so . . . I remember reading in a fairy tale that a whole city was changed one night to stone. Here stands a war horse with its nostrils distended, caparisoned for the battle; here stands the warrior with his hand on the horse's mane. All is still, lifeless, death like. But suddenly a trumpet sounds, ringing through the clear atmosphere. The warrior leaps upon his saddle, and with a mighty war cry starts forth to battle and at the war cry the whole city rouses to life. . . . Those dead stocks and stones are the American people to-day. That warrior, I fear, is yet unborn. And it is not a political trumpet that shall wake the dead. Somehow, somewhere must speak the organized human hearts that have been silent these ten years. They and they alone can sound the blast that shall turn apathy into burning, deathless passion."

People lingered after the lecture as if the something tragic in John Gough's attitude made them wish to be helpful but left them helpless. A slender woman, from whose dignity not even the enormous bustle of the period could detract, buttonholed John. He liked her delicate, intelligent face and the direct gaze of the

eyes behind the eyeglasses. She introduced herself as Miss Frances Willard, Dean of Women.

"You can't actually mean, Mr. Gough," she said in a clear, incisive voice, "that you have left the battlefield just because the tide has turned against you, temporarily? I thought men were made of tougher fiber."

John could feel himself flush. "I've been enduring the shock of battle for over twenty-five years, Miss Willard. And I've seen all that we've won swept away from us."

"Nonsense!" Miss Willard tossed her fine head. "Change your tactics! If there's no Christianity in the political movement, put it there. If you men can't, we women can."

"How?" demanded John, resentfully, yet eagerly —a keen, charming personality this!

"How?" she gasped, wonderingly. "And this then is John Bartholomew Gough, the beloved apostle of the temperance movement! This is that apostle who has suffered for the cause as has no other; this that apostle that God thrust into purgatory for the first twenty-five years of his life that he might know all and withstand all. This is that apostle whom thousands on thousands have blessed . . . and mid-flight, he folds his great wings and drops. . . . John Gough, have you prayed?"

"Prayed!" John returned the wondering look.

"Madame, I have had cause to pray more than you can have dreamed possible in your sheltered life."

She drew nearer and laid her hand on his arm. The hall was still half full but there was no sound.

"John Gough, did you hear the rustle of His wings?"

John's sensitiveness responded to this remarkable personality as a harp to the musician's touch. He returned the clear look and his voice broke. "Never —though I've sought for it with tears . . ."

"Let us pray now!" said Miss Willard.

Every soul in the room followed her to her knees. Her prayer was not a long one.

"O God, thou seest this, Thy worker of miracles in the hearts of his brothers, standing on the brink of uncertainty. Lead him, heavenly Father, with the rustle of Thy wings on to the path before him. For we need him, God, we who know not ourselves which way to turn. Say to him as was said to the seeker for the Holy Grail, 'O just and faithful knight of God, ride on, the prize is near.' . . . For Christ Jesus' sake, Amen."

In the hush that followed some one began to sing:

"God be with you till we meet again
By His counsels guide uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you
God be with you till we meet again."

And the meeting dispersed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE

JOHN could not recall that since his meeting Dr. Beecher and Mary he had encountered any personality that as deeply impressed him as did Frances Willard's. He felt that there had been something more than an extraordinary intelligence which she so obviously possessed in her laying hold of the subtleties of his problem. She seemed almost clairvoyant. During that winter of 1873 he was tempted a good many times to seek her help. Mary urged him to do so. But his pride prevented. He found himself actually believing that she would read the dread struggle which, with the long-continued uncertainty of mind and the loss of mental stimulation, was again rending him. It was unthinkable that any one save Mary should know that the tiger lived; and a continuing grief that Mary must know.

He was in fact so engrossed in his own inner life, that for the first time since he had entered the field of reform, he failed to observe one of the trends of the times having direct bearing on his work. This was a movement among the women that was to prove the most remarkable and the most important in its results of any temperance manifestation for the next two

decades. It was an example of the power held in women's hands, unique in the previous or subsequent history of the country. It was to result in the birth of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of which as an old man John Gough was to say:

"I consider the Women's Christian Temperance Union the most efficient organization in the United States, to-day. It has done more permanent good than any other for 40 years."

And yet he was totally blind to the possibilities in the beginnings of the movement.

There was a man named Dr. Lewis who was a lecturer on literary subjects, but also a temperance advocate who could not refrain from mixing a few comments on the liquor question in with his comments on the Arthurian legends or Shakespeare's Sonnets. In some towns, the women folks before whom he lectured were frankly more interested in his remarks about American saloon keepers than about the landlords of Shakespeare's inns. And to these, Dr. Lewis told of a successful attack on saloons made by his mother and several neighbors in a little town near Auburn, N. Y., long before the Washingtonian movement of 1841-2.

This band of women, desperate because of the drink conditions in their homes, stood with clasped hands in a circle that reached round the auditorium of their little church and promised the Almighty and one another to

go every day to the saloons and pray, until the saloons were closed. They had kept their promise with the result that shortly the five saloons of the town had gone permanently out of business.

Dr. Lewis dropped this suggestion in a good many towns during the year of his lecturing but it was not until the winter of 1873 that it bore permanent fruit. Then the towns of Fredonia and Jamestown, New York, and of Hillsboro and Washington Court House, Ohio, organized in the order named and began the fight that mothered an undying crusade. Unhappily, the two Ohio towns were jealous of each other's fame, both claiming to be the birthplace of the Women's Crusade. But the Hillsboro movement was the most vital until the Washington Court House movement got under way, a day or so later, and the latter was the first place where full success in closing all the saloons was achieved. On December 26, a group of women in Washington Court House met and prepared the appeal to Liquor Sellers that was to be used everywhere as standard:

"Knowing as you do the fearful effects of intoxicating drinks, we, the women of Washington Court House, after earnest prayer and deliberation, have decided to appeal to you to desist from this ruinous traffic that our husbands and brothers, and especially our sons, be no longer exposed to this terrible tempta-

tion, and that we may no longer see them led into those paths which go down to sin and bring both body and soul to destruction.

"We appeal to the better instincts of your hearts, in the name of desolate homes, blasted hopes, ruined lives, widowed hearts, for the honor of our community, for our happiness, for the good name of our town, in the name of God who will judge you and us, for the sake of your own souls which are to be saved or lost. We beg, we implore you to cleanse yourselves from this heinous sin and place yourselves in the ranks of those who are striving to elevate and ennoble themselves and their fellow men. And to this we ask you to pledge yourselves."

This done, the women formed themselves into a praying band with prayer and song leader. The 146th Psalm was read aloud—they later called it the Crusaders' Psalm.

". . . Oh, put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man for there is no help in them. For when the health of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth; and then all his thoughts perish. Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help and whose hope is in the Lord, his God . . ."

After the reading, the praying band marched forth singing, "Fight the good fight." The church bell began to toll and did not cease during the time of the crusade.

It was so utterly naïve, it seemed as if it must end in complete contumely. The crusaders were women who always had been sheltered in good homes—if the description may be applied to women who are housed with drunkards. It was said that they had no understanding of real life or of the difficulties which they faced. Gentle souls, naïve, yes, but the naïve soul that is desperate is sometimes a fearsome thing in action. And they had this notable advantage. It was a praying period. Folk believed in the efficacy of prayer. And so, in their trailing skirts, their bustles, their tiny bonnets and many folded shawls they made their way through the snowy streets. And—curious this—not a stone was cast at them, figuratively or in reality.

On the first day, the women entered the saloons, knelt in the sawdust and prayed and the saloonkeepers suffered them, too much surprised and embarrassed to do otherwise. The second day, the saloon doors were closed against them. It was bitter cold and snowing. But all day, the women knelt praying before the doors. As night closed down, the first saloon keeper gave in. He turned his stock over to the women and they emptied it into the gutter. This was the beginning of surrender. By the end of the eighth day, the eleventh and last saloon keeper in town had quit business.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

The newspapers reported this astounding affair and if John Gough was slow to interpret it, the liquor interests were not. Liquor men of Cincinnati offered $5,000 to any one who could stop the movement in Washington Court House. One courageous soul reopened a saloon. Within four days, he poured his drinks into the street.

Aided by newspaper publicity, Lewis' idea spread across the country with unbelievable swiftness. John Gough encountered it in Chicago late in February.

It was a biting cold night with a zero wind rushing across Lake Michigan. John had been wandering restlessly about the city waiting for his lecture hour to arrive. He had found a good print of Cruikshank's "Drunkard's History" in a cellar pawnshop on State Street and had been told by the proprietor of another shop where he might find more etchings. He came out of the cellar to discover even State Street almost deserted.

But there was the sound of the distant singing of a hymn. Out-of-door singing on a night like this? John's curiosity was roused. Around a corner, in the snow, under a flickering street lamp, knelt twenty-five or thirty women. Before them was a notorious saloon. They had been chanting the 146th Psalm. As John came to pause beside a policeman a few feet away, one of the women began to pray.

"There they go again," groaned the officer. "McGuire had them enjoined from blocking his sidewalk yesterday and since dawn to-day they've knelt in the gutter. Damn 'em! Git 'em away from here or I gits your star, says McGuire. How can I git 'em away, says I? They's ladies, every one of 'em if they *are* crazy. I can't lay hands on 'em like I could some draggle tail from Water Street."

John stared. "The Women's Crusade!" he ejaculated. "So it's reached Chicago! Who'd have thought it! What can they hope to do here?"

"They've closed fifteen saloons in a week already, that's what they can do," replied the officer. "What business has women—" He paused as the saloon door swung open and a tall man in an apron shouted, "Get the blank out of here, ye blank—"

"Here! That won't do!" John took a step toward the man but the policeman held him.

"They brought it on themselves. Let themselves git themselves out of it. Git back now, all of ye," to the crowd of men and boys now gathering.

A slender woman, slender even in the plaid shawl wrapped over her cloak, lifted her face and took up the prayer. John gasped. It was Frances Willard!

The sweet clear voice rose above the winter wind and silenced the barkeeper and the crowd. John suddenly freed himself from the officer and made his way

through the snow to kneel beside her. She had turned the appeal to liquor dealers into prayer. The bartender glared and muttered to himself.

". . . O God, in the name of our desolate homes, blasted hopes, ruined lives, for the honor of our community, for our happiness, for the good name of our town, in the name of Jesus Christ sweating out the passion of the Cross, for the sake of this soul which will be lost, make this man cleanse himself from his heinous sin. O God, open his ears that we may beg, may implore him . . ."

The bitter wind swept the dirty snow over the strange picture. It was as if the barkeeper were rooted to the spot.

"O God, pity women! Jesus Christ, help the mothers of sons when their husbands betray them. O, God, pity women, help them to end this curse! O, tender Christ, torn in thine consuming agony, give us of thy waning strength, enough fortitude to keep us kneeling here to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, endless to-morrows until this man's heart shall melt. We are here, O dying, deathless Christ . . ."

The bartender clapped his hands to his head and uttered a howl, "Stop it! Stop it! You can have the place but I won't have you praying my soul into hell!"

But she did not stop, not until whiskey and beer ran like rain over the pavement and into the gutter where she knelt.

John helped her to her feet. She was dead white with cold and shook like an aspen leaf. He looked from Miss Willard to the others, all of them in like case.

"May I get hacks for you?" he asked, gently.

"No, our hall is only a few blocks away," replied Miss Willard. "The walk will warm us. Come with us, Mr. Gough. I want to talk with you."

John obediently fell into line.

In the basement of a nearby church, hot coffee, soup and sandwiches were served to the women. They were too weary to rejoice long over their victory and as soon as they were sufficiently thawed out and rested, they dispersed to their homes. All but Frances Willard. She remained seated by the old cook stove, which was red hot to its very dampers. John stood on the opposite side of the stove watching her. She looked even more delicate and ethereal than when he had last seen her. She returned his look with a little laugh.

"Don't wear such a Hamlet-in-his-soliloquy sort of expression, Mr. Gough! We must have been a funny sight, after all. . . . Do you know, sometimes I think the Lord almost intended me to be a public speaker."

"I think He did," said John soberly.

She looked up at him with clear, penetrating gaze. "Do you really believe that? I beg of you, answer me frankly for I'm at a blind turning."

"*You?*" ejaculated John.

"Yes, I! I've left my teaching work at Northwestern. I suppose I must go on with it, elsewhere. But, oh, my heart's no longer in that work. It's with those praying women—to help them—yes, if I must admit it, to lead them. I've reached my thirties, Mr. Gough, without finding my true life work. Within me is this burning restlessness, this unceasing urge to help, to lead, to . . ." She paused abruptly and again laughed. "I know I sound like a silly girl of sixteen! And I haven't forgotten that at our other meeting, I undertook to lead you."

John did not speak, for a moment, though he laughed when Miss Willard laughed. How many dozens of women had he told during his career to return to their homes—in them was their true vocation? And now this woman had come to him, the woman with that in her eager, brilliant face which could not be shut into any home, however spacious. Suddenly he pushed back a chair or two and began to pace the floor.

"I must have deck room!" he smiled. "For I'm about to cast overboard the prejudice of a lifetime—The Woman's Crusade—I didn't get the significance of it until to-night."

"Isn't it marvelous!" cried Frances Willard, rising to sweep up and down her side of the room. "Give us time and we'll wipe out every saloon in America."

"Yes, you will," replied John, "but, Miss Willard, they'll return."

She gasped as if he'd thrown a cold blast upon her. "Oh, how can you say that?"

"Because, dear Miss Willard, I've been fighting the good fight for so many, many years. As long as men desire drink, men will be served drink. I know of nothing on God's green footstool that will quench that desire, but prayer—prayer like your noble utterances to-night. But not for a single town or a single year or a single decade. Perpetual prayer, Miss Willard. And with the praying, coffee houses and public lounge rooms and the systematic education of little children to stand against drink."

Two red spots burned in Frances Willard's thin cheeks. "You mean that the Woman's Crusade must be made a permanent thing?"

John nodded. "Really permanent. After the battle is won in the far distant future, to pray—to pray as long as men live and the memory of wine is in the human race. For the victory never will be safe, the menace never cease. You women taught me to-night, Miss Willard, that women can do for the cause what men cannot. Men could never have wrought what you have in this Crusade. It's because you're *women* that it's powerful . . . I've been a great fool."

"If you'd done but the one thing of which I'm thinking this moment," exclaimed Frances Willard, "it would prove you forever the reverse of a fool. You've given the one unanswerable argument in the temper-

ance debate! That if drink can do what it did to a man like John Gough, it has no place in our social scheme: if drink is harmless to me but hurts you, I will give up drink to save you."

John shook his head sadly. "There is no unanswerable argument, as you'll find when you give yourself to the work."

"When I what?" demanded Miss Willard.

"When you get your women's organizations to going on its own legs—not hanging to the tail of some men's society, mind," replied John.

They both laughed; then Miss Willard exclaimed, "I think you're right. I *know* you're right! Yonder lies my task! I'm Merlin—I follow the gleam. Somehow—somewhere—God, I thank thee for this leading . . ." She stood staring beyond John for a moment, fingering the little fall of lace at her throat. Then she brought her gaze back to his melancholy face. "And you?" she asked, softly.

He shook his head.

"But don't you see," she cried, "that you've just created your own new field? Whom shall the women look to if not to John Gough?—And mark you, Mr. Gough, I see this new organization in terms of the whole United States and the whole of Europe and the whole world. It's a field, indeed!"

John blinked. Slowly his pale face suffused. His eyes darkened.

"Years and years ago," he said in a low voice, "when I first began to fight the drink craving within myself, I tried to find some word or set of words that would express its mysterious power; some phrase that would embody for me this satanic evil that I gradually learned I must carry in my heart as long as my heart should beat. I was very ignorant—almost unlettered. But, one day, I picked up a little book of miscellaneous poetry that some one had left in a stage I was taking to a Massachusetts town. In it I found William Blake's poem, 'The Tiger.' And I knew I'd found a name for my beast:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy dreadful symmetry . . .
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, what dread feet?
What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terror clasp? . . ."

The beautiful tones filled the basement. "For no one who has been its victim will deny that the beast has its aspects of beauty and that therein lies some of its most dreadful power. And no one who has been torn by its magnificent claws but demands to know in what unearthly furnace was forged that murderous

strength. And no one who has fought it but knows that no earthly power alone can subdue it—for it was spawned by Satan!

"Always I have thought and said that the pledge was feeble and all but futile without prayer. But never did it occur to me that prayer could be used as you women have used it. Never had I pictured until tonight that burning Tiger imprisoned behind the bars of women's prayers, a nation's prayers, the whole world's prayers. But I see it now, thanks to you. And God bless you for it."

Miss Willard's eyes were full of tears and there was a rare note of humility in her voice. "Perhaps I've not suffered enough to be successful in leadership," she said. "I wish I could have known all that you know."

"Merciful heaven forbid!" said John in a horrified voice. "You will lead because you are what you are —Merlin following the gleam." A sudden prod of memory made him look at his watch. "I shall be late for my lecture," picking up his hat.

"What is it to be on?" asked Miss Willard.

"English Traits," replied John.

"Do this—for the new movement!" She came round the stove to hold out her hand to him. "Don't talk on English Traits. Talk about the Woman's Crusade. You've had a long interlude. Come back tonight to your work and *stay with it.*"

John took her hand and felt the old vim, the old sense of purpose, of predestiny, flow through his veins.

"Yes, I will," he answered and left her without even a good night, in the sudden need that whirled upon him to tell the wide world his new story.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FINAL VISION

WHEN John told Mary of his interview with Frances Willard, she made no comment for some minutes. They were in the library at Hillside, and she finished sorting the morning mail before she said:

"John, you're in the position of a man who's always been in the vanguard of a procession, but who now is not even in the rearguard. You're merely standing by the side of the road watching the others sweep by. The issue is perfectly clear. You can't do efficient work now for the temperance reform unless you join with those who are working for prohibition, simply because all the best workers are within the prohibition ranks. You'll see that Miss Willard, if she does make a national women's organization out of the Crusaders, will lead them in that direction."

"My business isn't with politics," declared John. "It's with making public sentiment. I'd rather have public sentiment without the law, than law without the public sentiment."

Mary shook her head impatiently. "I've heard you say that at least a thousand times. And for the thousandth time I ask you, why not both?"

John sighed, then smiled. "Well, I've obeyed Miss Willard to this extent: I've dragged temperance into that lecture on English Traits until the Traits are hard to recognize! And people like it, while I feel better than I've felt for years."

Mary smiled wisely and changed the subject. She believed that events were going to force John into the procession.

But the forcing was a slow process. It was not difficult to obtain John's support of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This was organized in the fall of 1874 by the leaders of the Crusade, with a remarkable program not only for fighting drink with the pledge and with prayer, but also providing for broad educational work. Their ideas were precisely John's, and he upheld the new organization with enthusiasm. Frances Willard, as corresponding secretary, from the very first over-shadowed other personalities in the new movement, more than justifying John's vision for her. The growth of the organization was phenomenal. John found himself in demand by the various state societies, and he threw himself with vigor into lecturing for them.

And still, as Mary did not fail to point out with irritating frequency, the W.C.T.U. was itself not in the main procession, for all the undoubted good it was doing. The main procession, embodied in the Prohibition party, was developing a great legal program

which, Mary said, could have been ideally supplemented by that of the W.C.T.U. if the women would but see it. But it was not until 1879, when Frances Willard became national president, that the women began to show interest in political action. It was a long mental leap for women "protected in the home" to look on a political party as a possible partner. But timid or no, they were ready to follow Miss Willard to the ends of the earth, almost to the extreme of seizing on the political ax!

Frances Willard saw the gleam long before the bulk of her followers.

"First we assailed the saloon itself," she told them, "with a directness and courage unparalleled in history. And now that we find the saloon entrenched in law, we must follow it to the city council room and the legislative hall."

The women listened, applauded—and hesitated. And Miss Willard continued to educate them.

In the meantime John Gough was coming in touch with a new type of temperance speaker, the Prohibition party candidate, notably John P. St. John, former Republican governor of Kansas. St. John was an ardent prohibitionist. He had fought to commit his party to a prohibition amendment to the state constitution, had carried it, and had enforced the law. The result of this was that the Republican party combined with the

Democrats to defeat St. John for reëlection. And St. John joined the Prohibition party.

John Gough, during that tremendous struggle in Kansas, spoke frequently in the state and grew to know and admire St. John. The Governor campaigned as passionately, John said laughingly, to win John to the Prohibition party as he had campaigned to win Kansas.

"It's almost as important," declared the Governor half grimly.

Again in Iowa, struggling with her state amendment fight, John came upon St. John lending a hand. And his admiration for the man grew.

Watching at close quarters thus the machinations of his own party, the Republican, John found his heart growing sick within him. It was almost impossible for him to believe that in a single generation the old party could have accumulated so much that was dishonorable. It was as John had foretold so long ago: wherever liquor legislation was born, there was born simultaneously blackest corruption. But as Mary, his unwearying mentor, pointed out, the fact quite beyond his control was that the legislation and the corruption *had been born*. How long was he going to refuse to join the party that sought to place prohibition beyond the reach of corruption?

Pressure was being applied to John from all sides. Frances Willard without mincing words announced to

the world that it was her "personal duty and delight to take sides for the Prohibition party." She added a few stinging words that included John Gough.

"I am profoundly interested in politics as the mightiest force on earth except Christianity. 'Don't take temperance into politics' is the cry of sundry surface thinkers. It will be a discovery to some that since Beer is already in the political arena shaking its fists, Temperance must go forth to the encounter or fail to exhibit David's faith in the presence of Goliath.

"How will you vote on the question of beer, is the shibboleth of the majority of the Republican party to-day. From the year of their organization in 1862 until to-day the Brewers' wing of the Liquor League has issued in the caucus and at the polls commands which the Republican party has scrupulously obeyed. In 1863 slavery was the determining factor in American politics. In 1881 that final factor is the liquor traffic. Then, while the prohibitionists of Maine marched to the front with General Neal Dow, the Germans were proud to fight 'mit Sigel.' But to-day the bayonets of these two champions and their followers no longer point one way. Sigel approved the Brewers' Sabbath-breaking demonstration at Newark, and General Dow is the chief defender of a law that shuts such men up in jail. John B. Gough and Philip Best, the brewer, voted the selfsame ticket, and so did Governor St. John of Kansas and Boss Hesing, editor of the *Staats*

Zeitung of Chicago. But it is morally impossible that they should do so now."

Miss Willard's speech gave John a sense of humiliation that he had not felt before in withholding himself from the political movement. And this sense of humiliation was not lessened when the newspapers influenced or controlled by liquor began to fabricate interviews with him and to misquote his lectures, in which he was made to hold the Prohibition party up to scorn. This form of lying was particularly popular in the presidential campaign of 1884, when St. John was the Prohibition candidate.

His long and bitter experience with vile canards about himself had impressed John with the futility of public denials, and for many weeks he made no attempt to exonerate himself. But one Sunday during St. John's campaign, John, who was giving a series of lectures in New York, attended an early-morning communion service. It was long since he had taken communion where wine was used in the sacrament.

He was white-headed now, John Gough—and his fight was over forty years old. Yet as the silver cup was raised to his lips and the biting fragrance of the wine stung his nostrils, he went blind with desire. It required superhuman effort to put the cup aside untasted. And long after the last communicant had left the church, he knelt at the altar rail, wrestling with the Tiger.

When he rose, John had made his ultimate concession to the hard world of fact. It was this: that only when the principle of prohibition grounded in the organic law of the nation beyond the reach of politicians had placed liquor beyond the reach of men would it be possible for men like John Gough to be total abstainers.

John had remade a fixed idea. And he did not stop here. He spent the day formulating a letter to the newspapers in which he made a new declaration of principles. He declared that while the pledge was essential, it was not enough; that while prayer was essential, it was not enough; that organic law as well as those others was required to safeguard mankind against the unsleeping enemy.

And having gone thus far, he pushed another old faith overboard. He declared that he gave up hope of finding "in the Republican party, as a party of high moral ideas, protection against the liquor traffic. I long have been unwilling to make this grand cause a football to be kicked between the political parties. But surprising disintegrations have been going on in the old parties. Both have either an open affiliation with or are showing a cowardly and shameful servility to the arrogant set of rings and lobbies of the drink trade. I am weary of the disgusting machinations of both. And I am now giving the lie to the various statements the newspapers have made concern-

ing my predilections by announcing that I propose forthwith to enroll myself with the Prohibition party."

He wasted no time before making good his pronouncement, but enrolled himself the next day in St. John's ranks. It was a move of prime importance to the struggling young party. There was much newspaper comment on it. St. John and Frances Willard and the other leaders welcomed him with prayerful delight. They needed him badly. None of them had any illusion about the difficulties that beset them, although only John among them believed that the war would last for another generation and that none of them would live to see the victory. The others did not see as he did that they were not so much crusaders as shock troops. But now that he actually had enlisted, his long vision only whetted John's appetite for the struggle. At last, unhampered by doubts and self-searchings, he was carrying the white banner!

The very first day of his enlistment he made a speech for St. John which he closed with a gesture of reassurance that long was classic in the Prohibition ranks.

"And the Lord God spake to Moses from the cloud, 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.'

"But how can they go forward? Ah, God never gave us a duty but he opened the way for us when we were ready to do it. He never gave an impossible command yet. So, the water stood in heaps! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—went the three million on the bed

of the sea and their enemies came in after them and it was night time. Now what?

"'Forward!'

"'But our enemies are on our rear!'

"'Forward!'

"'Yes, but before us is we know not what!'

"'Forward!'

"'Yes, but we can feel the hot breath of their horses on our necks and hear the chariot wheels grind in the shingle as they pursue us!'

"'Forward!'

"'Yes, but we must defend our wives and our little ones!'

"'FORWARD! FORWARD! FORWARD!'"

When he had shouted the last command, John stood silent, with his hand raised above his white head. He was silent for a full moment, then his audience rose as of old and engulfed him with its plaudits.

THE END

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